GRAHAM
INGELS

THIS ISSUE DEDICATED TO BILL GAINES

ADAD

AGAIN

STAFF

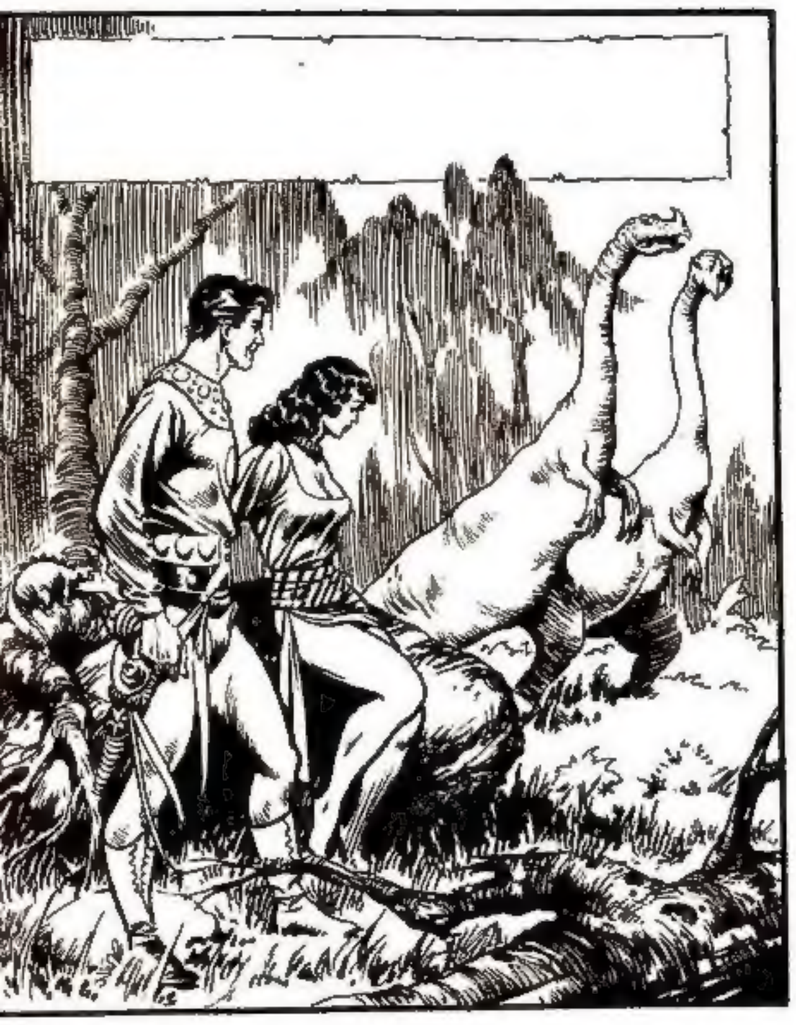
Editor &
Publisher: Jerry Weist

Staff Artists & Writers:
Bob Barrett - Roger Hill

Secretary & Associate
Editor: Elaine Trefethen

Coordinating Assistant
to Editor: Chris Kettler

SQUA TRONT and its contents is copyrighted in its entirety by Jerry Weist, 1970. Nothing may be reprinted in part or full without written permission.
Back issues: $2.00 for #3. Send to SQUA TRONT, 1849 So. 127th St. E., Wichita, Kansas, 67207.

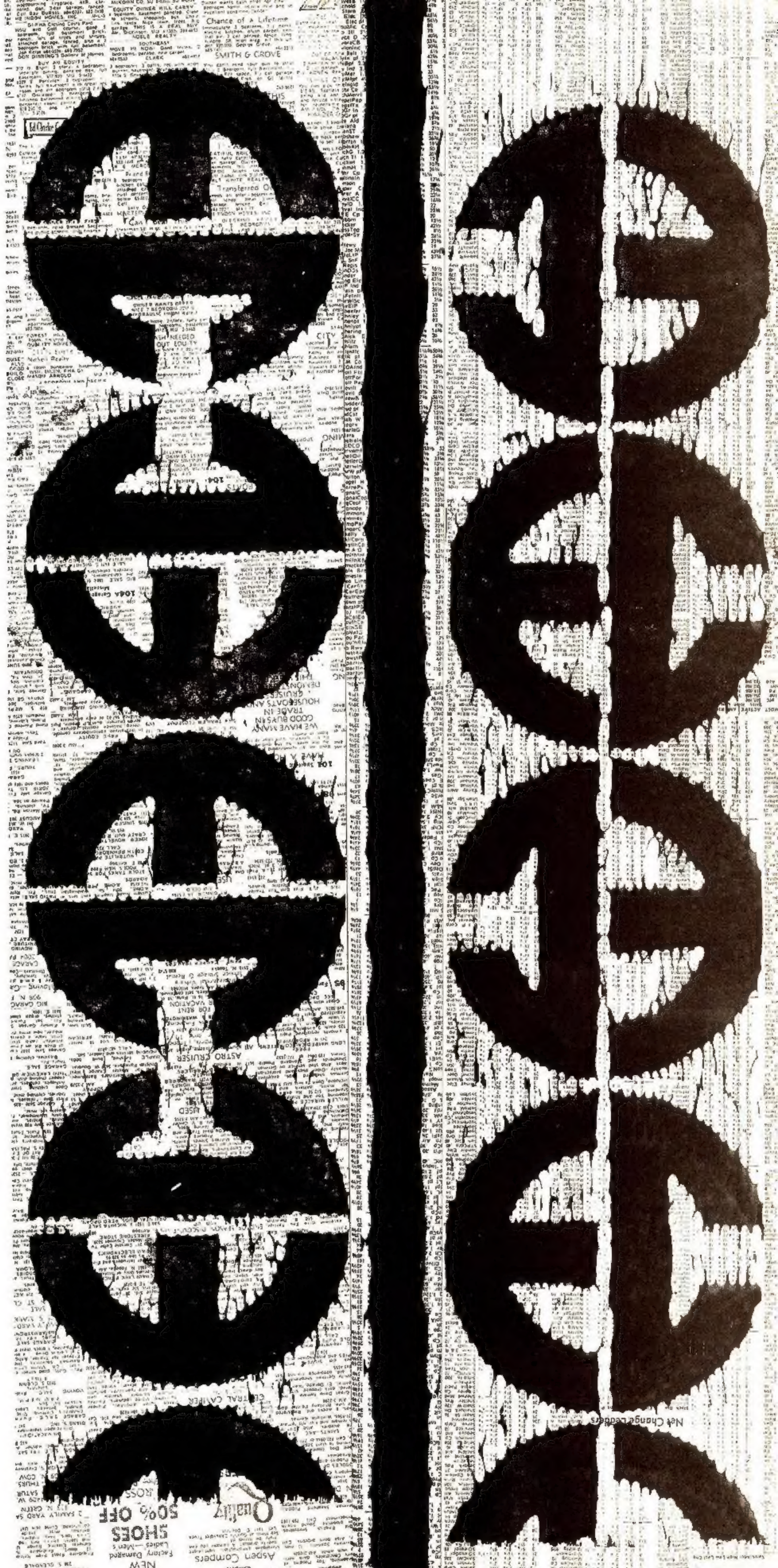


CONTENTS

Editorial
Kurtzman: by Jerry De Fuccio
Days of Wine and Fleagles: by Nick Meglin
"Slave Ship": by Bernard Krigstein
"Child of Tomorrow": by Reed Crandall
Johnny Craig Interview: by Roger Hill
"And Whatnot": by George Evans
The E.C. Family: by Roger Hill
The Frazetta Collector: by Robert R. Barrett

ART CREDITS

Robert R. Barrett: Logos & lettering pp. 4-6, 33, 35, 37, 62, 67 & 81
Vaughn Bode: 2nd back cover
Richard V. Corben: pp. 38 & 89
Reed Crandall: Inside back cover
George Evans: pp. 62-66
Frank Frazetta: pp. 2-3 (w/Al Williamson), 82-88
Roger Hill: pp. 67 & Envelope design
Graham Ingels: Front cover
Mike Kaluta: pp. 33
Robert Kline: Inside 2nd back cover
Roy G. Krenkel: Inside 2nd front cover & pp. 4
Harvey Kurtzman: pp. 8, 11-13, 16-27 & back cover
George Metzger: pp. 90-92
Kenneth Smith: Inside front cover, 2nd front cover & centerspread
Angelo Torres: pp. 28 & 31
Jerry Weist: Logos pp. 7 & 28
Al Williamson: pp. 36
George Woodbridge: pp. 32



EDITORIAL

ANY ATTEMPT TO SAY HERE, IN THIS EDITORIAL, WHAT I WANT TO WILL FAIL. THAT I HAVE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO WRITE IS EVIDENCED BY PAST ARTICLES WHICH HAVE BEEN EITHER TOO FLAMBOYANT OR DISTRESSINGLY DRAWNOUT AND BORING. I AVOIDED WRITING A LONG LEAD ARTICLE THIS TIME BECAUSE OF THE ABOVE REASON, AND ... BECAUSE **KURTZMAN'S** WORK IS SO SELF REVEALING. WHAT COULD I DO BUT TRY AND TRANSFER INTO WORDS THOSE ELEMENTS THAT MAKE **HARVEY** WHAT HE IS, USE YOUR EYES AND LET THEM THINK OUT THE REST OF **KURTZMAN** THAT IS NOT ALREADY EXPLAINED BY **JERRY DEFUCCIO.**

I HAVE TO CONFESS THAT I HAVE NEVER REALLY BEEN A SUCCESSFUL EDITOR OR PUBLISHER. THE MONEY PROBLEMS WERE DUE TO MY UNYEILDING IDEALISM – PROFESSIONAL MEN WILL TELL YOU THAT THE PUBLISHING BUSINESS HAS

TO DO WITH $$$ — NOT WITH ARTWORK AND STORY CONTENT. I DIDN'T REALISTICALLY FACE THE COMMERCIAL ASPECTS OF SQUA TRONT. AS AN EDITOR I CONTINUALLY MISINTERPRETED AND MISREAD THINGS. THUS A GLARING MISTAKE SUCH AS AN EDITORIAL STATEMENT IN #3 THAT PLACED FREDRIC WERTHAM ON THE SCALE OF THE POLITICALLY RIGHT, DUE ONLY BECAUSE OF RESULTING CENSORSHIP THAT CAME ABOUT IN HIS INVOLVEMENT WITH THE COMICS. IF YOU WANT TO READ AN EXCELLENTLY WRITTEN COMIC FANZINE, BUY THE THOMPSON'S COMIC ART AND IF YOU REQUIRE A BALANCE OF BOTH VISUAL AND WRITTEN CONTENT, ORDER WHAT I FEEL TO BE FANDOM'S BEST FANZINE, GRAPHIC STORY MAGAZINE.

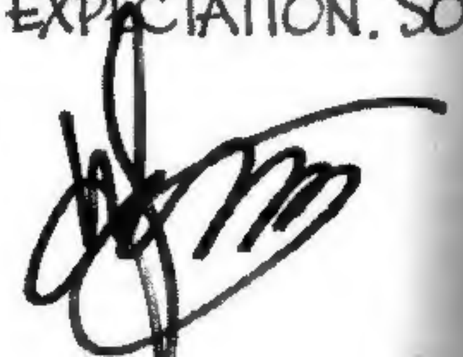
THE COMICS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN, FOR ME, A VISUAL EXPERIENCE. MY FIRST COLLECTION WAS COSMO THE MERRY MARTIAN #'S 1-6, AND I STILL HAVE THEM TODAY. I'D TRADE MY ENTIRE SET OF WEIRD FANTASY TO HAVE BACK AN OLD COMIC BOOK (20 PAGES!) THAT I DID, COLORED IN PASTEL PENCIL WITH A GLEAMING COLOR COVER, PRESERVED FOREVER BY BEING PASTED OVER ENTIRELY WITH SCOTCH BRAND TAPE. I ENJOYED IMMENSELY DRAWING THOSE WEIRD MARTIANS AND MOONLING OOGS! AND SO DURING GRADE SCHOOL AND MY FAMOUS MONSTERS "BOPPER YEARS" I ENJOYED CRANKING OUT NIGHTMARE AND MOVIELAND MONSTERS, MIMEOGRAPHED CRUDZINES THAT I HAD COMPLETELY WRITTEN AND DRAWN. I SAW, EVEN THEN, TYPEWRITTEN PAGES AS NECESSARY ICONS THAT GAVE A "MAGAZINE" OFFICIAL VISUAL APPEAL

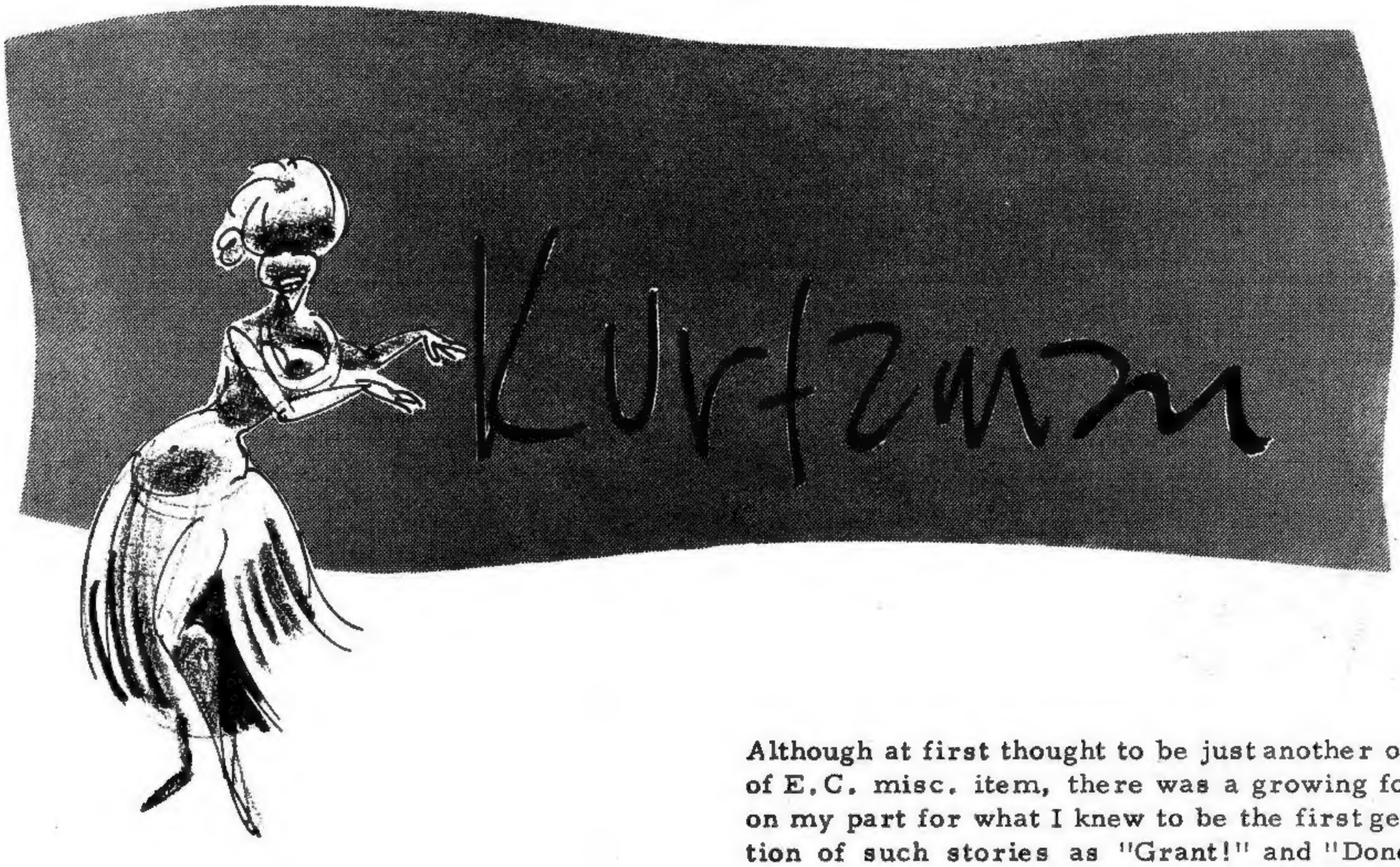
SO, PART OF MY HISTORY REVEALED I SUBMIT MY

LATEST EFFORT, **SQUA TRONT** #4. THIS ISSUE ISN'T ENTIRELY UNBALANCED, YET, FOR THE MOST PART, OUR CONCERN IS WITH GRAPHICS. I WOULD LIKE TO MENTION HERE A FEW THINGS THAT MIGHT HELP FURTHER YOUR UNDERSTANDING OF THIS ISSUE. THE 3-PAGE E.C. DESIGN THAT FACES THE FRONT COVERS IS AN ATTEMPT ON MY PART TO GIVE A PHYSICAL BREAKDOWN TO THE MAGAZINE. WOODBLOCKS WERE CUT AND PRINTED ON NEWSPAPER TO EXTEND A BUFFER TO THE COVER MOVEMENT: FROM COLOR PROCESS TO HALF-TONE, TO BLOCK PRINTS ON SLIGHTLY GRAY STOCK TO WHITE PAGES. THE STRUCTURE OF THE PAGES ALSO DISPENSE WITH THE "LEAD IN" INFORMATION TO THE FIRST ARTICLE IN A MORE DIRECT MOTION. WE HAVE TRIED TO BE CONSCIOUS OF VARIOUS LAYOUT POSSIBILITES. I THINK THAT **BOB** HAS BEEN VERY SUCCESSFUL WITH **THE FRAZETTA COLLECTOR** THIS ISSUE, THOUGH SOME OF THE SUBJECT MATTER PREMEDITATED A CERTAIN LAYOUT, THERE IS AN ATTEMPT THIS TIME TO PUSH THE POSSIBILITIES FURTHER. POST OFFICE REGULATIONS AND THE PLACEMENT OF A CLASP ON THE ENVELOPE PREVENTED US FROM USING **ROGER'S** WORK THE WAY WE INTENDED. ORIGINAL PLANS HAD THE PIECE SPREAD OVER THE ENTIRE ENVELOPE. THE LEAD TO THE E.C. STORIES CAME ABOUT OUT OF NECESSITY, AND FOR THE BETTER. **RICHARD CORBEN'S** ILLUSTRATION WAS INTENDED FOR THE INSIDE FRONT COVER... BUT NEITHER **BOB** OR MYSELF WANTED TO SEE ANY OF IT CROPPED TO FIT THE 8½X11 PAGE. I INSISTED THAT A WHITE BAND ON THE RIGHT OR LEFT CAUSED BY PRINTING IT WITHOUT CROPPING WOULD LOOK AWKWARD, SO WE MOVED IT TO LEAD INTO "**SLAVE SHIP**"...AND ONCE **BOB** CAME UP WITH THE WRITE-UP, WE WERE CONVINCED THAT A PROPER MOOD HAD BEEN SET FOR THE STORIES.

CREDIT SHOULD BE GIVEN TO **BILL PEARSON**, OF **WITZEND**, FOR HIS TIME AND EFFORT THAT WAS SPENT IN NEW YORK DEVELOPING THE E.C. 3-D STORIES INTO LINE NEGATIVES FOR US. WITHOUT **BILL** THIS ISSUE WOULD FEEL A TREMENDOUS GAP. ANOTHER **BILL**, **BILL GAINES**, PUT UP WITH A LOT OF TROUBLE FROM A SOME TIMES ALL TOO BOTHERSOME EDITOR, TO MAKE A SPECIAL TRIP TO THE "VAULT" TO OBTAIN THE TWO E.C. STORIES ESPECIALLY FOR THIS ISSUE.

AS I WRITE THIS I HAVEN'T SEEN THE E.C. STORIES, OR THE RESULTS OF THE COLOR PROCESS COVERS, OR THE INTERIOR PAGES PRINTED—AND IT'S LATE NOW—AUG. 26. WITH THESE BEFORE ME THERE IS STILL AN ELEMENT OF EXPECTATION. SO WITH THE HOPE THAT ALL TURNS OUT FOR THE BEST, I'LL CLOSE.





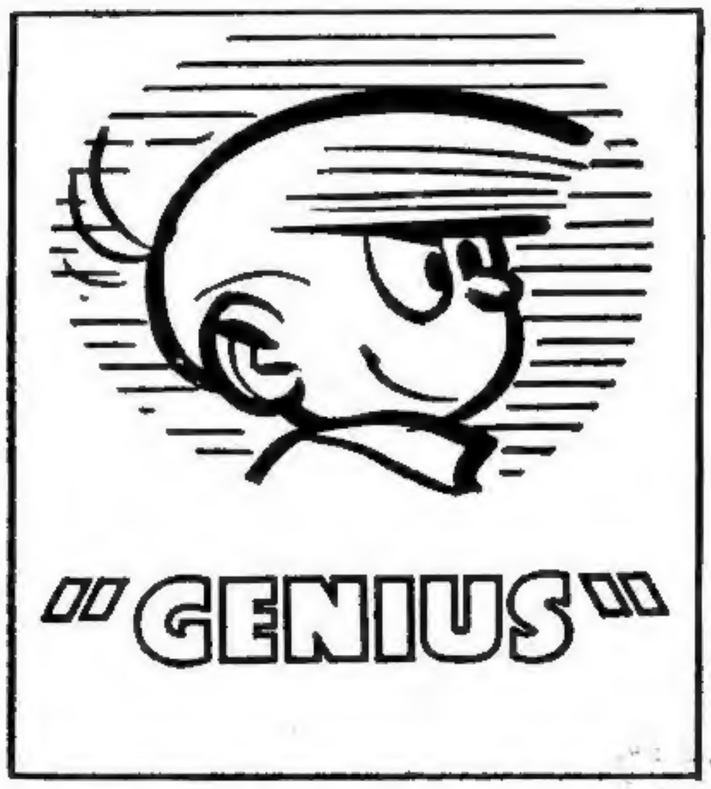
The following pages present a visual progression of the work of Harvey Kurtzman from his early periods to his present position in comic art. What makes a good majority of this work interesting and new to Kurtzman admirers is that here for the first time one can look at those early stages in the creation of a story. Drawing seems in so many ways, in so many areas, to be the revealing mirror of what many artists really have. Drawing is the most immediate and spontaneous form of expression, and Kurtzman most certainly seems to be able to draw. One is even tempted to respond to finished work by this man with the feeling that it was done very quickly. It's almost as though once Mr. Kurtzman came up with an idea, he was forced to immediately record it on paper.

The small one-page pencil works that follow Jerry De Fuccio's article were discovered in the MAD files about one year ago by the editor. They were brought to the attention of Bill Gaines and he suggested that they be returned to the artist. As it turned out, upon visiting Kurtzman that same week, ye editor was thrilled to learn that he could keep them in his hot little paws for an indefinite time.

Although at first thought to be just another odd type of E.C. misc. item, there was a growing fondness on my part for what I knew to be the first germination of such stories as "Grant!" and "Donelson!" (TWO-FISTED TALES #31, Jan. Feb. 1953). There is an unmistakable flavor and visual progression to any Kurtzman story whether illustrated by himself, George Evans, Jack Davis, or any number of the E.C. artists that did stories for the War Books. Though Harvey's rigid insistence that the artists follow his layout exactly to the letter often brought on huffs and puffs of irritation, the unity that is within each FRONTLINE COMBAT and TWO-FISTED TALES is undeniable.

The small cartoon sketching soon led to full pencil and ink pages by the time Harvey was involved with HUMBUG Magazine. Compare the Kurtzman "FRANKENSTEIN" story with the Elder (appearing in HUMBUG #7, Feb. 1958) "FRANKENSTEIN." You will find a striking resemblance that goes beyond figure placement to emotional expression and linear construction of the characters' faces.

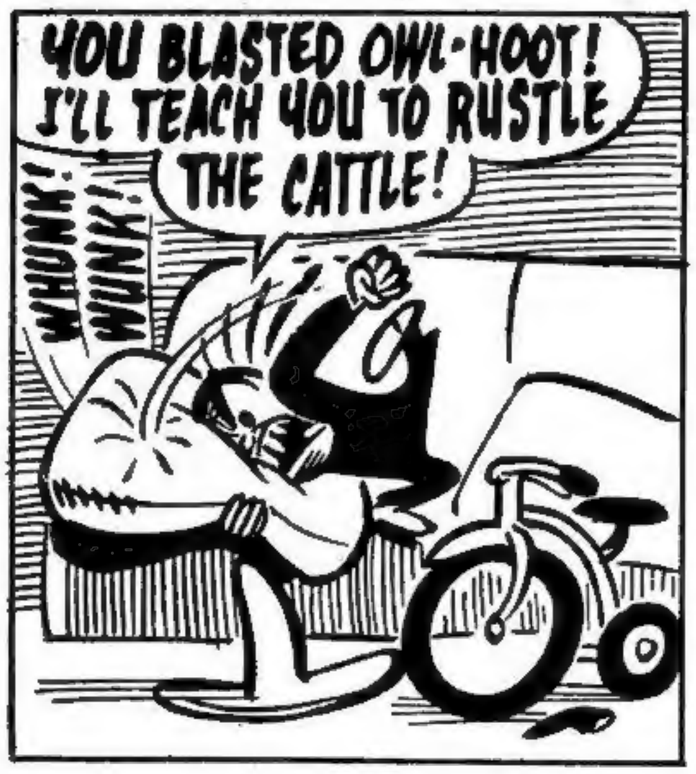
The ANNIE FANNY story proves beyond doubt that the vital elements are still within Kurtzman's work, even if his fans don't get to look beyond the highly polished and refined "finals" of ANNIE. Look at this work and understand it for what it is -- the immediate result of ideas, coming from one of the most important men in the comics today.


"GENIUS"

THEM RUSTLERS ARE COMIN' THRU THE GULCH! I GOTTA HEAD THEM OFF!
H. Kurtz-ff

DIG DIRT, HORSIE! WE GOTTA ROUND UP THE POSSE!

LOOK AT HIM PLAYING BY HIMSELF, MOTHER! HE IMAGINES HE'S A COWBOY!
DA!
DA!
CLIK


YOU BLASTED OWL-HOOT! I'LL TEACH YOU TO RUSTLE THE CATTLE!
HIHIHI-NK!

WHAT A MAKE-BELIEVE WORLD A CHILD LIVES IN, EH, MOTHER!
DA!
DA!
CLIK

OKAY, MEN! THIS IS THE CAVE! WE MUST BE THE GOOD GUYS AND WE MUST HIDE FROM THE BAD GUYS!

LISTEN, MOTHER! HE IMAGINES HE IS BEING CHASED BY CATTLE RUSTLERS!
DA
DA
DA!
CLIK
CLIK

QUICK, MEN! PILE UP THE BARRICADE! HERE COME THE BAD GUYS!

WHAT AN IMAGINATION! NOW HE THINKS THE RUSTLERS ARE ABOUT TO FIRE ON HIM! THAT CHILD SURE IMAGINES THINGS!
HERE THEY COME!

BRRRAM!
BA-BAM!
BANG!
BANG!
BIP!
BAM!

AFTER 'EM, HORSIE! DIG DIRT!

If there is such a thing as reincarnation, I'd like to come back as an artist. An artist delineates the normal and you must know what is normal before you know what to exaggerate. The ensuing exaggeration is cartooning.

My greatest frustration is not being able to draw. I see the illustration clearly in my mind but I can't get it to travel down the length of my arm and onto paper.

As a result, cartoonists in general assumed an exalted position in my youth. Our house was always alive with distinguished surgeons and internationally acclaimed opera singers - my father being a prominent doctor and patron of the arts - but I wasn't at all impressed until my father had the occasion to write to Percy Crosby and request a specific "Skippy" daily. It seems my Dad was promoting the introduction of the study of the Italian language in New Jersey high schools. He saw a very beguiling "Skippy" strip wherein Skippy was at his familiar post, sitting on the curbstone, when a little Italian boy walked through the panels, wildly gesticulating and talking aloud in Italian. When he passed Skippy, the curbstone kid looked up and said, "Si, si!" As the Italian lad passed out of the last panel, Skippy said with a self-satisfied air: "A little Italian never hurt anybody."

My Dad borrowed this slogan from Skippy and Percy Crosby graciously obliged with the original. I was fascinated when the original arrived. It was so much larger than the newspaper reduction and it seemed to glow in my trembling hands. I noted that Crosby had done some white-out repair in one of the panels and I was almost tempted to scratch it and see what he had covered up. This was my initial close-up study of pen line and technique in the raw. Thereafter, I became very absorbed in identifying artists and cartoonists through their styles, especially when their signatures were not affixed.

Thus, I deduced, in 1951, that the artist who was doing the "Hey, Look" comic strip in the New York Herald Tribune, and work for E.C.'s Weird Science and Weird Fantasy were one and the same man. I thought his name was "Harvey Kurtz," not realizing the stickman involved in his signature was the "man" part. Anyway, I liked his brisk and robust style, so I sent him some of my "Penrod" adaptations I had done and had rejected by Dell comics. Having been an editor of MAD all these years, I've learned that a lot of would-be contributors send you scripts comprising what they'd like you to publish rather than scripts that suit what you are so obviously publishing. Harvey was impressed by my "Penrod" adaptations and felt I had faithfully retained all of Booth Tarkington's youthful hilarity in my panel by panel breakdowns. I guess Harvey discerned something methodical about my approach, so he asked me whether I'd like to be his research-man.

My first encounter with Harvey was not at E.C. on Lafayette Street, but at the Charles William Harvey Studios "somewhere south of Macy's." The "William" part was Billy Elder (whom I immediately liked) and Johnny Severin was taking up the "Charles" area, since Charlie Stern had left. As I recall, Billy and Harvey took me to their everyday restaurant in that area, the Raven, and Harvey touted me on the good dishes and exhorted me to have whatever I wanted. Billy said his partner, Johnny Severin, wasn't around because he had to be godfather at his father's confirmation. I thought Billy was putting me on but later I learned it was so.

My initial feelings about Harvey, which have been immutable, were that he was attentive, solicitous, precise and sedately amicable. One of his most "endearing" traits became readily apparent. He always looked back over his shoulder when leaving a store or restaurant, to ascertain whether he left anything after him. It seemed Harvey had a complete filing system under each arm: all shapes and conditions of folios, packages and envelopes, slipping and sliding as he went along. Despite his constantly encumbered state, Harv was the greatest door-holder and turnstiles threader I ever met.

I was engaged by E.C. as Harvey's leg-man at $30.00 per week and pulled down additional $12.50's for random filler pages. I did all the war book fillers and Bill Gaines gave me a shot at crime, horror, and s-f fillers, too. Bill turned out to be my real champion, often tossing an extra thirty dollars inexplicably into my week's salary.

My baptism of fire commenced in the Fifth Avenue Library; specifically in the American History Room (supervised by a man with a divine name...."Mr. Vigilante") and the Picture Collection Archives. Harvey showed me the catalogs, files and cross-reference systems, and how to use them.

This was perhaps his greatest contribution to De Fuccian culture and erudition. Occasionally, Harvey and I went out on a military equipment facts quest together. As we came back to home base on Lafayette Street, I felt pretty much like Harvey's U-

Haul. We'd both be loaded down. Once when I was traveling the crowded subways, during our emphasis on Korean war stories in Two-Fisted Tales, I dropped a cast-iron model of a Mauser on the floor and picked it up quite casually. I was getting to be a veteran in the war games!

Harvey was a die-hard perfectionist...and purist. If an artist drew a weapon or piece of equipment, Harvey wanted him to refer to models or photographs. Copying from another artist's drawing meant "watering down authenticity another degree." He also felt the readers in the Armed Services knew where the rivets and seams and catches were located - a further argument for attention to detail and authenticity. Harvey honestly conveyed the idea that even a "burp gun" was poetic.

I was a virtual mudder in 1951-1952. It seemed whenever I had to go to an air force base or a naval depot, it rained helmets and liners. I'd dread going out in the downpour but Harvey would point to the door and say in mock-command, "Go, Jerome!" Sometimes I'd make a half-hearted appeal to Bill Gaines and he'd say good-naturedly, "Why, with a good sized man's umbrella, you can fend off a monsoon, Jerry." So I went.

My most unforgettable reconnoitering expedition was to the submarine base in New London, Connecticut. I had always been a submarine aficionado and had quite a library on the subject at home. I hit upon a gimmick for a sub story ("Silent Service," Jack Davis, Two-Fisted #32) and had it approved by Harvey. He thought it over a bit and decided he wanted a first-hand report of the sub's interior, torpedo and sleeping quarters, maneuvering stations, and the distinguishing sounds of the klaxon, chimes and the diving alarm.

I found myself on the U.S.S. Guardfish, the training sub, somewhere below the waters of the Long Island Sound. My esteem for the men of the Silent Service couldn't even be dented by the latter-day exploits of our astronauts. The Public Information Officer told me he had been on three different subs during the war in the Pacific. He had been transferred from one patrol to another, until he had completed his sea duty. All three subs never returned. Of course, Harvey wasn't the most trusting guy around. He insisted that I give him a phone call from New London, just to make sure I didn't fake the trip. I sent him a telegram that read: "Many brave hearts are asleep in the deep. Glub ..... glub."

Harvey's most ambitious undertaking was the sequential Special Civil War Issue(s) he did both in Two-Fisted Tales and Frontline Combat. It involved hours and hours of reading, starting off with the Blockade and the initial clashes of the North and South. Just to double-check himself, Harvey engaged "historian" Fletcher Pratt to go over the balloons and continuity before they were handed over to the artists. I remember calling on Pratt with some of Harvey's material. He was like some mid-town hermit, living in comfortable surroundings. After he checked everything out, he left me amidst cages of squeaking, leaping marmosets, and went back to what he was doing prior to my arrival. Harvey lost faith, I think, in Pratt's reputation as a historian. In one of Pratt's books, Harvey came across a mention of "Quaker guns," limbs of trees inclined on a ridge to resemble cannons and fake out the enemy. Harvey never encountered this reference in other books and mentioned it to Pratt. There was no credible explanation and we concluded that Pratt had a tendency to embellish his accounts. I never liked Pratt for suggesting in a magazine article that so many U.S. torpedoes were duds and misfired because the submariners drained out and drank the alcohol in the missles.

Harvey really got me hung-up on the life of Ulysses Grant. Harvey did a very human profile on Grant in Two-Fisted #31, promulgating an entire new dimension of him as boy and man. The vignette of Grant at West Point, standing at the head of the class and reciting unperturbed on Field Fortification as a watch chimed away in his tunic pocket, was a basic gem made even more lustrous by Severin's "at ease" feeling for a monumental moment of military mischief.

Harvey was always receptive to ideas and suggestions and accounts from artists and writers who served in both the European and Pacific theatres during World War Two. Johnny Severin knew all about the Pacific, the Plains Indians, and the classic flying aces of World War One. Harvey even derived a unique story ("442nd Combat Team..... Frontline Combat #5) from his Japanese-American letterer, Ben Oda, who served in that unit of loyal Japanese descendants fighting the Germans.

Harvey actually urged the incomparable Alexander Toth (often called "the Caniff of the Comic Books") on to new heights with his classic "Thunderjet" story in Frontline #8. Alex is noted for his amazing photographic mind and his insight into "how things work" as it is. Can you imagine Harvey pre-

PERMISSION GRANTED COPYRIGHT © WILLIAM GAINES, FABLES PUBLISHING CO., INC.

WAR AND FIGHTING MEN

FRONTLINE COMBAT

AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC

No. 9
NOV.-DEC.

LN

LISTEN! IS IT RAINING?

NOPE! THEM'S MINIE BALLS WHIZZIN' THROUGH THE TREES! WHEW!

CATCH ME, MATE, I'M HIT!

SPECIAL ISSUE: CIVIL WAR!

WAR AND FIGHTING MEN

TWO-FISTED TALES

AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC

No. 31
JAN.-FEB.

LN 10

AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC

10¢

SPECIAL ISSUE: CIVIL WAR!

PERMISSION GRANTED BY WILLIAM M. GAINES, AGENT FOR COPYRIGHT OWNER, EC PUBLICATIONS, INC.

vailing upon Alex to give up a day at the drawing board to poke into Thunderjet cockpits and slap Thunderjet aluminum bodies at Republic Aircraft? That this Thunderjet story is now an all-time comics classic is reflected in the fact that it is being reprinted in Kurtzman's definitive history of the comics which he is currently producing for Woody Gelman's Nostalgia Press.

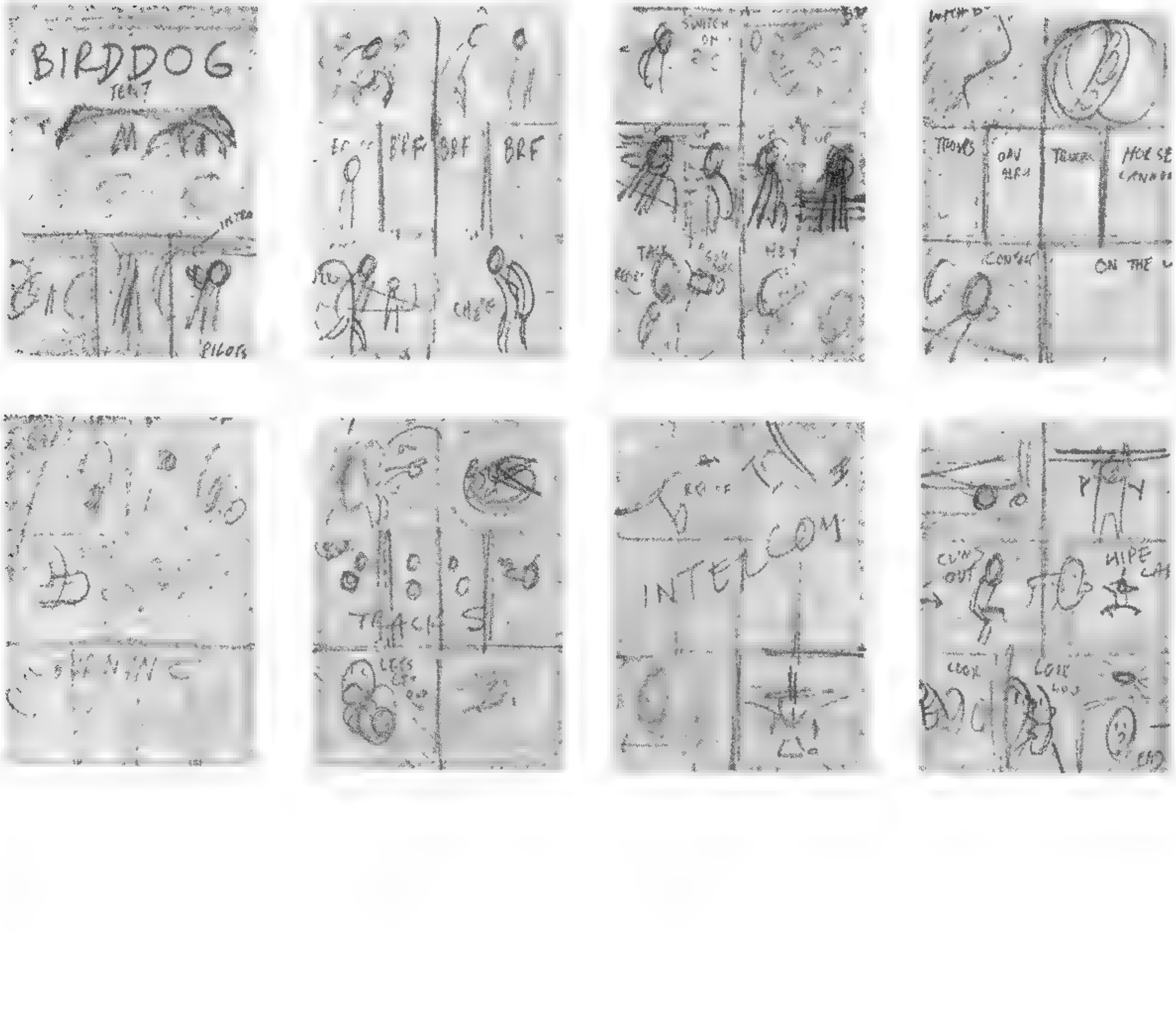
Whevever I flip through the pages of "War Dance" in Frontline Combat #13, I recall that I provided the basis for that story and Harvey practically held me "captive" overnight in his home in Mount Vernon until we had completely developed and crystallized it together. The fact was, I had a previous date, with a Swedish air lines stewardess, but Harvey was firm about my duty. As it later turned out, I learned to my regret that a lovely face may not quite be the face of love. Years later, another Swedish air lines stewardess fled the country with a complete set of my MAD magazines. Fortunately, it was still early in the game and we were only up to MAD #45. Incidentally, in Frontline #13, I also developed "WOLF!" with Harvey.

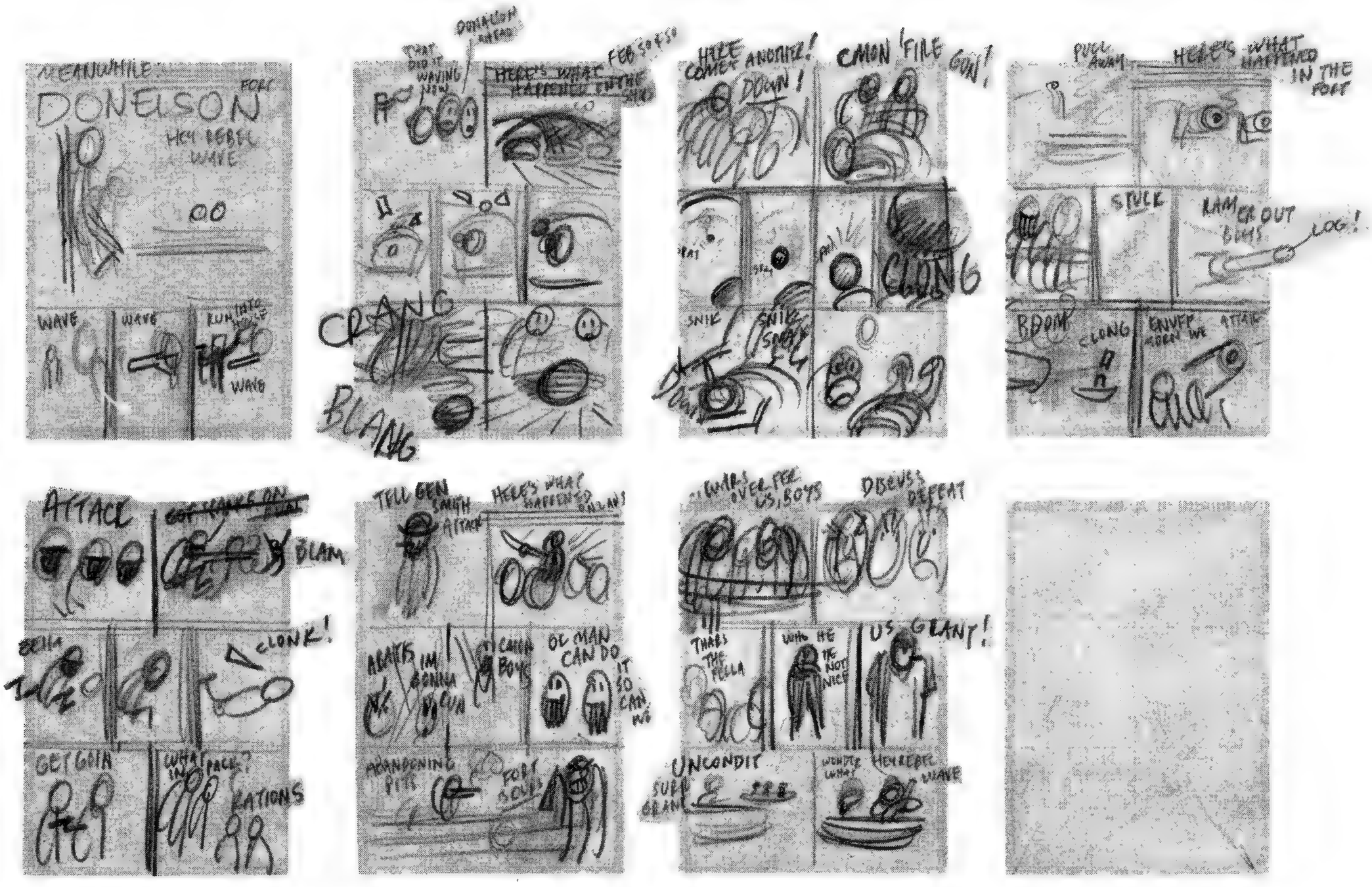
I finished off my career with Harvey and E.C. Comics with the internment of Two-Fisted Tales (#41, March). I did the "Carl Akeley" story with Wally Wood.

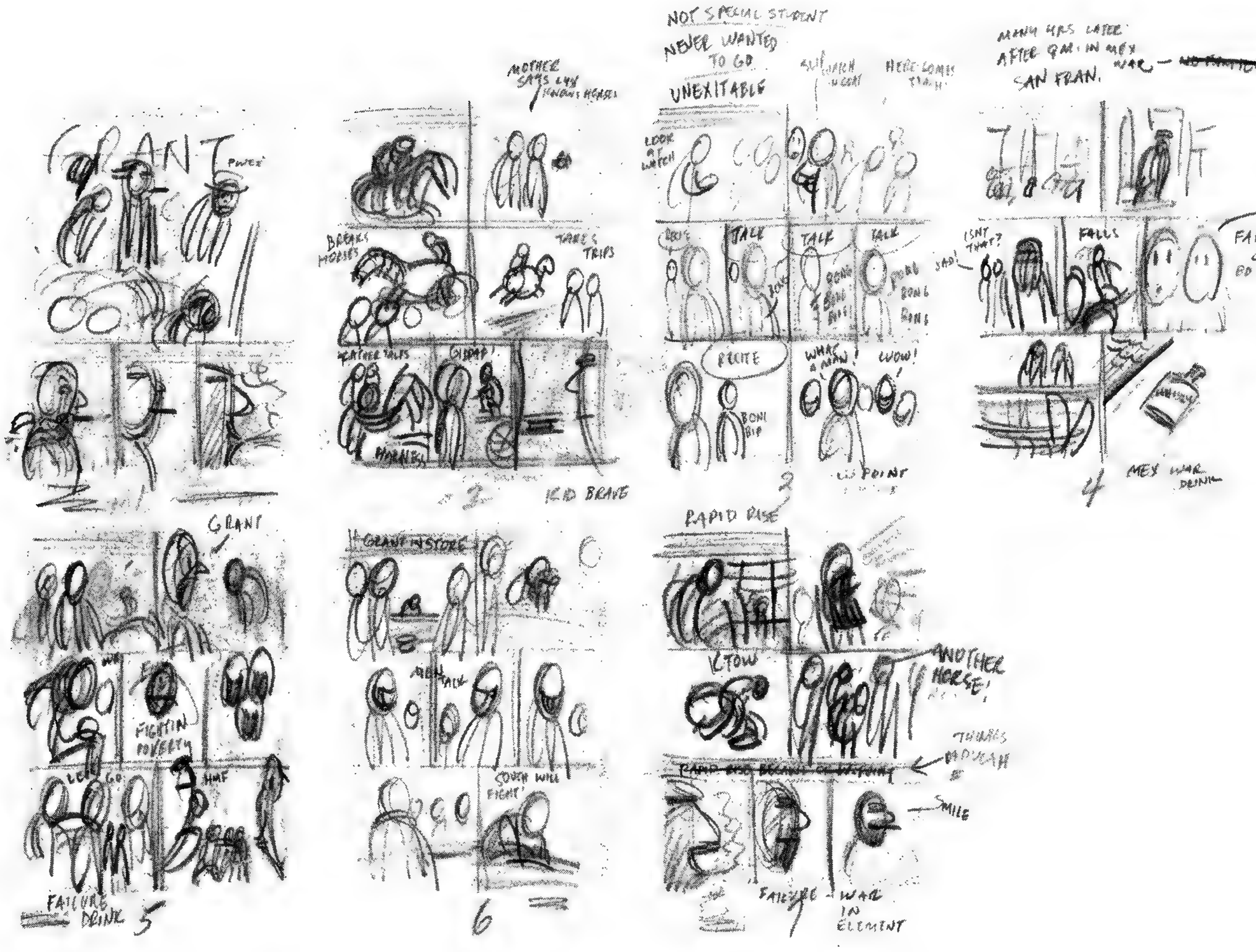
As I look back on Life With Harvey, and his well-conceived, well-produced war books, I reflect that Bill Gaines gave him a lot of latitude and glorious creative freedom. I was also beneficiary of that incentive and spirit.

And now, to err is Neuman... but to re-live is divine.

Jerry De Fuccio
August, 1969


BIRDDOG
TEST
PILOTS
BRF
BRF
BRF
SWITCH
ON
TAIL
TRIGGERS
ON
HOLSTER
CANNON
ON THE
TRACK
INTERCOM
CLICK
CLICK
CLICK


MEANWHILE
DONELSON
HEY REBEL WAVE
WAVE
WAVE
RUN INTO WOODS
WAVE
CRANG
BLANG
THAT DID IT WAVING HERE'S WHAT HAPPENED
DONELSON AHEAD
HERE COMES ANOTHER!
DOWN!
CMON FILE GUN!
CLONG
SNIK
SNIK SNAP
PUSH AWAY
HERE'S WHAT HAPPENED IN THE FORT
SMILE
RAM IT OUT BOYS!
LOG!
BOOM
CLONG
ATTACK
ATTACK
GOT SOMEONE ON THE
BLAM
CLONK!
GET GUN
GUNS
RATIONS
TELL GEN SMITH ATTACK
HERE'S WHAT HAPPENED BALLS
ALMOST IM GONNA GUN
CAVALRY BOYS
OL MAN CAN DO IT SO CAN WE
ABANDONING FORT
FORT SCOUT
GUNS OVER FOR US, BOYS
OBEVS DEFEAT
THATS THE FELLA
WHO HE HE NOT NICE
US GRANT!
UNCONDIT SURR GRANT
WHERE WHAT?
HEY REBEL WAVE


GRANT
PWER
MOTHER SAYS HE KNOWS HORSES
BREAKS HORSES
THROWS TRIPS
HEATHER TALKS
OHSNAP!
MARLBO
ICD BRAVE
NOT SPECIAL STUDENT
NEVER WANTED TO GO
UNEXITABLE
LOOK AT WATCH
SUP MARK IN COAT
HERE COMES SMITH
LOOK UP
TALK
TALK
TALK
BONK
BONK BONK
BONK
PEOPLE
BONK
WHAT A MAN!
WOW!
US POINT
3
RAPID RISE
MANY YRS LATER
AFTER GM IN MEX WAR
SAN FRAN.
ISNT THAT?
SAD!
FALLS
TALK OF FALLEN OFF OF HORSE
SAN FRAN
MEX WAR DEBRIS
4
GRANT
GRANT IN STORE
FIGHTIN WORDS
HEY MAN
SOUTH WILL FIGHT
LOOK
GO
HMF
FAILURE DRINK
5
6
L TOW
ANOTHER HORSE!
THROWS TOMAHAWK
SMILE
FAILURE
WAR IN ELEMENT

WAR AND FIGHTING MEN

TWO-FISTED TALES

AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC

No. 26

MAR.-APR.

LN 10

AUTHORIZED A C M P

CONFORMS to the COMICS CODE

10¢

SPECIAL ISSUE: A DOCUMENT OF THE ACTION AT THE *CHANGJIN RESERVOIR!*

PERMISSION GRANTED COPYRIGHT © WILLIAM GAINES, FABLES PUBLISHING CO., INC.

SOME SAY US MARINES RETREATED! ...HELL! WE DIDN'T RETREAT! WE JUST ADVANCED IN ANOTHER DIRECTION!

SPECIAL ISSUE: THIS ISSUE IS A DOCUMENTARY. THIS ISSUE IS THE STORY OF AN ACTION THAT TOOK PLACE AT THE CHANGJIN RESER

Think me mad, do you? Well there is the proof of my theories... Boris Karlott!
Aha! so that is the product of your work with electricity and your research into electrical science!
But I say... what that he's ripped from the base-board and now clutches in his arms?
His mo-ther.

FRANKENSTIEN AND HIS MONSTER

TV is reviving this 25 year old thriller which was made about some scientific talk centered around simple electricity not atomic energy. As the story speirs, scientist Count von Frankenstien, a young middle-European schvienhunt, is out on the road gathering bodies for his work.

Ah-here's another body... stretched, but useful. Throw it on the cart, Haus.
Yes Herr Franken-stien.
Shucks! Sure is slim pickins today. Boy for a revolution or something!
Careful, you clumsy idiot! Don't pile them all to one side!
Hoo-boy! what an ass is tant!
Why could-n't I have a nice, clean-cut feller instead of you?

Copyright 1970, Harvey Kurtzman and HUMBUG Magazine

...a nice fresh brain Ha! There are some fresh ones in the formaldehyde!

Hm... they're labelled "Excellent brain" - "Good brain" - "Fair brain" - and "Rotten brain"...

Goshdarn it! Broke the Excellent brain!

Woops! Pushed over the Good brain.

Consarn! Turned the Fair brain upside down by mistake.

Well - I guess I'll have to take the you-know-which

Excellent Brain

Good Brain

Fair Brain

Rotten Brain

Haus! Did you get the brain?

Yes, Herr Frankenstein!

Very good. The thunderstorm is growing. Our experiment in electric biology and galvanic chemistry begins with the aid of our latest complex electrical apparatus. Help me with the kite and hold the key.

We must wait till the storm is at its peak so that we can get plenty lightning - which has secret electric ingredients.

Besides, it's scarier!

Get to your post, Haus!

I'm too scared.

Here goes the experiment!

That should do it! The body under the cloth should now be pulsing and breathing with monster life... which we shall see as soon as I pull back this sheet, revealing...

A little pile of ash?

Well... back to the old drawing board!

Herr Frankenstein! Look!

By George it's the monster! He's alive!

It's a miracle. Born with clothes on... it's really a miracle. But he's ugly! Ugly! How can you stand it?

If I can stand you — I can stand anything. Come to think of it — I can't stand you. I'm going home to rest.

Oh Henry, I am glad you came down from your laboratory and your nasty little experiments.

It's good to be back, dear — good to watch the happy burghers dancing in the streets — celebrating in the Beerhall

And well they might celebrate — for this is our wedding day and you will become part of the house of Frankenstein. Nothing shall stop that.

Oh Henry. Somehow I have a premonition... a feeling —

I have a feeling...

...that before we [illegible] to marry...

...something dreadful will happen!

1 month later.

Say, dearest, remember the day we got married — you thought something would happen before we called man?

Yeah — and nothing happened.

Herr Frankenstein! Herr Frankenstein!

Your monster is loose!

My monster is loose? where did he go?

They say he killed Hans and drowned farmer Fladen's daughter.

Get torches!

Let's kill the monster!

There he goes!

After him!

Where is he?

We're about to come to grips with him!

How can you tell?

Paper Mache rocks! That means studio action!

He's going into the old mill.

Burn it down!

Aaiee!

Ray!

The monster is burning up!

That's the end of him!

Let's go back to the beer-hall and have a drink.

We sure burned up that monster.

That'll teach them monster foreigners to leave our girls alone.

Did you men say you killed the monster? Then I got back too late.

It's Sheriff Matt Dillon!

That monster was entitled to fair trial. A man in Dodge just confessed the killings. The monster was innocent. You fools have lynched the wrong man!

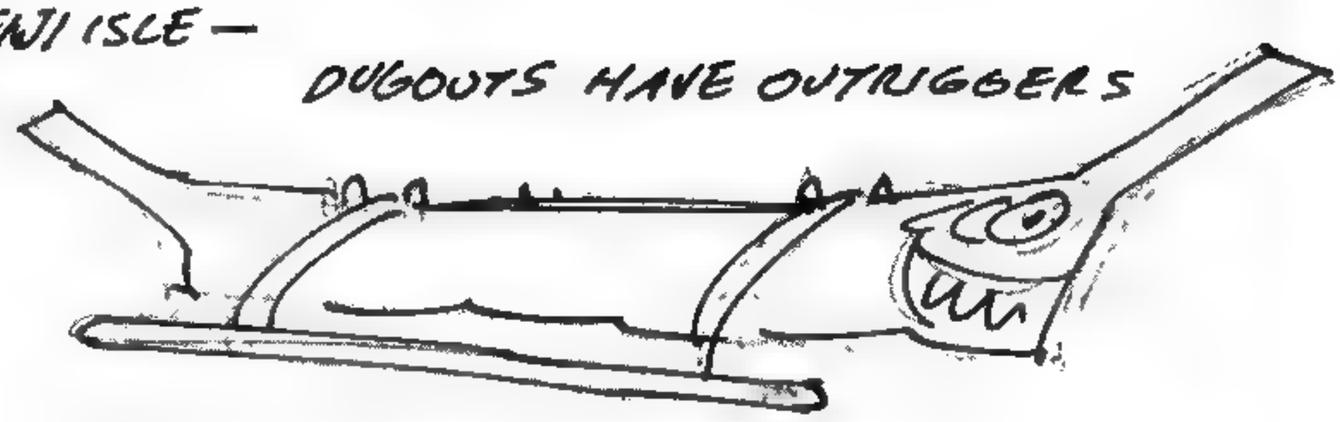
Gosh!

We should have realized ...

.. realized this picture was one of those lynch-mob stories.

Does that mean next week we can't drive a stake through the vampire's heart?

NATIVES AND ISLANDS ARE NOT AERICAN BUT ARE A MIXTURE OF POLYNESIAN, SAMOAN ~~AND~~ FNJI ISCLE — THE GENERAL TYPES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC... THAT GOES FOR THEIR DECORATIONS, COSTUMES ETC..



DUGOUTS HAVE OUTRIGGERS

ANNIE COMES TO ISLAND IN SHIRT-ROLLED SLEEVES, TIGHT SKIRT-HIGH HEELS BLACK LEATHER PUMPS

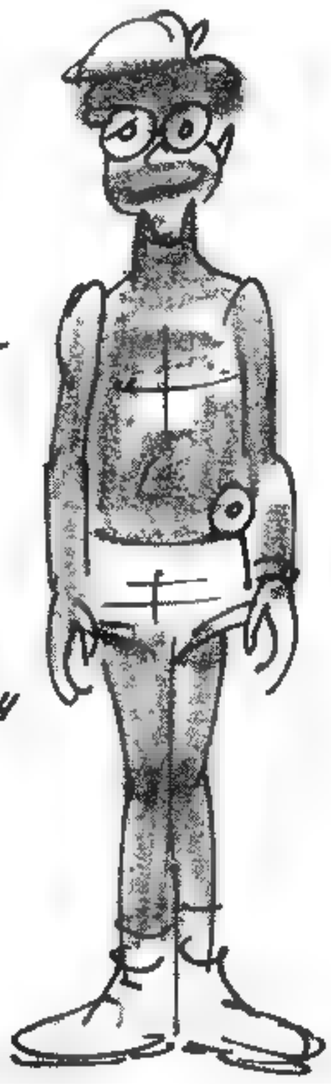
SHE ENDS IN LOW SLUNG GRASS SKIRT-LEIS-A FLOWER IN THE HAIR

HUTS ARE TENT-SHAPED-VERY TALL WITH THE PEAKS CANTED AWAY FROM EACH OTHER

NEWLY ~~BRIGHTLY~~ DECORATED

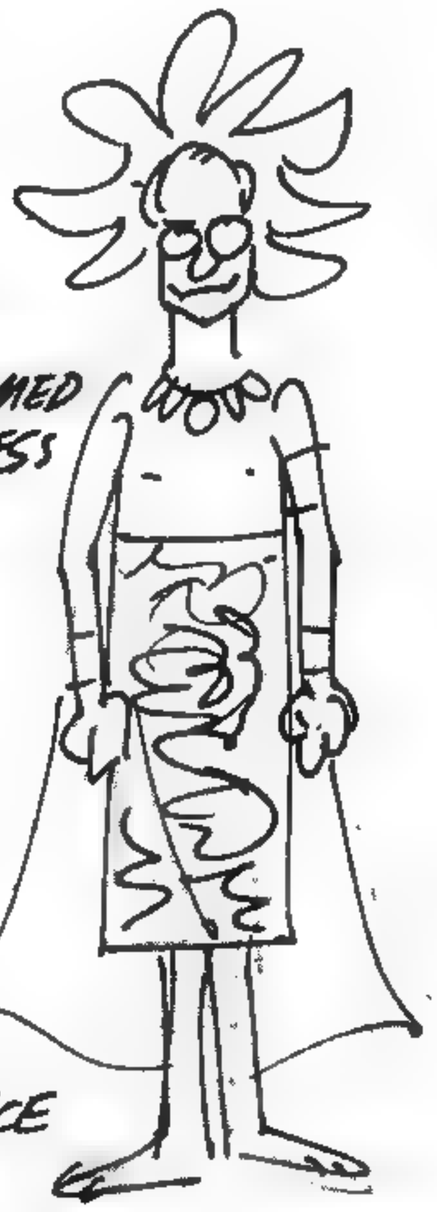
THATCH ROOFS-BAMBOO PARTITIONS

NUKANU MEN



RALPHIE WEARS BASKET-BALL TYPE SHORTS — PIPE STUCK IN BELT — LARGE BOWLED CALABASH TYPE PIPE —

THICK TOED, THICK SOLED G.I. BOOTS-HEAVY SOCKS



CHIEF HAS OSTRICH TYPE-SOFT PLUMED HEADDRESS

LONG HIGH WRAP AROUND PRINT-SKIRT

MAYBE CAPE AND TOOTH NECKLACE

ARM BANDS

ALL NATIVE GIRLS GORGEOUS TAHITIAN STEREOTYPES.

XIII Volcano Story – ①

Little Annie Fanny

Harvey Kurtzman

© IN THE OBSCURE ISLAND OF NUKANUKA IN THE VAST SAMOAN CHAIN, WE FIND ANNIE STEPPING FROM A NEWLY DECORATED NUKANU LONG-BOAT, AND WE MIGHT WELL ASK WHAT BRINGS ANNIE TO NUKANUKA IN A NUKANU CANOE... A NEW CANOE... THAT IS, A NEW NUKANU CANOE? THE ANSWER: ANNIE'S IN THE PEACE CORPS! NO CRACKS, PLEASE.

I HEARD THAT THIS WAS A BACKWARD COUNTRY... AND IF I'M THE ONLY ONE DRESSED, THAT CERTAINLY IS BACKWARD!

ANNIE!

RALPHIE! ANOTHER CIVILIZED PERSON! COME KISS ME!

NIX, ANNIE! YOU'RE IN ANOTHER CULTURE! THEY REGARD KISSING AS DISGUSTING. SEE... THE CHIEF IS COMING TO AFFECTIONATELY GREET YOU IN THE PECULIAR NUKANUAN FASHION. ...QUICK!...LAY DOWN, BABY!

NOW, RALPHIE... I WAS WILLING TO COME OUT HERE AND SACRIFICE... BUT DON'T YOU THINK THIS IS TOO MUCH?!

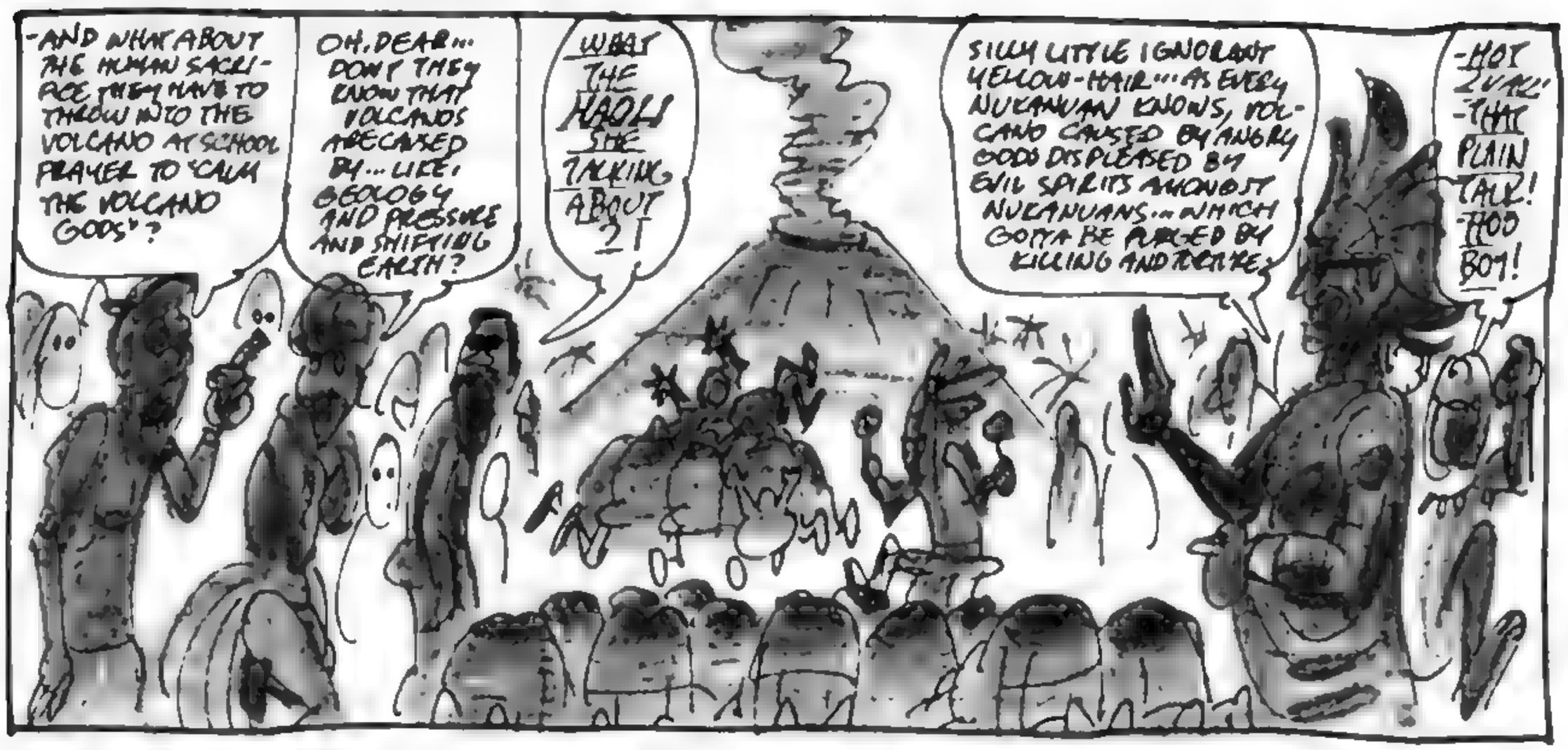
IT'S ALL IN THE POINT OF VIEW, ANNIE! WHILE IN OUR CULTURE, WE PUT OUR WET, SALIVATING, GERM-INFESTED MOUTHS TO-GETHER, HIS CULTURE DICTATES A MORE HONEST EXPRESSION OF MALE ABILITY.

Reproduced by special permission of PLAYBOY MAGAZINE; Copyright © 1969 by HMH Publishing Co., Inc.

XIII Volcano Story - (2)

HE PUTS HIS FOOT ON YOUR HEAD.
OH, CHIEF... THIS IS THE YELLOW-HAIRED SCHOOL-TEACHER I HAVE SUMMONED ACROSS THE WATERS FROM THE GREAT WHITE FATHER IN WASHINGTON, KLAHOSAHEE!
HOLA-KAU!... THIS THE NEW SCHOOL-MAAM?
CHIEF BOOLA GOLDWAU IS VERY TRADITIONAL. HE FIERCELY DEFENDS THE STRANGE, OLD TRIBAL WAYS-WHICH GIVE HIM GREAT STRENGTH. AND AFTER ALL, STRANGE OLD TRIBAL WAYS ARE MERELY POINT OF VIEW.
WIFE! BRING REFRESHMENTS FOR YELLOW-HAIRED SCHOOL-MAAM!
HOO THAT POINT OF VIEW SMACKS!
I THINK THE CHIEF IS DRUNK. HIS BELIEFS GIVE HIM SUCH STRENGTH... TOLD ME MORE WHILE I CHANGE INTO SOMETHING MORE COMFORTABLE
WELL... TO BEFRIEND THE NUKAHUMANS, WE CAN'T BE THE SUPERIOR WHITES FALLING DOWN TO THE UNCIVILIZED NATIVES. WE MUST ADOPT THEIR WAYS... BECOME A PART OF THEM. WE HAVE TO FORGET ABOUT THE WHITE MAN'S CUSTOMS AND FASHIONS, HOWEVER SUPERIOR THEY SEEM-
YOU MEAN LIKE THIS?
ANNIE! SHAME ON YOU! COVER YOURSELF, QUICK! -CRYING OUT LOUD!
IT'S ALL JUST TOO UNCIVILIZED FOR WORDS! I MUST WRITE POST-CARDS! -POST CARDS!
COME LITTLE YELLOW-HAIRED SCHOOL MARM ... YOU WILL TEACH IN OUR LITTLE BLACKBOARD JUNGLE NOW... BUT FIRST, CLASS STARTS WITH TRADITIONAL NUKAHU PRAYER.
OH, NO! NOT SCHOOL PRAYER! "LISTEN CHIEF... IT'S HARD TO EXPLAIN, BUT CHURCH AND STATE SHOULD BE SEPERATE... I MEAN, IT'S THE WORK OF DEMO-CRACY—
OH, RALPHIE... YOU MAKE THINGS SO DIFFICULT WITH YOUR THEORIES! LEAPIN' LIZARDS, IF SOMEBODY DOESN'T CRY, OR PRAY, THEY CAN JUST SIT THERE BY THEMSELVES AND IGNORE IT A-
16- NONE THREE TOM-TOMS- A WITCH-DOCTOR AND A FIELD OF MARIJUANA!

XIII. Volcano Story - (3)


-AND WHAT ABOUT THE HUMAN SACRIFICE THEY HAVE TO THROW INTO THE VOLCANO AT SCHOOL PRAYER TO "CALM THE VOLCANO GODS"?
OH, DEAR... DON'T THEY KNOW THAT VOLCANOS ARE CAUSED BY... LIKE, GEOLOGY AND PRESSURE AND SHIFTING EARTH?
WHAT THE HAOLI SHE TALKING ABOUT?
SILLY LITTLE IGNORANT YELLOW-HAIR... AS EVERY NUKANUAN KNOWS, VOLCANO CAUSED BY ANGRY GODS DISPLEASED BY EVIL SPIRITS AMONGST NUKANUANS... WHICH GOTTA BE PURGED BY KILLING AND TORTURE!
-HOT 'NUFF' -THAT PLAIN TALK! -GOOD BOY!

HIS BELIEFS GIVE HIM SUCH STRENGTH!
WHAT, EVERYBODY! EVERYBODY KNOW NUKANU-KA ISLAND IS NEXT TO KANU-KANAL-IS LAND WHICH IS ACCROSS CANOE CANAL!
... THE NEW CANOE CANAL!
... THE NEW NUKANU-KANU CANOE-CANAL.

IN KANAKANAL WHERE I BORN, WE TAUGHT ENTIRELY DIFFERENT BELIEFS! WE USE FOUR TOM-TOMS, A REFORM WITCH-DOCTOR, AND A FISH IDOL.
EXACTLY MY POINT, CHIEF! YOU CAN'T FORCE STUDENTS TO FOLLOW A SINGLE BELIEF! THIS BOY MAY THINK HIS BELIEF IS AS GOOD AS YOUR BELIEF... OR MAYBE BETTER!

GOODNESS GRACIOUS, YES! ... WE NEVER DO ANYTHING SO HORRIBLE LIKE THROWING NUKANUANS INTO VOLCANO, IN MY BELIEF!
RALPHIE, YOU'RE TOO DEEP.

XIII VOLCANO STORY - ④

CAPITAL IDEA!

GOOD THINK-ING!

WE'RE GAME!

VERY. — WHITE HERO AND HEROINE ESCAPING FROM THE WILD SAVAGES...THE ..HACKNEYED 'UNCLE TOM' IMAGE OF WHITE SUPREMACY WE SHOULD BE TRYING TO ERASE.

OH, RALPHIE! SHUT UP AND KEEP RUNNING!

ALL THAT'S LACKING IS THE ERUPTING VOLCANO THAT KILLS THE NATIVES AND SAVES US!

BOOP!

BRUP!

BUBB! BUBB! SAVE! SAVE!

THE SAME PHONEY STEREO-TYPE THEY PUSH IN MOVIES AND T.V... HERO CARRYING BEAUTIFUL GIRL TO SAFETY—

OH, RALPHIE... SHUT UP AND KEEP RUNNING!

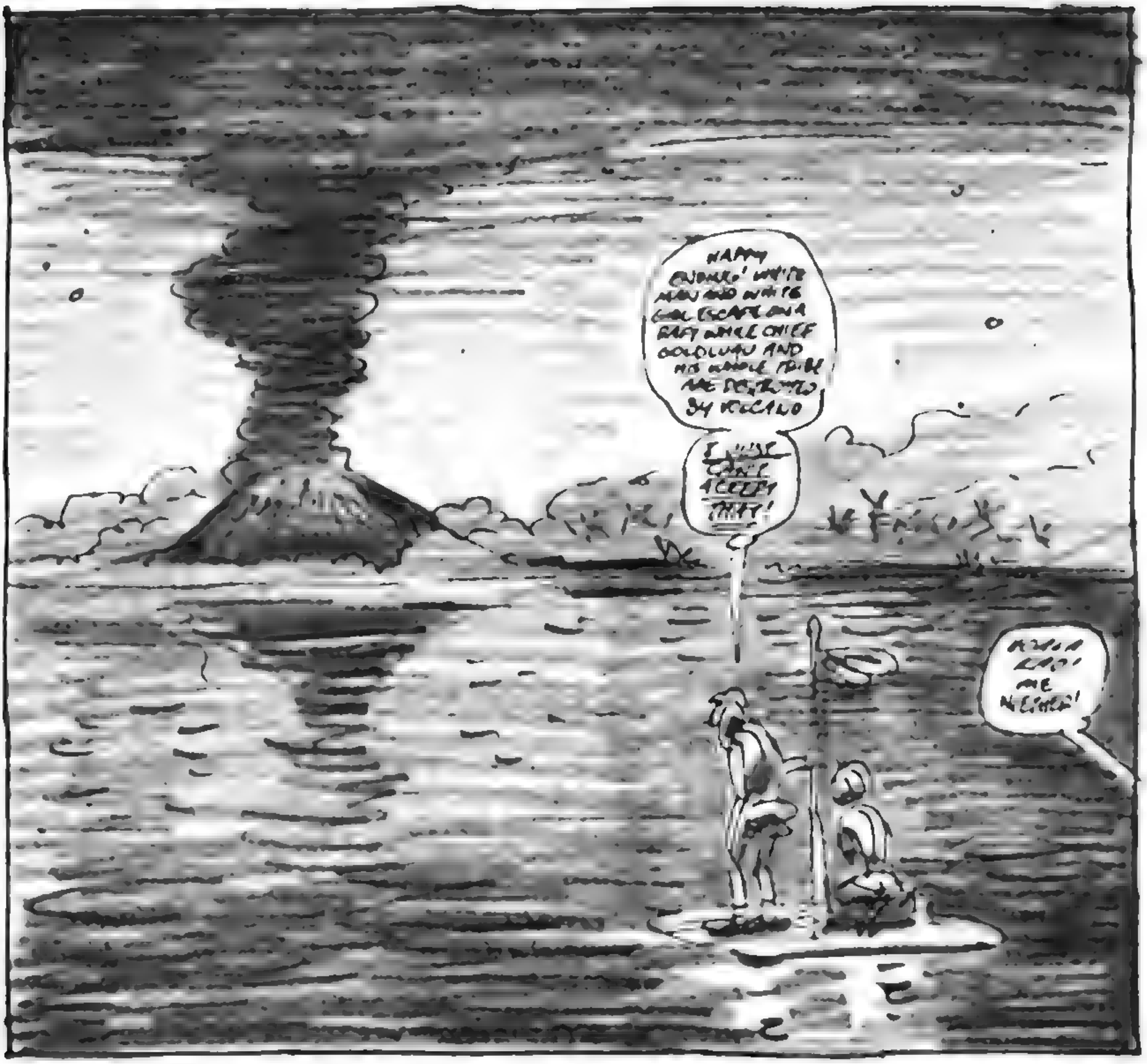
I CAN'T ACCEPT THAT!

OH, RALPHIE! ...SHUT UP AND KEEP RUNNING!

BEAUTIFUL GIRL CARRYING HERO TO SAFETY — THAT BREAKS WITH THE STEREOTYPE! I'LL ACCEPT THAT.'

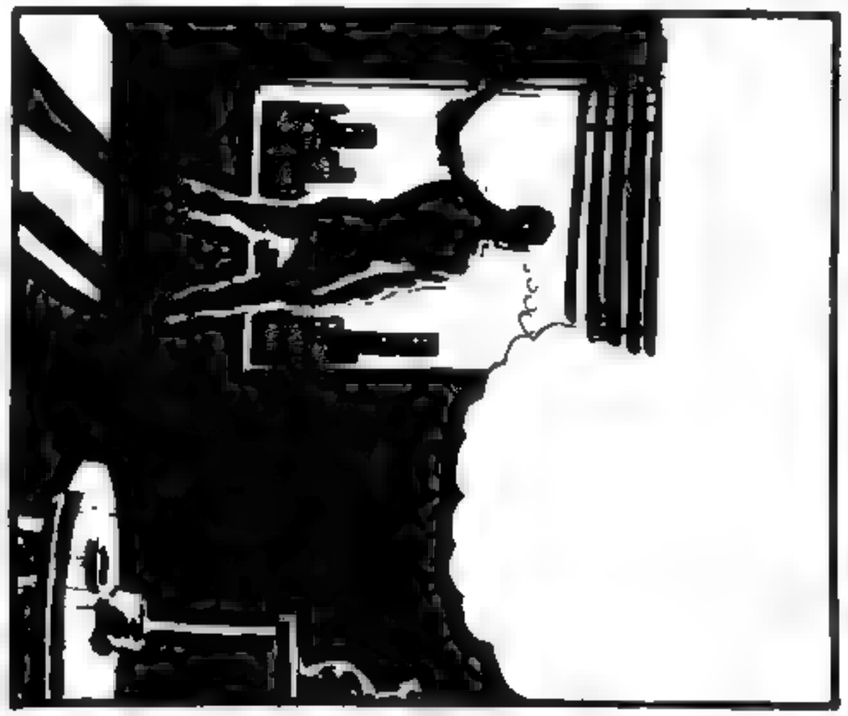
OH, RALPHIE! SHUT UP AND LET ME KEEP RUNNING!

XIII Volcano Story - (5)


HAPPY GODDESS! WE'RE NEW AND WHITE GIRL ESCAPE ON A RAFT WHILE CHIEF GOLOLUKU AND HIS WHOLE TRIBE ARE DESTROYED BY VOLCANO
I MUST CALL A COUNCIL MEET!
WOW LOOK! ME WANT!

NUKANUKA ONCE ISLAND PARADISE UNTIL GODS MADE ANGRY BY EVIL SPIRIT AMONGST MY PEOPLE, SO I FOLLOW TRADITIONAL NUKANUKAN BELIEFS -- FIRST I THROW TEN UGLY MEN IN VOLCANO BUT GODS NOT APPEASED! SO THEN I THROW TEN HANDSOME MEN IN - GODS NOT APPEASED! THEN I THROW ALL MEN IN! THEN ALL WOMEN! THEN ALL CHILDREN! - NOW GODS ARE APPEASED, ONLY - IS NO ONE LEFT TO ENJOY ISLAND PARADISE!
I HOPE YOU SEE NOW SILLY YOU WERE

30 DAYS OF WINE AND FLAGGES



30 DAYS OF WINE AND FLAGGES

As we recall from yesterday's program, The Fleagles had more or less come together, got themselves named by Kurtzman, and happily played ball and talked about the greats in the field--Raymond, Foster, Toth, Jack Kirby, and Noel Sickles. Al Williamson was doing about as well as Fritz financially, which was more or less existing.

Though E. C. paid top dollar in the field, Al was a perfectionist and a goof-off of the First Order, and so days became weeks and weeks months before a job was completed. In the meantime, money he hadn't been paid yet for a job he hadn't penciled yet --let alone inked--would be spent for "Research," movies, meals (sometimes picking up the tab for me and Torres and Krenkle and whomever else was around that night), art supplies, and more movies.

The sharp observer has seen the quote marks and capital R for Research. This is because an explanation as to what constitutes research is needed here. To Al Williamson, research was anything he thought was beautifully done--a Matania painting print, a J. C. Coll or Daniel Vierge ink drawing, etc. --none of which were ever used in any way in any job--but Williamson was crippled--he couldn't work--until he could feast his eyes on these artistic wonders. And people like Roy Krenkel nodding understandingly in the background didn't help either, as Roy had his own group of "must haves" and would often convince Williamson he "must have" them too. Then Al would work--beautiful, flowing figures, direct in pen and ink, on tracing paper. Over and over he would sketch scenes, actions, compositions, background ideas, and then forget 98% of them and work cold on the lettered E. C. kid finish stock, provided by Bill Gaines to his artists. Al didn't ink as well (in his opinion) in those days as he apparently does now on his own strip, and so he would often sulk or be depressed at how the job was coming despite the fact that everyone around agreed he was doing his best work.

Williamson, as I mentioned, was probably one of the most devoted artists to ever work for the comics. He was never in it for the buck, as his working methods alone kept him from really living high financially. His aim was to get out the best possible job he could, no matter how long it took or how much he spent doing it. He felt that Krenkel drew the best gadgets, palaces, caves, arenas, etc., and so he'd call in Roy to help him. He felt that Torres was a great brush man--Al was primarily a pen man--and so he worked with Ange when he felt a better story could be told utilizing the best of both their talents --Al's line work, Ange's use of sparkling blacks, etc. And when Buster Crabbe has to be drawn, well, then Fritz--the Buster Crabbe drawer of all times--gets the nod.

While financially it wasn't the greatest way to approach a job, Al didn't really care. Cartooning in general could have been elevated to a much higher level had more artists adhered to Al's kind of dedication. He was seldom satisfied and always searched for new and better ways to tell a story. He respected the talented artists of the field--people like Reed Crandall, Bernie Krigstein, Fritz, etc., and deplored the hacks (who shall remain nameless) who traced, copied, and imitated the current pacesetters.

How did we fit into all this? Angelo Torres, myself, and George Woodbridge were classmates at the School of Visual Arts. Angelo's work leaned towards the adventure and science-fiction areas; George was a well-read historian even then. I met Al at E. C. one afternoon. He was my favorite E. C. artist and he was very pleased to meet a fan. (While Al was considered by most one of the best artists in the field, it was others that commanded huge followings, fan clubs, etc., which is always the case. I'm afraid the New York Daily News will always outsell the New York Times, and more people will see a Presley film than one with Laurence Olivier!)

Sid Check, a fellow cartoonist and friend of Williamson's, was looking for help on some short-deadlined jobs, and I - the non-paid agent of Torres - had shown Angelo's work to Al to show him what the "talented guys in SVA were doing." Al was impressed and got Ange to meet Sid, and there started the first professional work of Torres. It was for a "Masked Ranger" book, packaged by Harry Harrison, a great guy and complete nut (whom I believe worked with Wally Wood at one time on E. C. books). I started writing true-life tales for George to draw in those books. Ange drew on one or two things for Harry as well. One of them was done in 24 hours of straight work, and I had to help Ange with backgrounds, inking, and mostly keeping him awake with my horrible attempts at humor. A page or two from that night's production is printed herewith.

Ange then started working exclusively with Al, teaming up for some pretty terrific work. Wally Wood was wrong in crediting Al alone for that now famous Buster Crabbe job, for Angelo did as much work, or close to it, as Al... Roy doing the backgrounds. Even Fritz inked a few heads and sketched in a few broads in their typically-Frazetta sexy positions! My fine talents were put to use with an

eraser, and after proving to be a fantastic cleaner-upper of pencil marks, I was promoted to ben-day sheet layer-downer, for which I was paid the full admission price for the movie "Scaramouche" with Stewart Granger, which we sat through three times.

Frank had already started working with Capp, so he didn't figure too prominently in the fading E. C. scene, allowing them first print rights on a Famous Funnies cover of Buck Rogers which Fritz doctored up for Gaines and was allowed to keep the art work for after printing--the first and only time I know of that Gaines printed something he didn't actually own. But Frank wanted the cover used, not SOLD, and that was that!

I used to pose in all crazy get-ups for Al and Ange, and I appear in countless splashes. In Al's last cover for E. C., the drawing appearing on the issue that had "A Sound Of Thunder" (which we called "A Sound of THUNDA" as a tribute to Fritz), for instance, I am three of the five or six figures. Sometimes, Al would take Polaroid shots for his jobs, but didn't just copy them outright. He would get ideas, or patterns of folds, and then go on from there.

While still in school, Stan Lee's organization, Timely Comics, sponsored a contest in which a 4-page script was handed out to all interested parties and the best treatment (according to Stan Lee's own opinion) would be purchased at the going rate and used in one of his science-fantasy mags. There was also a second and third prize, but I forget what they were. Anyway, Ange won it and George came in second. I didn't enter, being too self-conscious to compete against the likes of Ange and George.

Woodbridge became more and more involved in his historical subject matter, drawing illustrations for text-book firms on the Civil War era, and finally being hired by Life to oversee all the illustrations in their Civil War series, publishing four pages of his color plates along with work of Sickles, Glanzman, Barnett, Lovell, Roberts, Meltzoff and one of my favorites, Ken Riley. (A "typical" Woodbridge plate is included here.)

To be continued....

(Notes by Nick Meglin follow for the three illustrations that accompany this article.)

(1)
I can't remember ever working with ANY of the guys where there wasn't something due finished "the next morning." We used to work all through the night just about every Thursday, whether at George's place, Fritz's, or Al's, laying in ben-days, inking in the blacks, erasing, drawing borders around panels, etc. Then we'd go to school from there the next morning with the stuff finished. You can see by the window blinds and too-much use of blacks how quickly this was bashed out. Ange never expected to win anything, working the splash panel one day, the rest of the page and the next three on the second day, finishing it up as Stan Lee addressed the class before looking at the work. Lee laughed when he came to this job, announcing - "Here's a new inking technique -- WET INK." He didn't hold it against the submission, however; awarding it first prize.

(2)
A "rejected" assignment for a class project. I kept it because I thought Ange had captured cute expressions in the faces. The scene itself showed a lighter side than all the science-fiction stuff we were all involved in at the time.

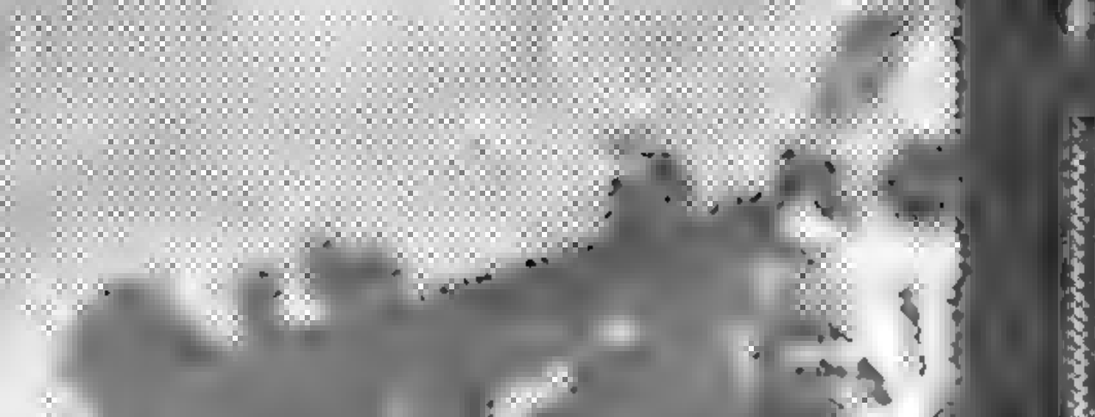
(3)
George would research his uniforms, guns, insignia, etc., for every one of his drawings, whether plates like the above or even comic book assignments. The above is basically a pen drawing with dyes and water colors used for color.

G WOODBRIDGE

Spa Fon

If you like Squa Tront, you're bound to enjoy Spa Fon! The current issue available is #5, featuring a full color process Frazetta cover, and over eighty pages of text. Of special interest to E.C. fans is a 10,000 word interview with Bill Gaines. Page upon page of glimmering pen work by Mike Kaluta, Steve Hickman, Mike Cody, Berni Wrightson, Reed Crandall, Jim Steranko, and Kenneth Smith. This issue also contains an extensive Frank Frazetta check-list that covers his work all the way from the comics to movie posters. Price is $1.50 per issue. Send to:

SPA FON MAGAZINE
C/O Rich Hauser
4519 N. Richmond
Chicago, Illinois
60625



I was born in October, 1948, in Wichita, Kansas and still make my home there, when I'm not acting as "overseas correspondent" for Squa Tront. After graduating from high school, I chose to work one year as a civilian employee at McConnell Air Force Base in Wichita before joining the Navy. I have just finished two years of my four-year enlistment - the last 18 months of that time were spent aboard a communications vessel off the coast of Viet Nam. Believe me, it was rather difficult (but not impossible) to continue with my collecting when my only liberty ports during that 18-month period were Bangkok, Singapore, and various ports in Japan and the Phillipines.

I first started collecting E.C.'s back in 1964 when Jerry Weist dropped by one day with the first E.C. that he or I had ever seen. It was a copy of Panic #7 and my first impression was that this E.C. comic really wasn't too great. However, Jerry sold me the Panic for $1.00 and I was happy with it. A week or so later, I was lucky enough to find Gunfighter #7 and Crime Suspense #26 at an old bookstore here in town, and bought them from the old lady who ran the place for a nickel each. I was somewhat more impressed by these than I was by the Panic, but being unin formed as to the value of E.C. comics at the time, I traded both to Jerry Weist for a Captain Video comic. Finally, it happened. I went over to Jerry's house to find that he had just received in the mail Haunt of Fear #15 which he had bought from a fellow in Michigan. Wham!! The outstanding artwork and excellent story content of the E.C. comics hit me like a ton of bricks. I wanted E.C.'s and I wanted them badly. At this time, however, Jerry and I had no idea that comic book dealers existed.

Then one day, I got a sample copy of the "Collectors Newspaper" in the mail, and noticed an ad selling old comic books. This was my first acquaintance with one of the all-around great dealers in fandom today - Phil Seuling. Not only is Phil a great dealer, but also he is a fine human being.

Since the Haunt of Fear had been the first E.C. horror comic I had seen and because Graham Ingles' artwork had impressed me so much, I began ordering them first. At the time, E.C.'s were going for something like 75¢ for the New Direction to $3.00 for the Crypt of Terrors. Even though these prices were unbelievably low compared to prices today, I thought it pretty high prices to be paying for a comic book at that time. My only income was a weekly allowance of two bucks - plus whatever I could save from my school lunch money.

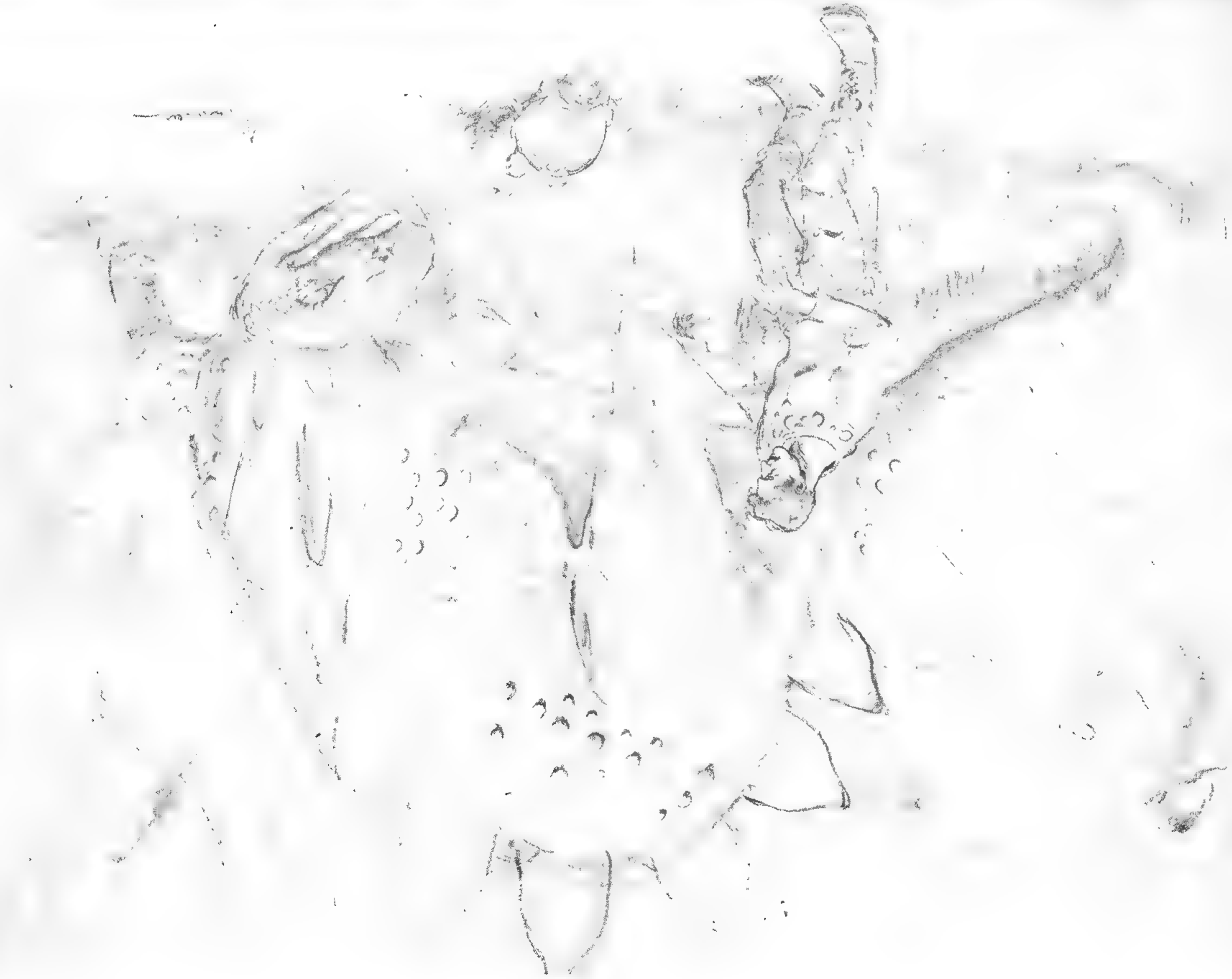
Needless to say, I was scraping and scrounging for money. At last, managing to get a decent job after school hours and on week-ends, I put my drive for E.C.'s into full gear. Finally, by 1968, I had completed every E.C. run with the exception of a few pre-trend titles. My thanks to Phil Seuling who is responsible for a third of my collection, and to Bill Thailing for another third.

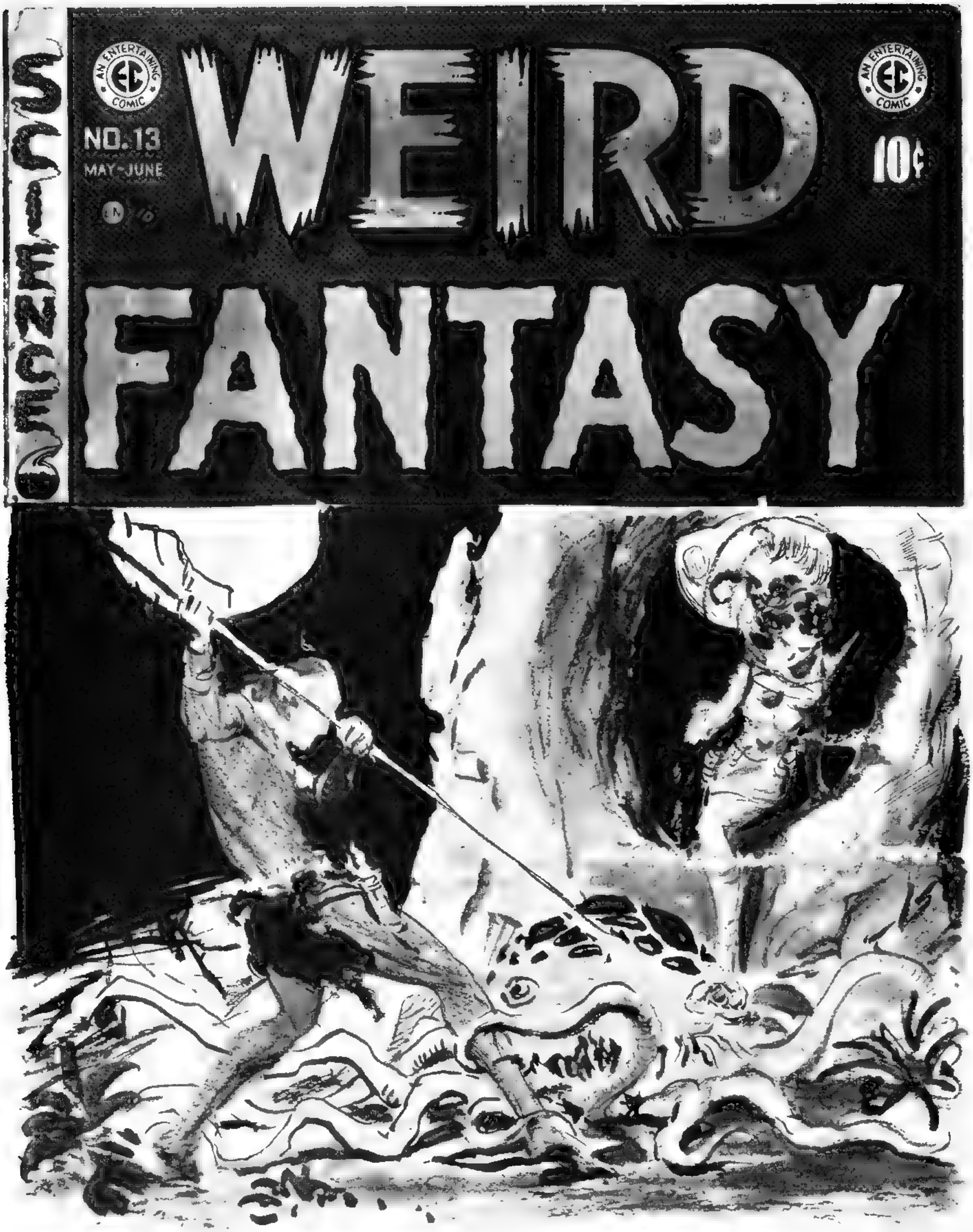
Was it worth it? Yes, definitely. If I could turn back the years and start collecting all over again, I would. I can't put into words the thrill I used to get from opening an order of E.C. comics back in those days and gasping at the beautiful covers. It is a feeling I have never experienced since, except when I received the second issue of Squa Tront while I was overseas.

It certainly has been my privilege being connected with Squa Trout. I just wish it weren't coming to an end so soon. My future plans are to continue doing artwork and collecting (I'll never give that up) until my Navy service is ended. I want a career as a cartoonist or commercial artist. I have been seriously thinking of publishing my own E.C. fanzine but due to the fact that I am still in the Navy, time and money are limited. Being stationed on a ship for the past 18 months has almost brought my E.C. collecting to a standstill, but I will soon get it rolling again. I now look forward to spending the remaining two years of my military duty on comfortable shore duty in New London, Connecticut, visiting with the East Coast E.C. Fan-addicts as time permits.

Roger Hill

OF THE
SS
CHOULUNATICS





The above rough cover-plan was done by Al Williamson approximately around the period of Weird Fantasy #19. E.C. suggested to Al that the girl be brought to the foreground and the monster enlarged. The final result was the cover for WEIRD FANTASY #21.

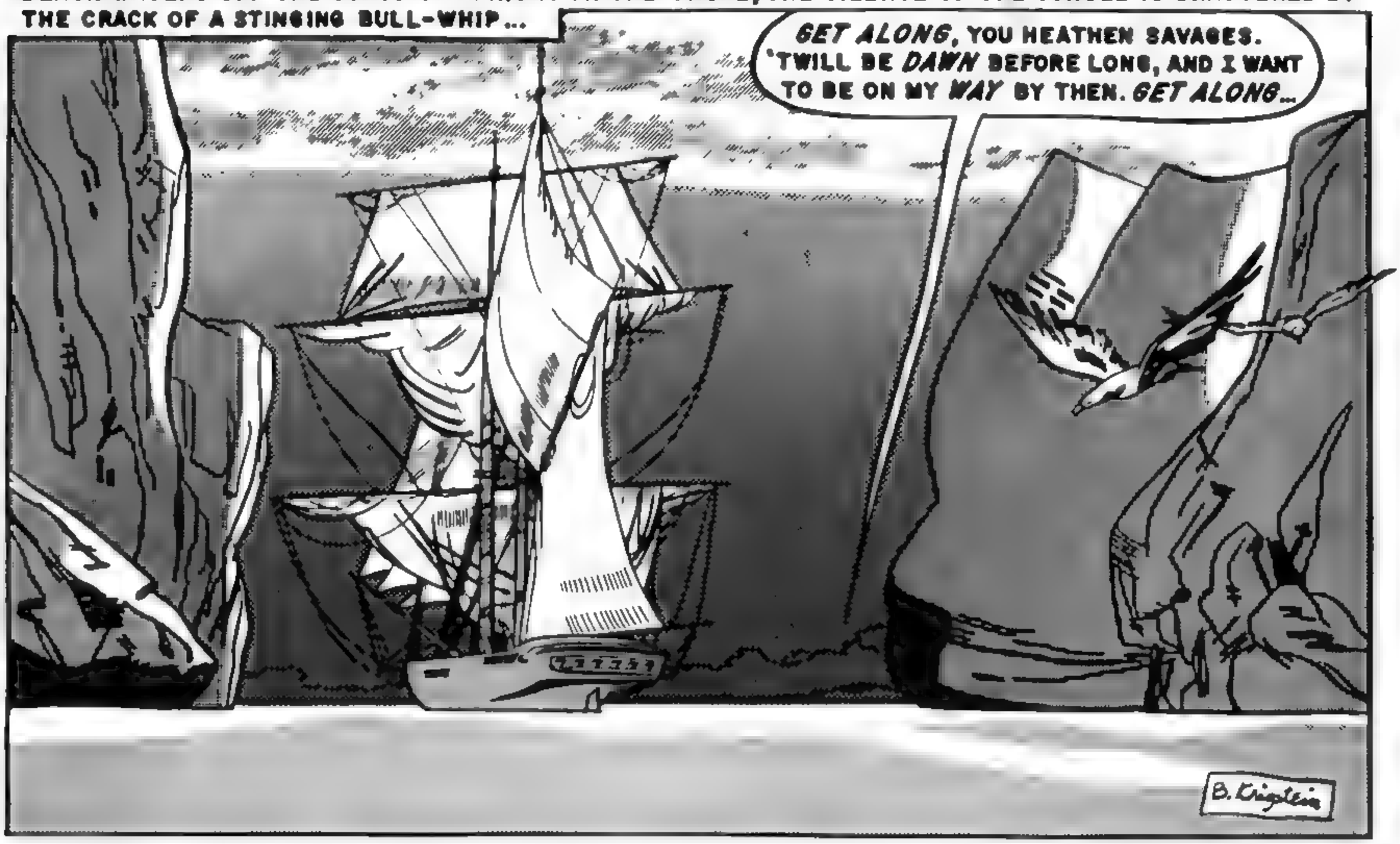
OKAY! AAAH...KNOCK OFF TH' MONKEY BUSI...UH, WHAT I MEAN IS, CUT TH' FOOLIN AROUND! HOW'M I GOIN TO RELATE A STORY TO YUH IF YUH DON'T PAY ATTENTION AN QUIT THAT SNIGGERIN? YUH'VE GOT TO REMEMBER THAT TH' UNITED FEDERATIONS OF SPACE HAVE MOVED ONTO YER PLANET FOR YURE OWN GOOD! WE GOT SUPERIOR WAYS OF DOIN THINGS...AN SINCE OUR WAY IS TH' BEST — WELL YUH'VE GOT TO GIVE UP YURE HEATHEN, BACKWARDS WAYS AND BEGIN DOIN THINGS TH' **FEDERATION** WAY!

UH, WHAR WUZ I? OH YEAH... NOW THESE TWO TALES AH'M GOIN TO RELATE TO YUH IS FROM TH' PLANET **EARTH**! THATS TH' HOME PLANET OF TH' **FEDERATION**! ANYWAY... MANY, MANY DECADES AGO THERE WUZ THESE PICTURE BOOKS CALLED **WEIRD SCIENCE** AND **WEIRD FANTASY** AN THESE BOOKS HAD THE BEST ARTISTS AN WRITERS OF THEIR DAY! AH'VE MADE IT A HOBBY TO COLLECT THESE BOOKS AN TH' TALES WHICH AH'M GOIN TO RELATE TO YUH ARE FROM THESE BOOKS! I WAS GOIN THRU THIS ABANDONED WAREHOUSE IN **NEW YORK CITY** ON MY LAST LEAVE HOME ON **EARTH** AN RUN INTO A BUSTED VAULT — AN THERE WUZ ALL THIS E.C. ART AN STUFF! SO, IF'N YUH CAN... APPRECIATE THAT THESE TALES HAVE NEVER BEEN SEEN IN THIS FORM! HERE FOR TH' FIRST TIME IS "**SLAVE SHIP**" BY BERNARD KRIGSTEIN AND "**CHILD OF TOMORROW**" BY REED CRANDALL!

ONCE UPON A TIME...

SLAVE SHIP

IT IS A DARK MOONLESS NIGHT IN JUNE OF THE YEAR 1839. A SCHOONER LIES AT ANCHOR, SWINGING IN THE BLACK WATERS OFF THE COAST OF AFRICA. ON THE SHORE, THE SILENCE OF THE JUNGLE IS SHATTERED BY THE CRACK OF A STINGING BULL-WHIP...

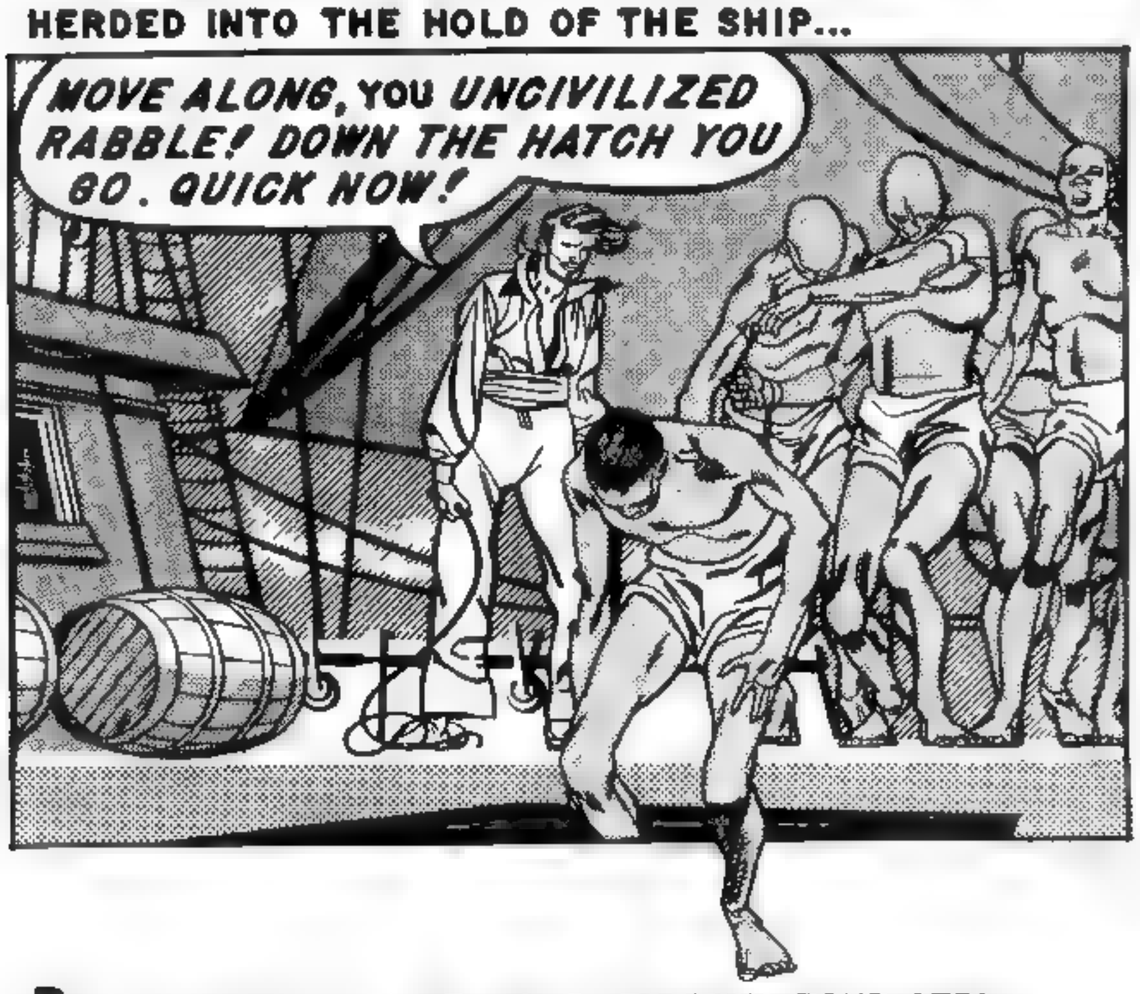


THE GLEAMING BLACK NATIVES, EACH CHAINED TO THE NEXT, MOVE SLOWLY, FILLING THE SMALL BOATS THAT WILL TAKE THEM OUT TO THE WAITING SHIP...

THE LINE OF SMALL BOATS WITH THEIR HUMAN CARGO STRINGS OUT IN SINGLE FILE, SLIPPING ACROSS THE TOSSING EXPANSE OF WATER...

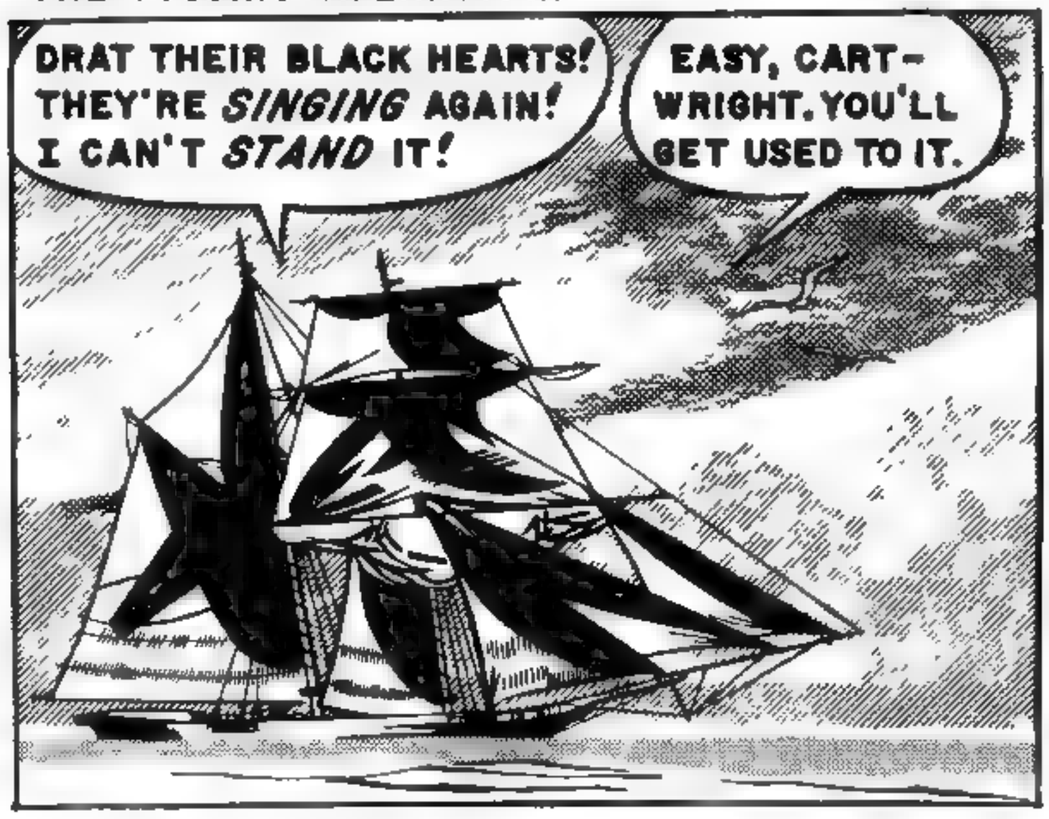
Copyright 1970, William M. Gaines, E. C. Publications

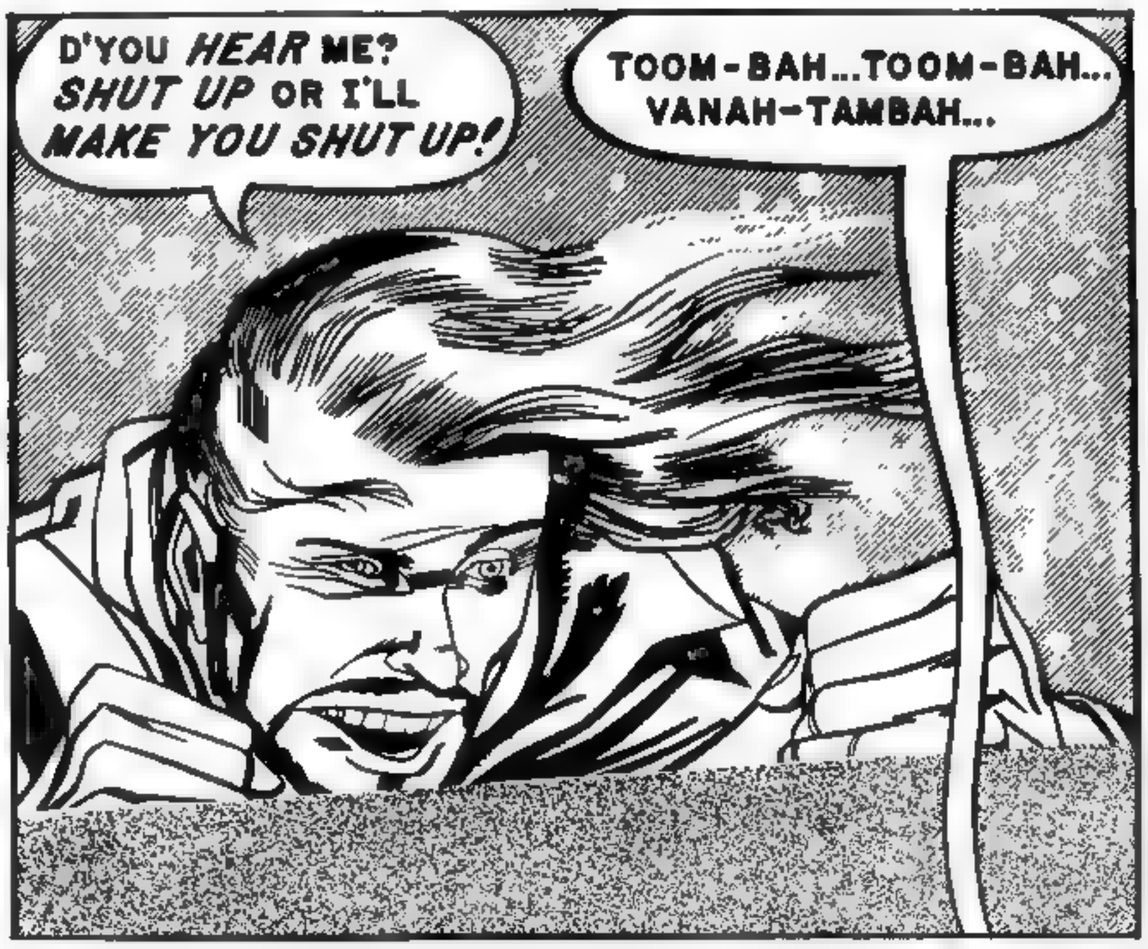
AGAIN THE SHARP CRACK OF THE BULL WHIP ECHOES INTO THE TROPIC NIGHT AS THE NATIVES ARE HERDED INTO THE HOLD OF THE SHIP...



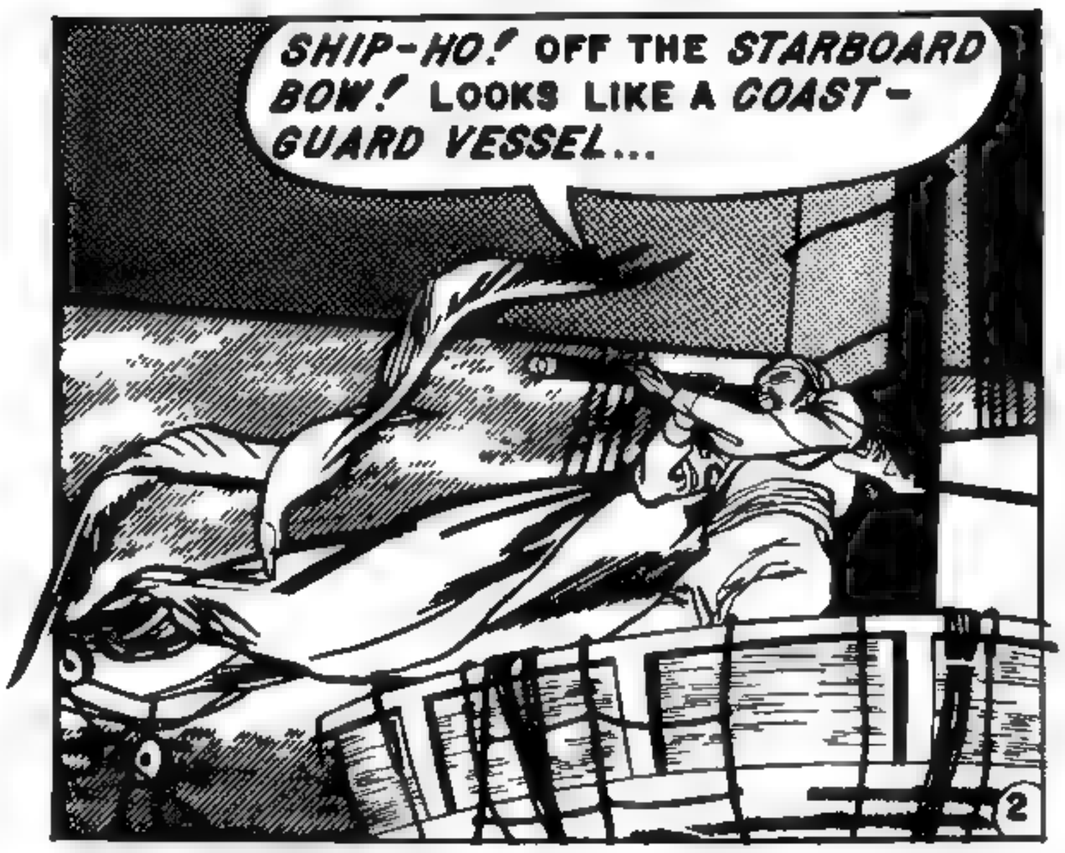
BELOW DECK, IN THE HOLD, FORTYY-FOUR AFRICANS IN CHAINS CHANT ON, INCESSANTLY...

AND SO THE SHIP, WITH ITS PITIFUL HUMAN CARGO, SETS SAIL FOR AMERICA, FAR ACROSS THE TOSSING ATLANTIC...



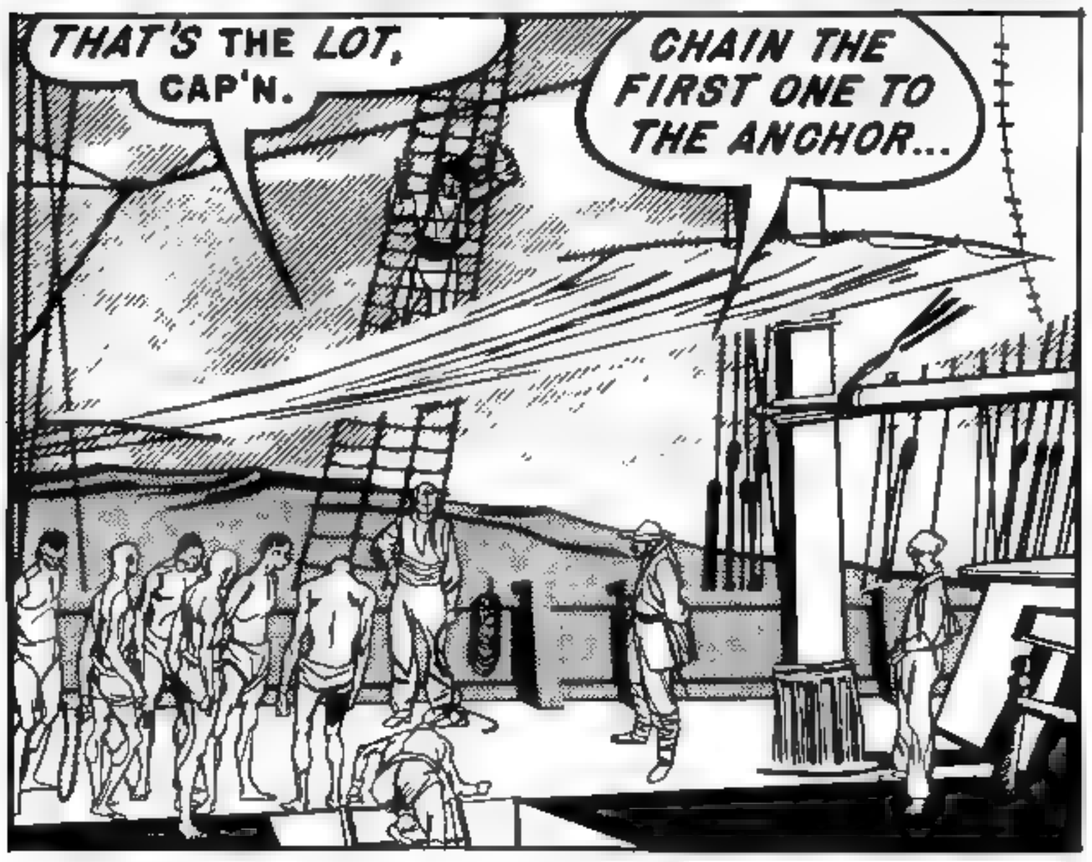


AND THEN, ONE DAY, AS THE SLAVE SHIP NEARED THE COAST OF NORTH AMERICA...



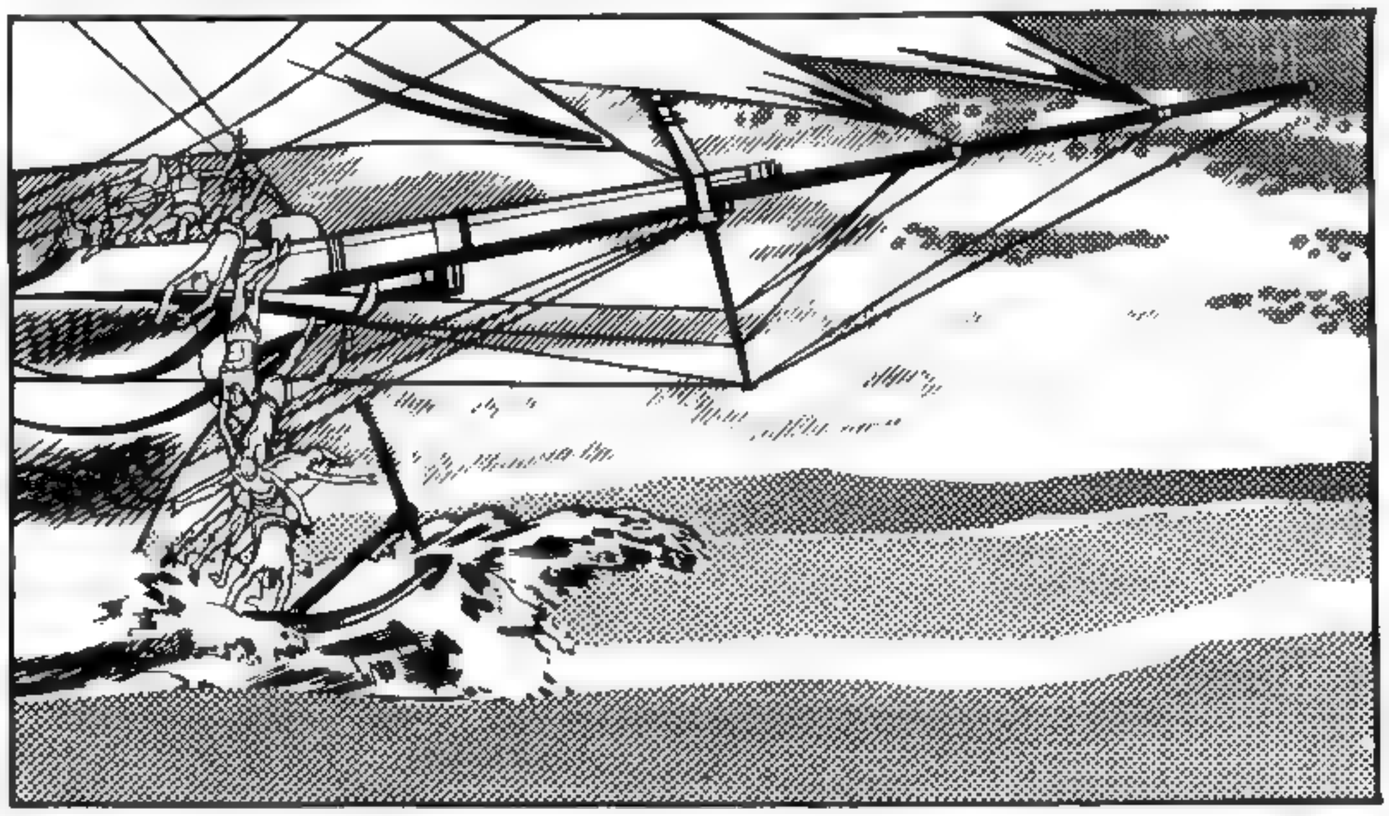
CAPTAIN JORKIN SNATCHES HIS SPY-GLASS...

THE HALF STARVED AFRICANS, SHACKLED TOGETHER, ARE DRIVEN UP FROM THE HOLD ONTO THE DECK...



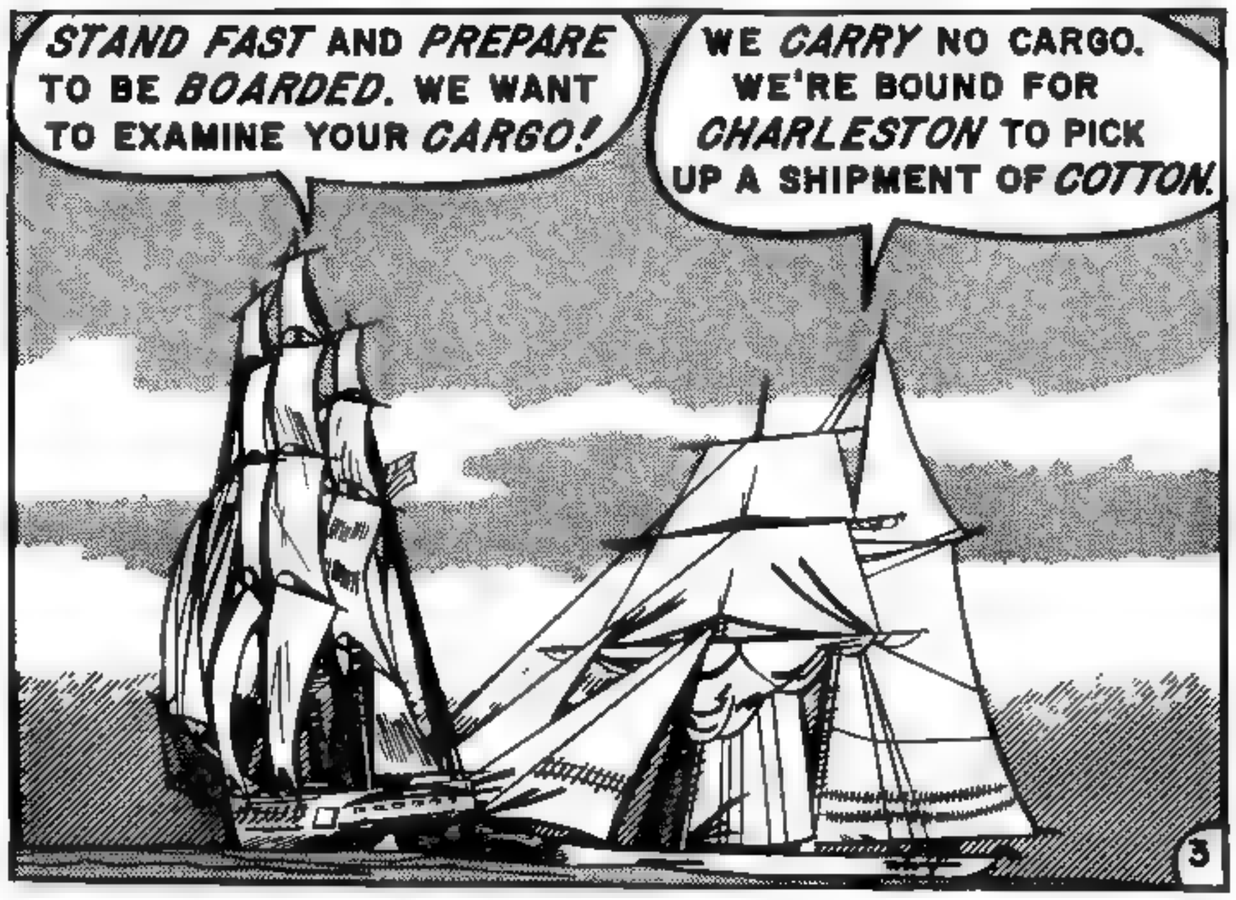
THE LEAD NATIVE IS CHAINED TO THE ANCHOR...

THE ANCHOR IS PUSHED OVER THE SIDE OF THE SHIP...DRAGGING THE SCREAMING LINE OF NATIVES DOWN WITH IT...

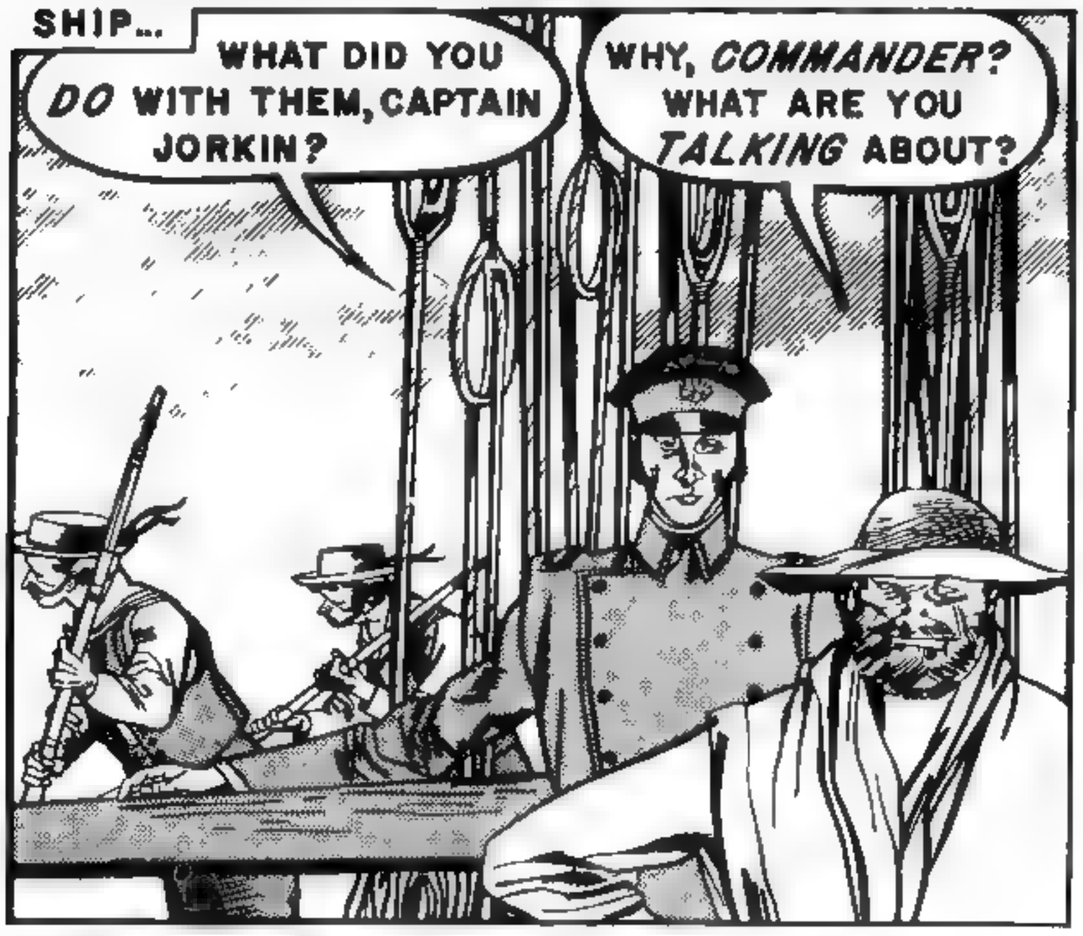


AND THEN, THE CHURNING WATER... WHERE FORTY-FOUR DARK-SKINNED MEN AND WOMEN HAVE BEEN CRUELLY MURDERED... GROWS CALM...

SOON, THE COAST GUARD VESSEL COMES ALONGSIDE...


STAND FAST AND PREPARE TO BE BOARDED. WE WANT TO EXAMINE YOUR CARGO!
WE CARRY NO CARGO. WE'RE BOUND FOR CHARLESTON TO PICK UP A SHIPMENT OF COTTON.

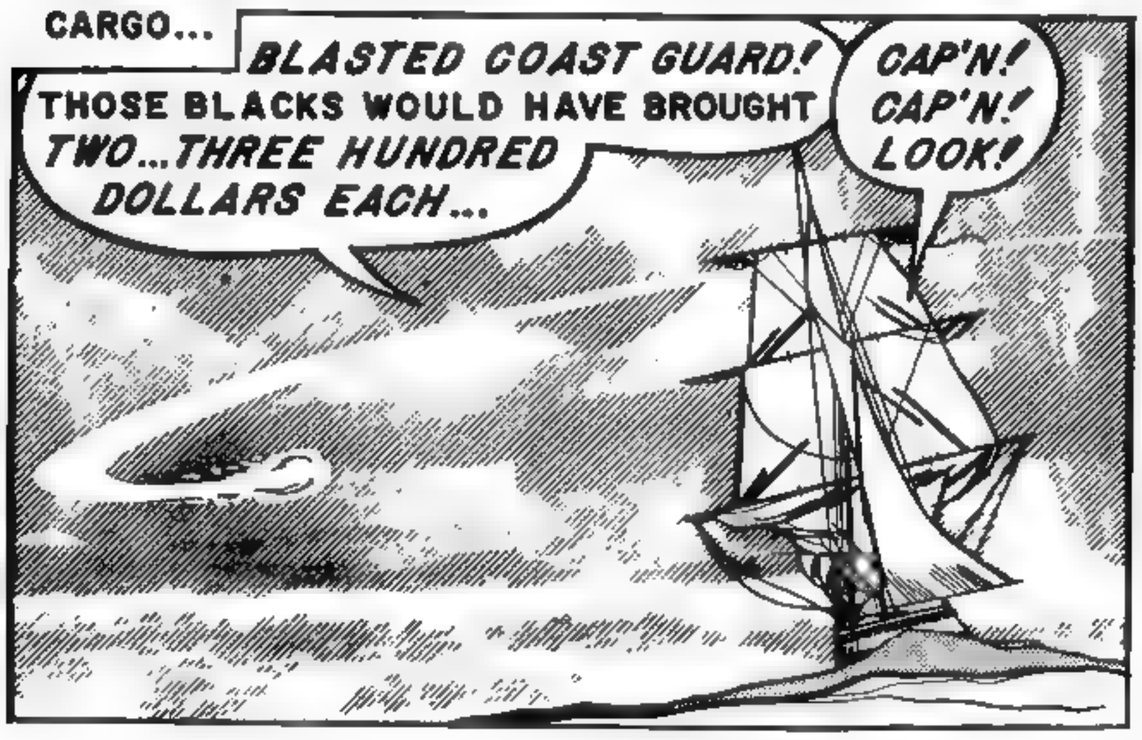
THE COAST GUARD OFFICERS SEARCH THE SLAVE SHIP...



FINDING NOTHING, THE COAST-GUARD PERMITS THE SLAVE SHIP TO CONTINUE ON ITS WAY...

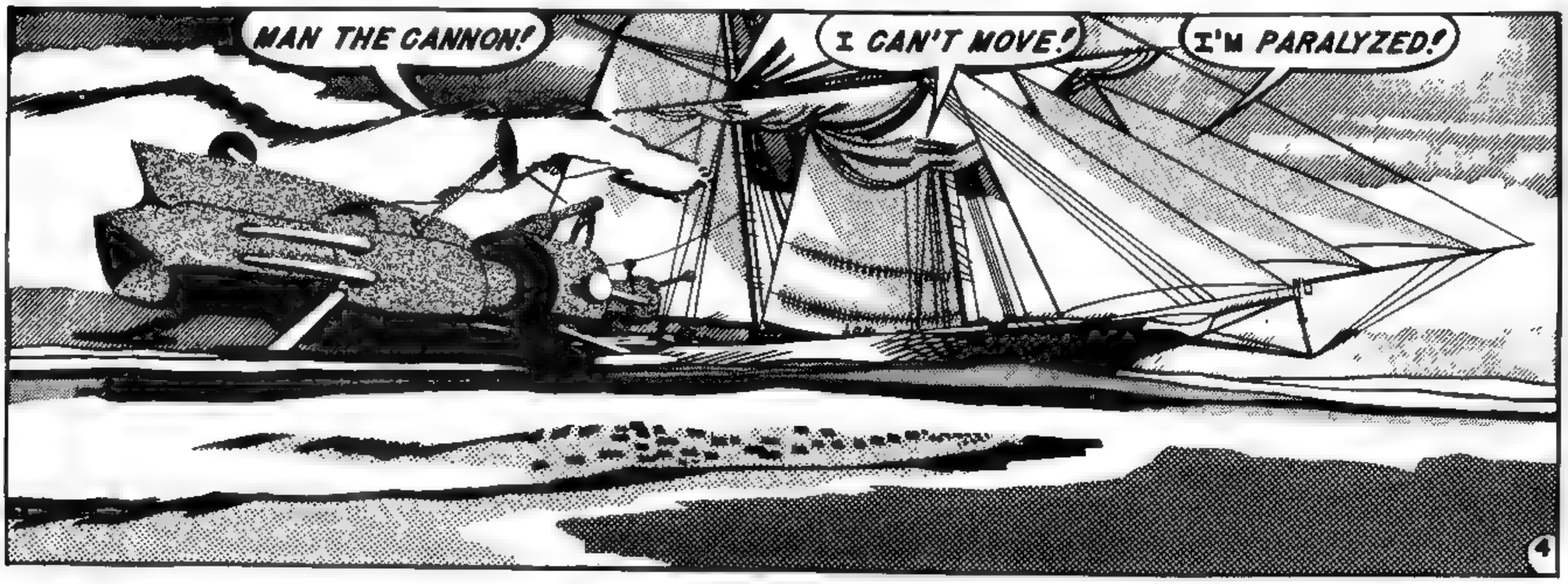
THEY KNEW, CAP'N. THEY TOOK ONE WHIFF OF OUR HOLD AND KNEW WE CARRIED SLAVES! IT WAS INHUMAN OF US TO DROWN THEM LIKE THAT...
IT SAVED US, DIDN'T IT? NO SLAVES MEANS NO SLAVE-TRADING. BESIDES, MATE, THEY WERE ONLY SAVAGES.

ONCE THE COAST-GUARD VESSEL DISAPPEARS OVER THE HORIZON, THE SLAVE SHIP TURNS AROUND AND HEADS BACK TO AFRICA TO TRY AGAIN WITH ANOTHER CARGO...

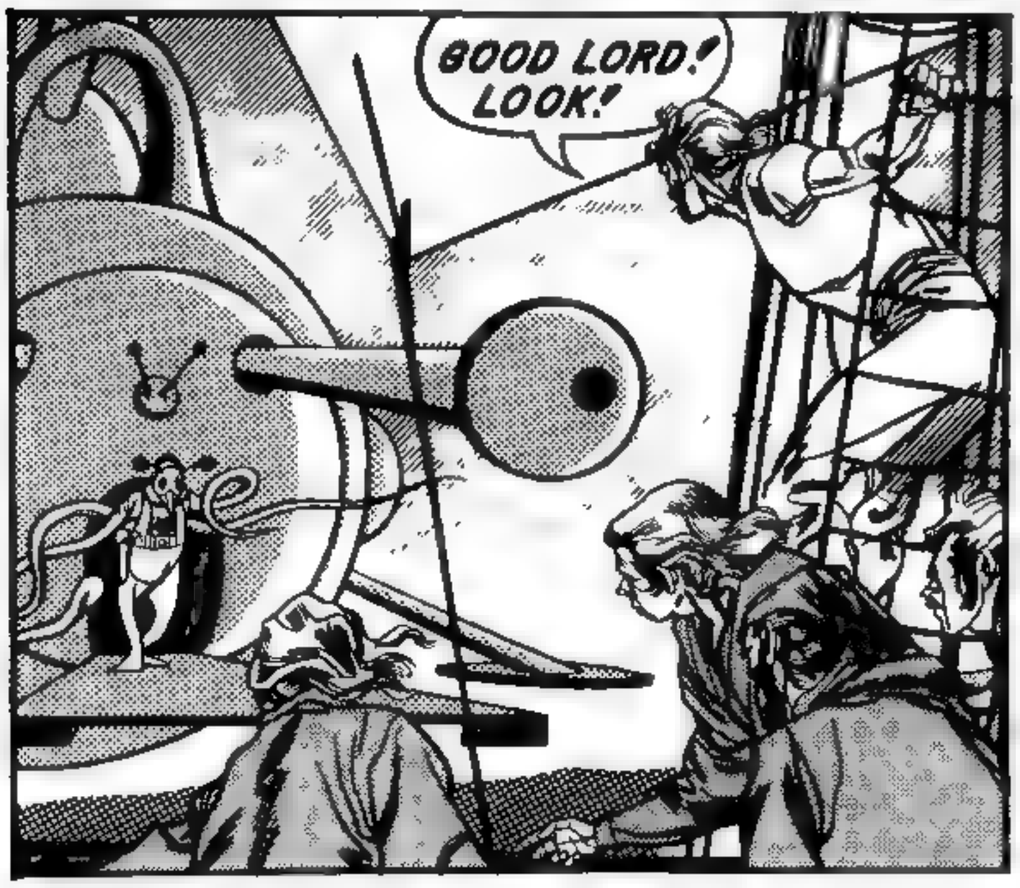


THE GLEAMING, FLAME-SPITTING MONSTER HURLS OUT OF THE SKY DIRECTLY AT THE SLAVE SHIP...

THE WEIRD SILVERY CRAFT HOVERS OVER THE SLAVE SHIP, THEN DESCENDS SLOWLY UNTIL IT FLOATS...JUST ABOVE THE SURFACE OF THE TOSSING SEA... AT THE VESSEL'S SIDE...

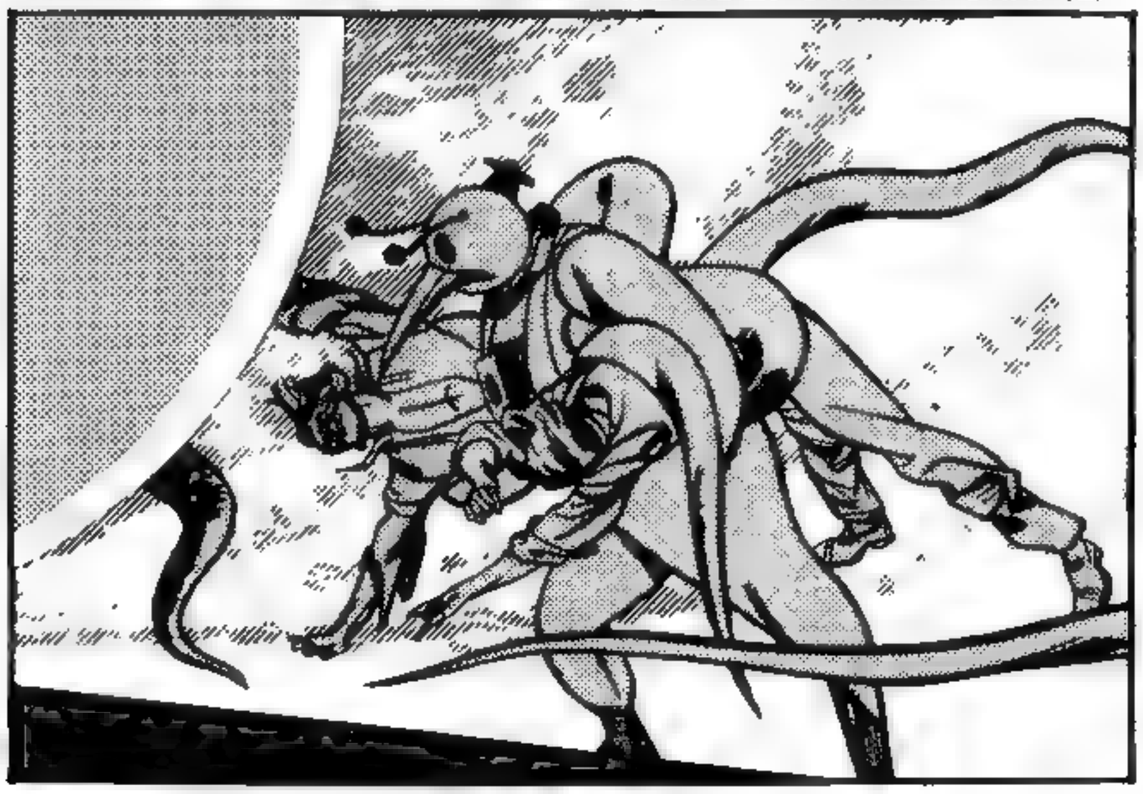


A DOOR IN THE STRANGE CRAFT SLIDES OPEN...

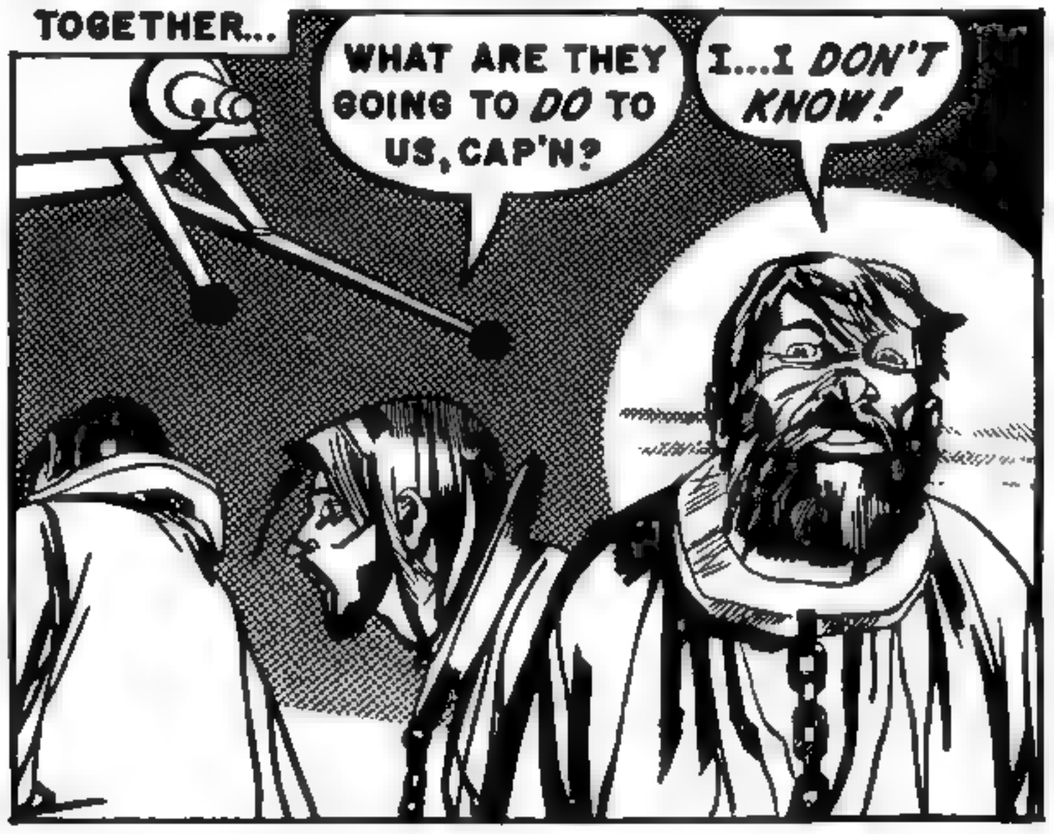


AND THE HORRIBLE CREATURES CROSS TO THE DECK OF THE SLAVE SHIP AND APPROACH THE MEMBERS OF ITS PARALYZED CREW...

UNABLE TO RESIST, THE SCREAMING MEN ARE CAUGHT UP BY SLIMY TENTACLES AND CARRIED ACROSS INTO THE STRANGE WEIRDLY-SHAPED CRAFT...

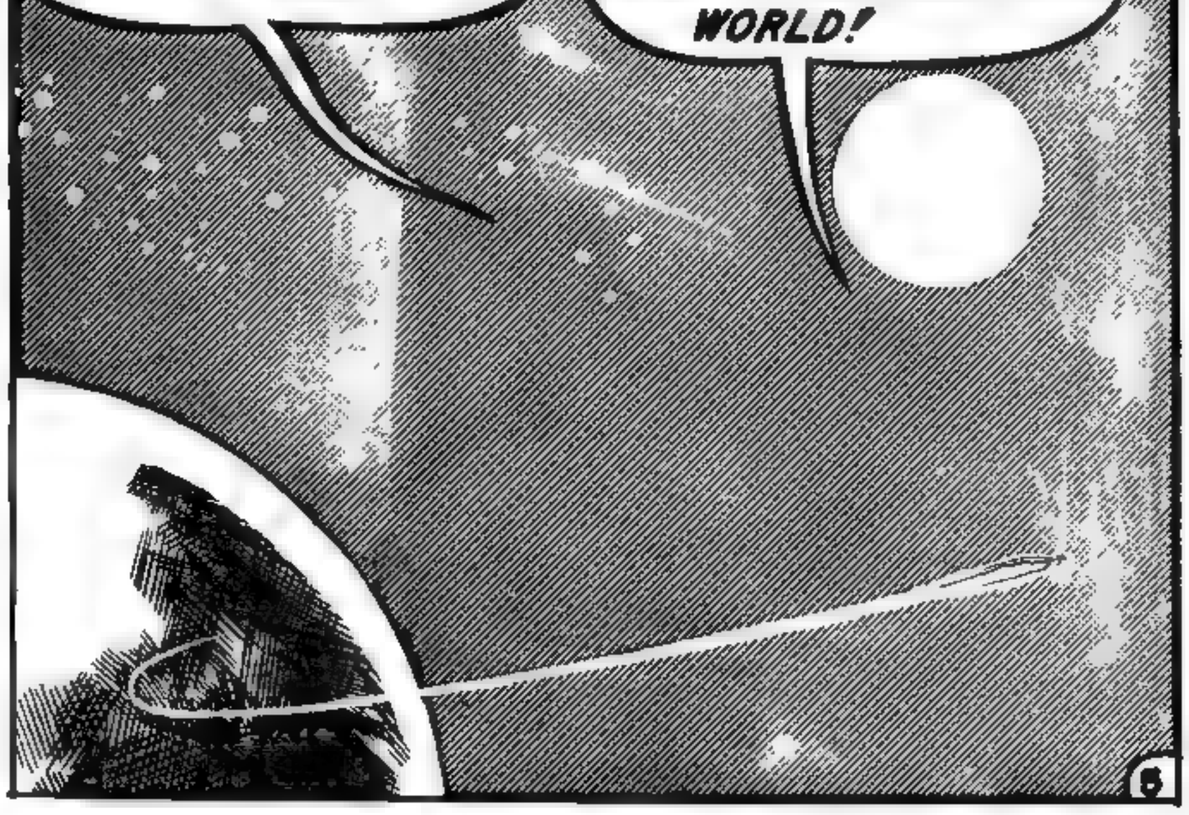


INSIDE THE WEIRD SHIP, CAPTAIN JORKIN AND THE MEMBERS OF HIS CREW ARE BOUND TOGETHER...

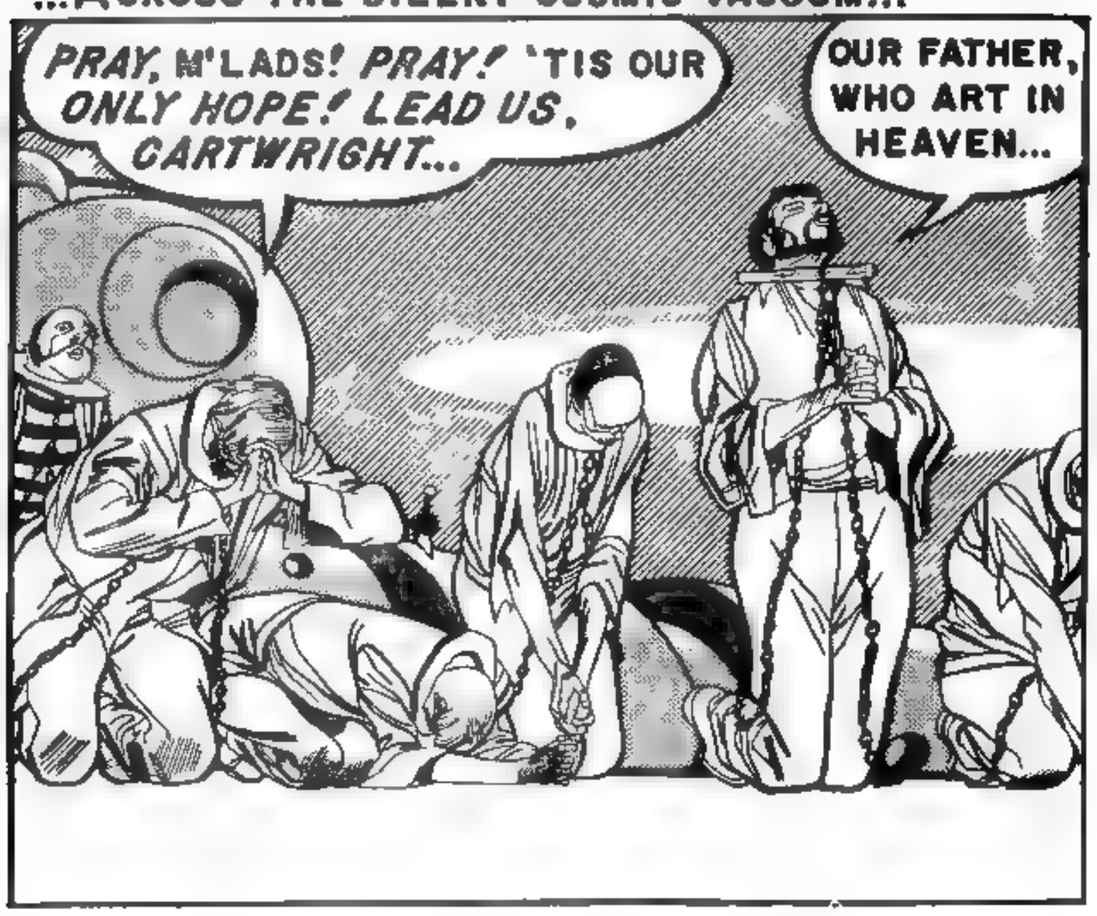


THEN, THE ALIEN CRAFT SHUDDERS... AND, WITH AN EAR-SPLITTING ROAR, LEAPS SKYWARD...

...ON, OUT INTO THE BLACK VOID OF SPACE...

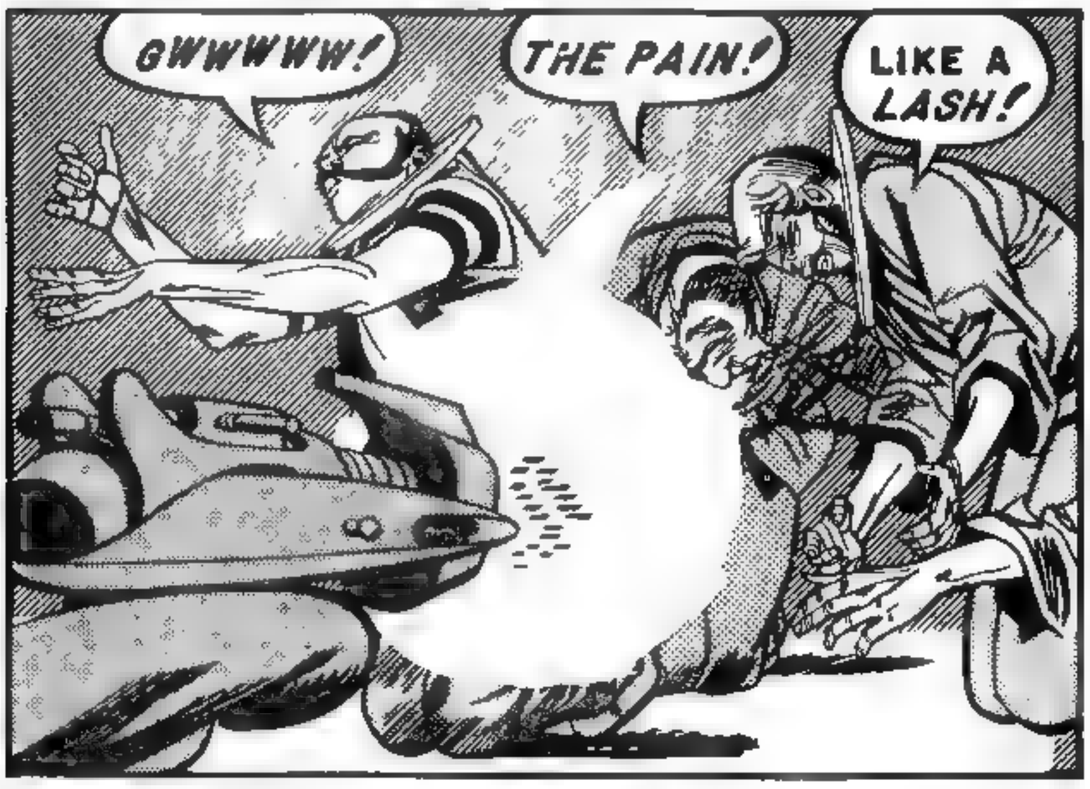


...ACROSS THE SILENT COSMIC VACUUM...

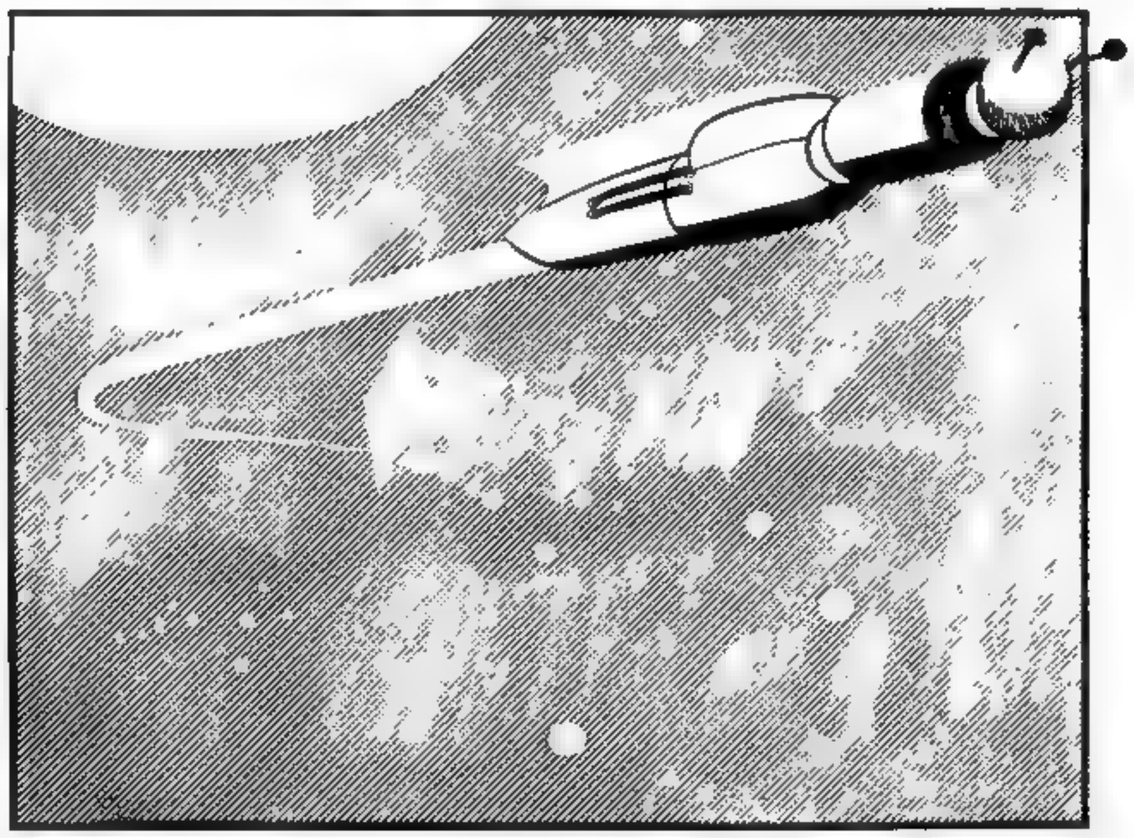


THE PRISONERS PRAY...CARTWRIGHT LEADING THEM... THE OTHERS CHANTING...AFTER HIM...INCESSANTLY... THEIR SING-SONG VOICES RISE IN UNISON. SUDDENLY ONE OF THE ALIEN CREATURES SCREAMS AT THEM...

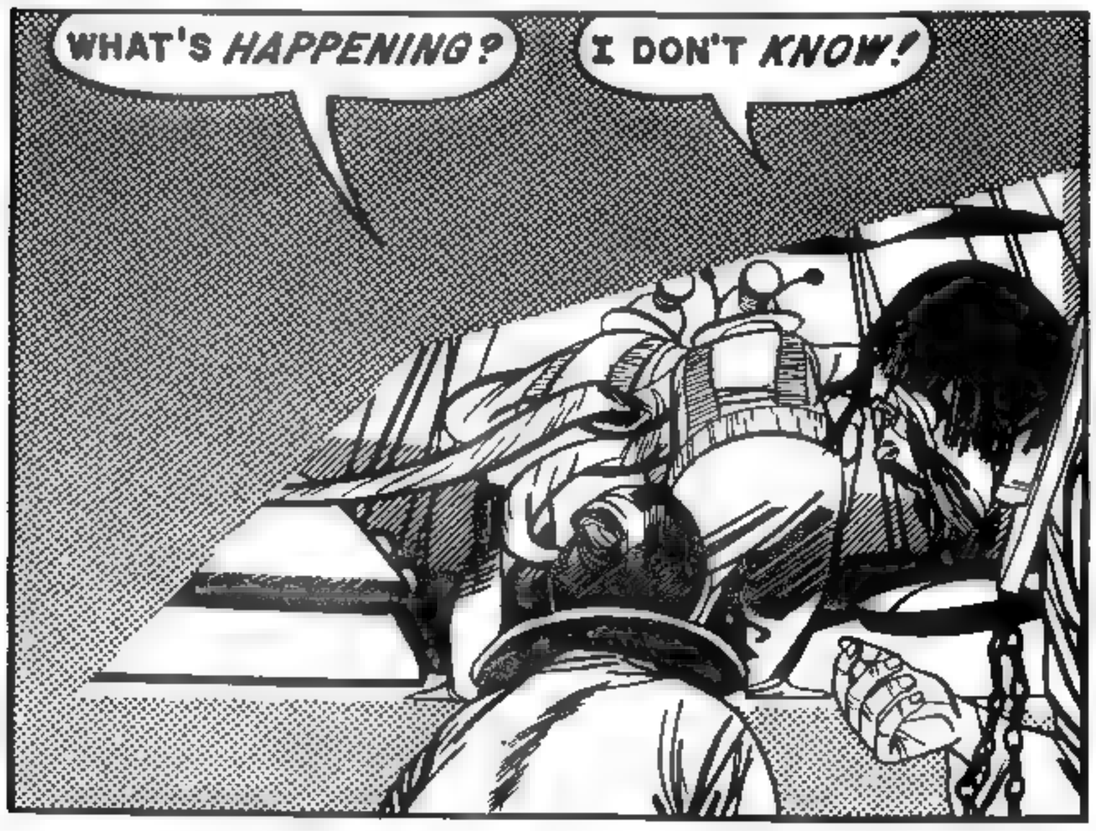
THE MEN CONTINUE. THE ALIEN SCREAMS AGAIN... THEN POINTS A WEIRD-SHAPED INSTRUMENT AT THEM. THERE IS A BRIGHT FLASH...



THE MEN ARE STILL. THEY LAY SOBBING QUIETLY AS THE SHIP STREAKS ONWARD...



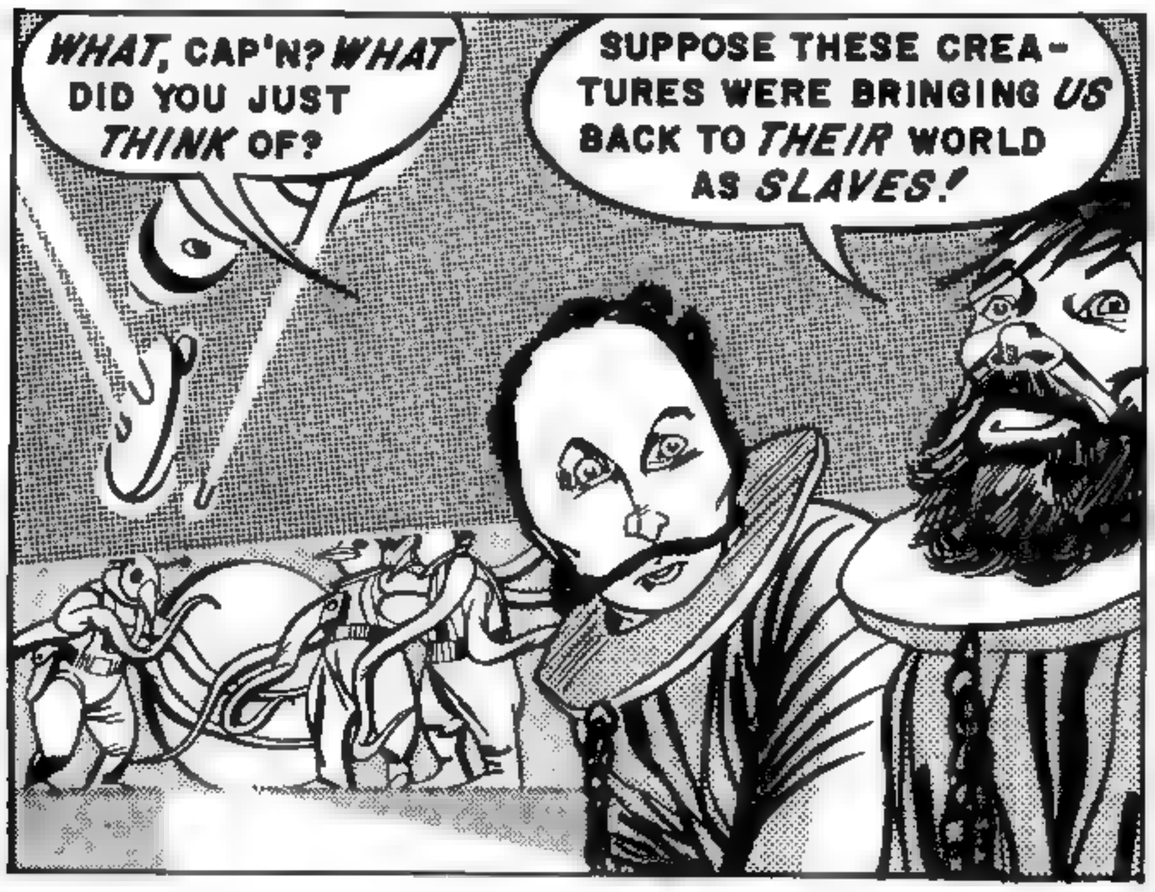
SOME TIME LATER THE ALIENS BEGIN TO CHATTER AND POINT TO THEIR COMPLICATED INSTRUMENTS...



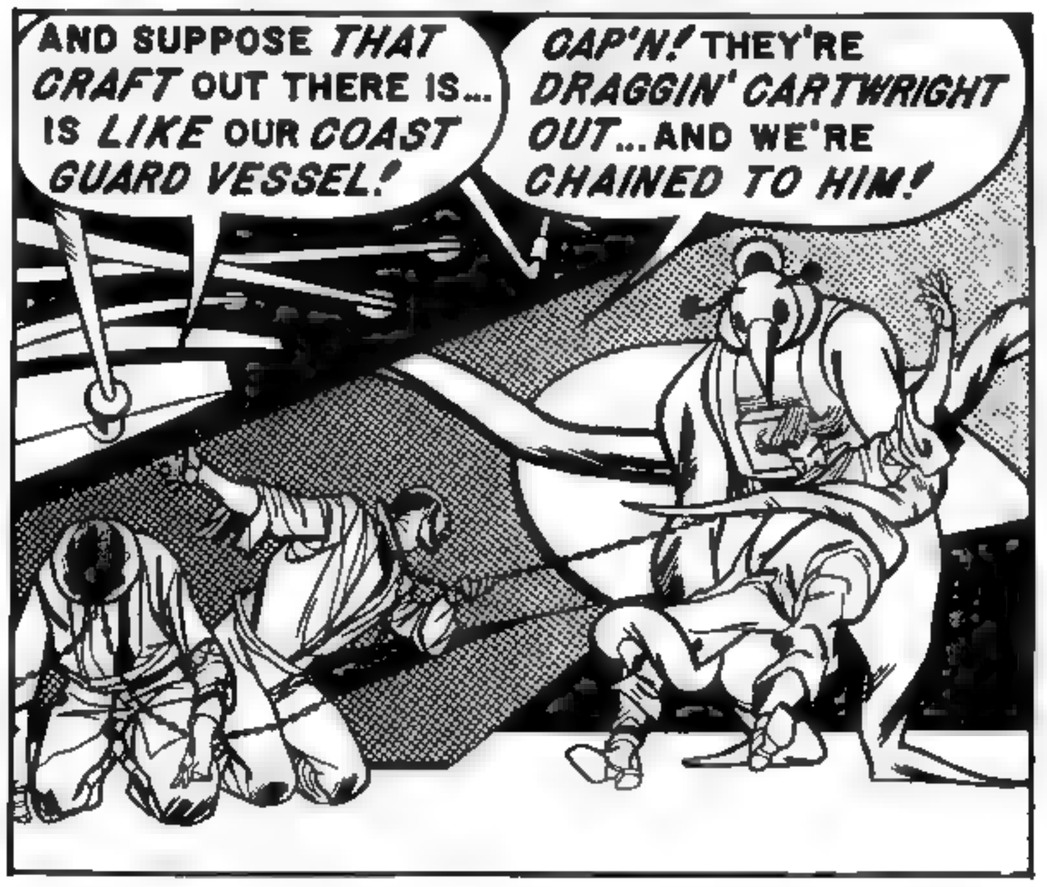
THE ALIENS SCURRY ABOUT, GESTICULATING, POINTING THEIR SLIMY TENTACLES AT THE MEN...

THE MEN PEER OUT OF THE PORT...

ONE OF THE ALIEN MONSTERS FLINGS OPEN THE AIR-LOCK DOOR AND POINTS TO THE MEN...

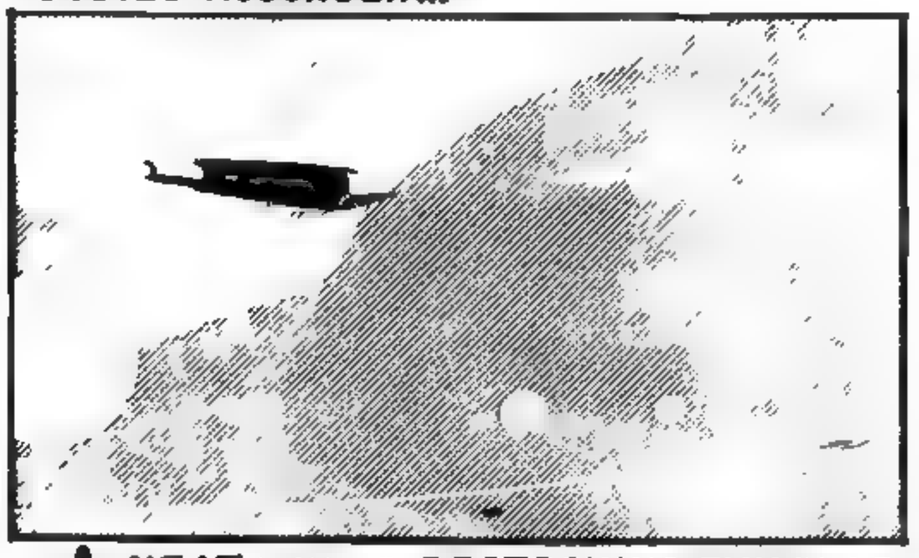


ANOTHER MONSTER CURLS HIS TENTACLES ABOUT THE FIRST CREW-MAN IN THE LINE...


AND SUPPOSE THAT CRAFT OUT THERE IS... IS LIKE OUR COAST GUARD VESSEL!
CAP'N! THEY'RE DRAGGIN' CARTWRIGHT OUT... AND WE'RE CHAINED TO HIM!

ONE AFTER THE OTHER, THE SCREAMING CREW OF THE SLAVE SHIP IS DRAGGED OUT INTO SPACE...

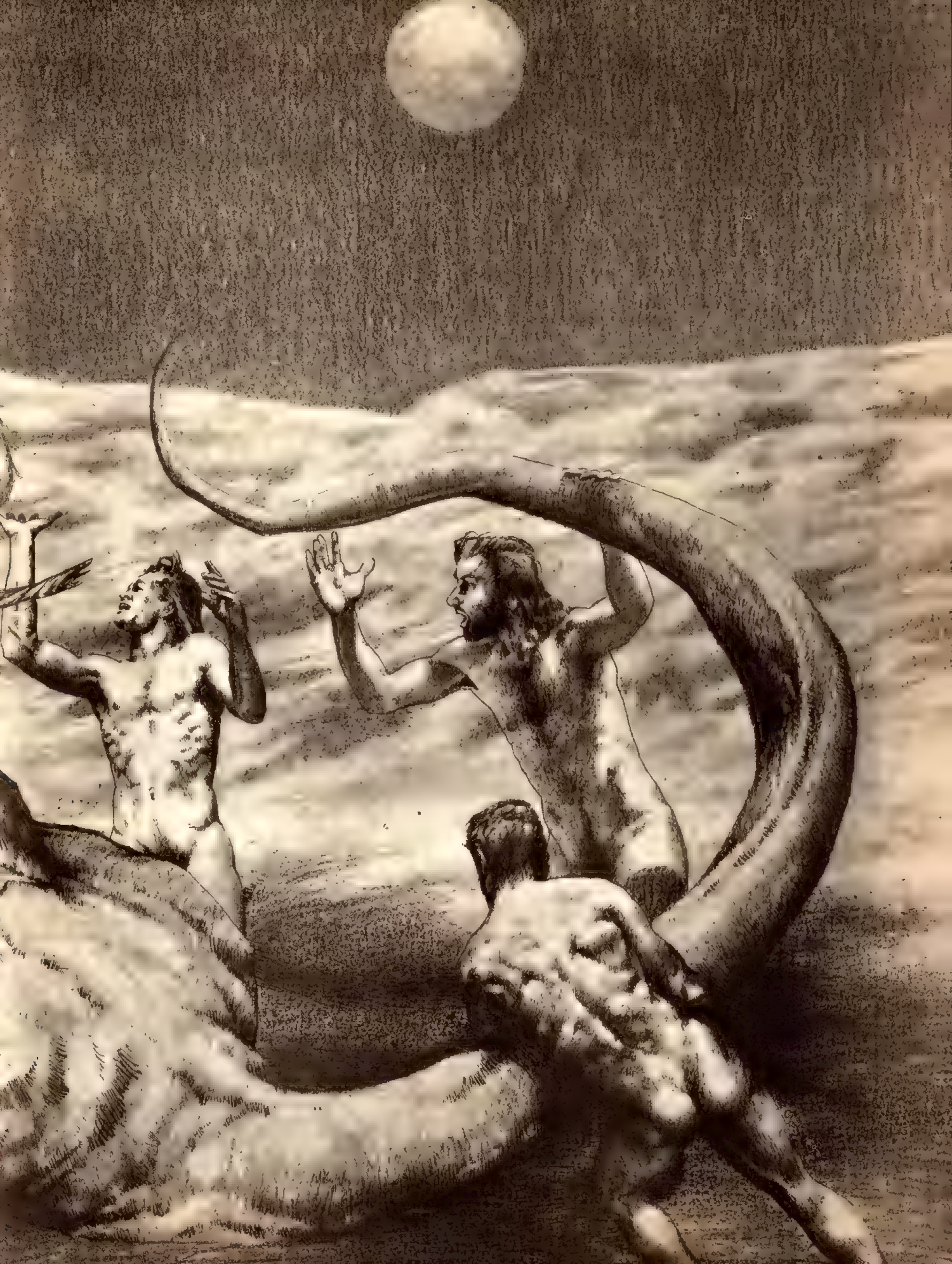
...WHERE THE *DISSOLVED GASSES* IN THEIR BODIES, *EXPANDING SUDDENLY* IN THE *MEDIUM OF NO PRESSURE* WHICH IS THE *SPACE VACUUM*, TEAR THEIR BODIES ASSUNDER...



...A *NEAT* WAY OF *DESTROYING EVIDENCE*.. MORE *EFFICIENT* EVEN THAN *TOSSING* SAME INTO THE *OCEAN*, EH?

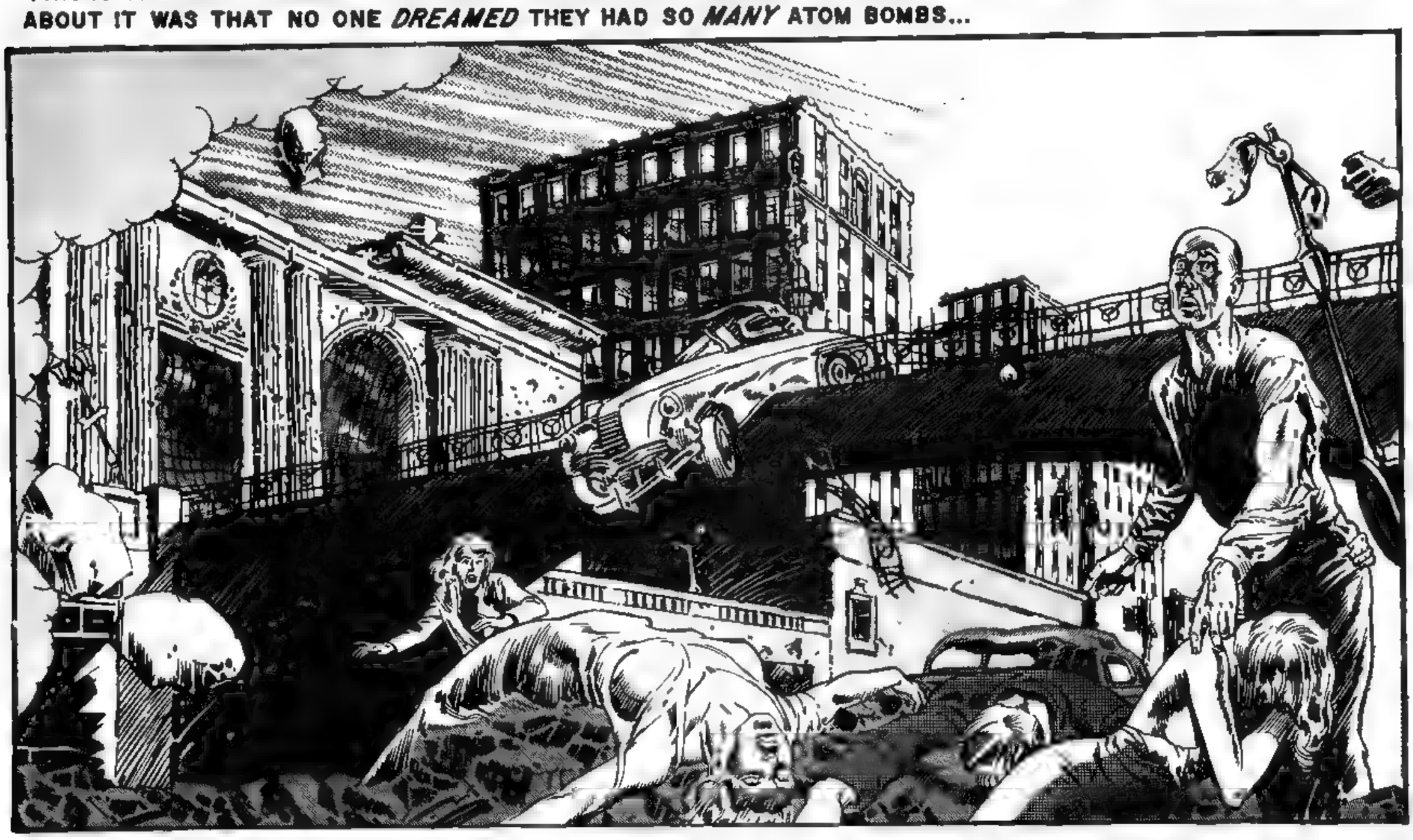
THE END

Kenneth Smith
©1969



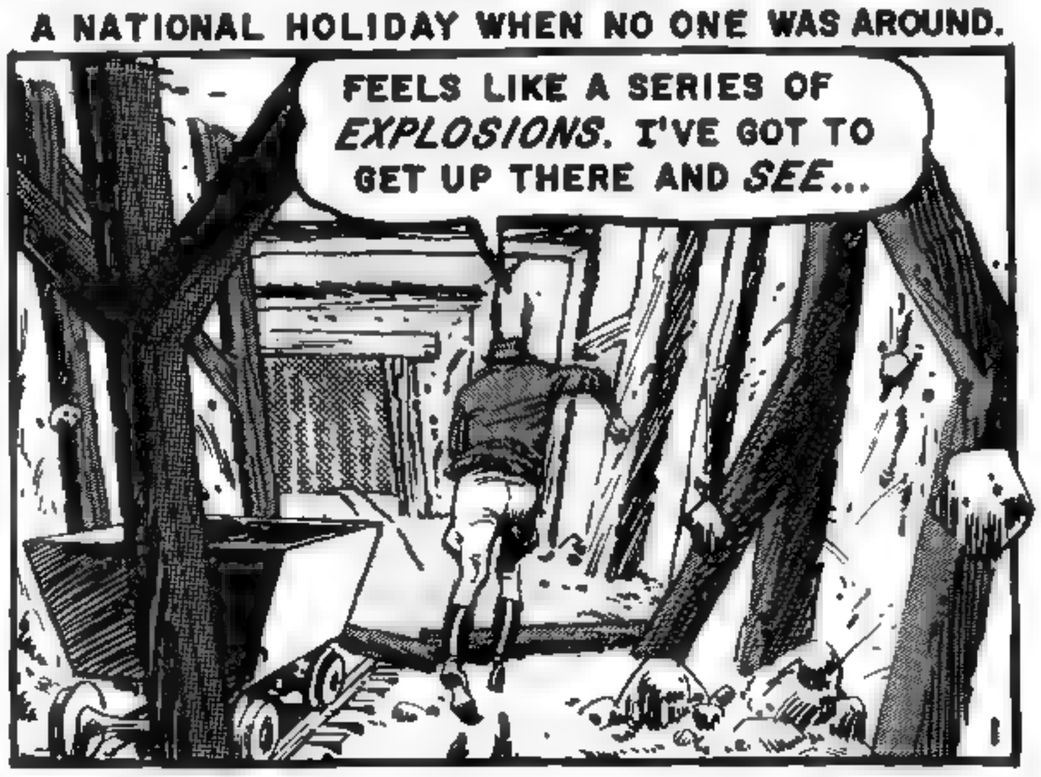
Child of TOMORROW

THIS IS THE WAY IT BEGAN. THE FIRST WAVE OF BOMBERS HIT AT 0900, JULY 4TH, 1954. THE AMAZING THING ABOUT IT WAS THAT NO ONE *DREAMED* THEY HAD SO *MANY* ATOM BOMBS...



I WAS 750 FEET UNDERGROUND WHEN THE ATTACK TOOK PLACE. I'D GONE DOWN INTO THE TIMKO LEAD MINE NEAR MY HOME...

I WAS AN EAGER BEAVER IN THOSE DAYS... A STUDENT MINING ENGINEER. I'D FIGURED I COULD LEARN A LOT BY GOING DOWN INTO THE MINE ON A NATIONAL HOLIDAY WHEN NO ONE WAS AROUND.



Copyright 1970, William M. Gaines, E. C. Publications

I'D BROUGHT A LUNCHBOX AND THERMOS, PLANNING TO STAY ALL DAY...

GOOD LORD! THE ENTRANCE IS SEALED OFF. I'M TRAPPED! I'LL HAVE TO DIG MY WAY OUT!

I COULDN'T USE THE POWER DRILLS BECAUSE THE ELECTRICITY HAD CONKED OUT. I HAD TO USE A PICK AND SHOVEL. IT WAS BACK BREAKING WORK...

GASP... MY... GASP... THERMOS IS ALMOST EMPTY... AND MY FOOD ALL GONE. IF I DON'T GET OUT SOON...

IT TOOK FOUR DAYS. I WAS NEAR STARVATION WHEN I CAME OUT INTO THE DAYLIGHT...

GOOD GOD! THE TOWN... RUINED! UTTER DESOLATION... EVERYWHERE!

FROM THE SMALL GROUPS OF PEOPLE SPRAYING THE RUINS AND RUBBLE WITH CHEMICALS, I LEARNED...

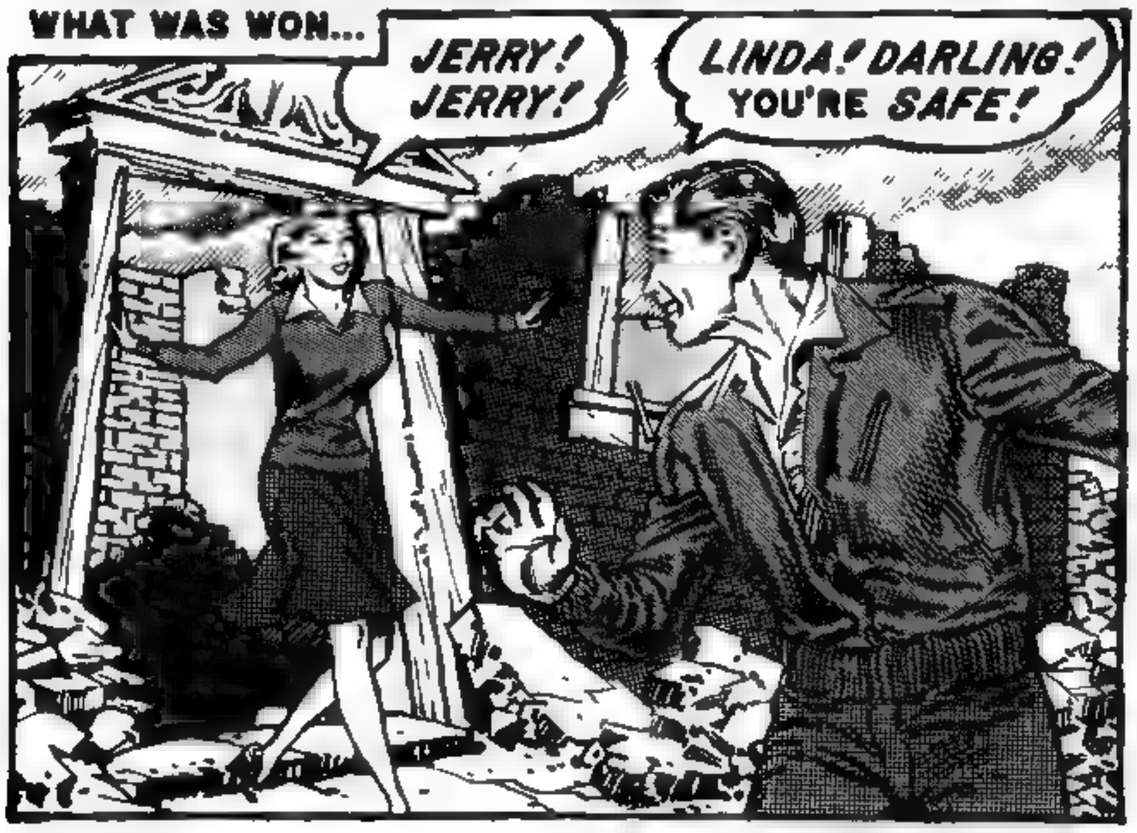
@#XW!!'S SNEAK-ATTACKED US! PATTERN-BOMBED US! TWO WAVES! PLASTERED THE WHOLE COUNTRY!

MILLIONS KILLED! MILLIONS BURNED! WE'RE SPRAYING THE RADIO-ACTIVE AREAS!

AND THE WAR?

IT'S OVER. AFTER THE FIRST WAVE, OUR AIR FORCE RETALIATED. WIPED 'EM OFF THE MAP WITH HYDROGEN BOMBS. WE WON.

YES. IT WAS OVER. A WAR THAT TOOK FOUR DAYS. THEY SAID WE WON IT. I DON'T THINK ANYBODY WON IT. THERE WAS ONLY DESOLATION AND RUIN. THAT WAS WHAT WAS WON...



LINDA...ALIVE! THANK GOD! UNTIL I FOUND HER, THERE DIDN'T SEEM TO BE VERY MUCH TO LIVE FOR...

AND SO LINDA AND I WERE MARRIED. A YEAR WENT BY. MUCH OF THE DESOLATION HAD BEEN REPLACED WITH SHINY NEW BUILDINGS. WHOLE CITIES HAD BEEN REBUILT. WE WERE WELL ON OUR WAY TO RECOVERY...

THE U.N. ORE AND MINERAL DIVISION HAD OFFERED ME A HIGH-PAYING POST... SEARCHING FOR URANIUM IN SOUTH AMERICA...

I'M *SORRY*, HON. I'LL TELL THEM I CAN'T...

YOU'LL TELL THEM YOU *ACCEPT*. I CAN MANAGE, JERRY. FIVE YEARS ISN'T... TOO... SOB... LONG.

AND SO I LEFT MY WIFE AND COMING BABY AND A WORLD REBUILDING ITSELF TO SEARCH FOR URANIUM IN THE UPPER AMAZON COUNTRY...

PREPARE TO JUMP...

WE'D LOCATED THE URANIUM BY GEIGER-COUNTER. OUR PLAN WAS TO PARACHUTE INTO THE JUNGLE, MINE IT, BUILD AN AIRFIELD, AND FLY IT OUT...

HAPPY LANDING, JERRY!

YOU TOO, TIM! HOPE WE LOCATE ALL OF OUR SUPPLIES. WE'LL NEED 'EM!

THERE IN THAT GOD-FORSAKEN, PEST-INFESTED STEAMING JUNGLE, WE MADE A CAMP AND PREPARED TO SETTLE DOWN FOR A FIVE YEAR STAY...

THEY EXPECT US TO HACK AN AIRFIELD OUT OF THIS!?

THAT'S THE GENERAL IDEA!

ONCE A MONTH, OUR SUPPLY PLANE CAME OVER, DROPPING MAIL AND PROVISIONS. IT WAS OUR ONLY CONTACT WITH THE OUTSIDE WORLD...

HEY, FELLERS! I'M A FATHER. BORN JUNE 17TH. CONGRATULATE ME!

WHY THE KID'S FIVE MONTHS OLD ALREADY! BOY OR GIRL?

S'MATTER, TIM!

THAT'S FUNNY! LINDA DOESN'T SAY! GUESS SHE WAS SO EXCITED, SHE FORGOT! SHE... SHE... HEY, TIM!

WHAT IS IT, TIM?

HELEN! MY WIFE! SHE... CHOKE... SHE'S *DEAD!*

POOR TIM. HE WANTED TO GO HOME SO BADLY. BUT OUR LANDING STRIP WASN'T EVEN HALF-COMPLETED. THEN, A MONTH OR SO LATER...

TIM! HE'S *FAINTED!* HE...HE'S *DEAD!*

TIM WAS THE FIRST. AFTER THAT, ONE BY ONE, OUR PARTY BEGAN TO DIE OFF. DOC ANSEN TOLD ME, JUST BEFORE HE DIED...

IT'S *RADIATION POISONING*, JERRY! THEY *ALL* DIED FROM IT! *I'M* DYING FROM IT. *YOU WILL, TOO! EVERYONE WILL!* EVERYONE?

YES, THE *FOLKS* BACK *HOME*. *EVERY-ONE! EVERYONE* WAS *EXPOSED!* REMEMBER HOW THEY *ATTACKED?* THE *PRECISION? EVERYONE* WAS WITHIN RANGE OF *ONE* OF THOSE BOMBS. *EVERYONE WILL DIE, EVENTUALLY!* OH, LORD! *NO! NO...*

DOC ANSEN WAS RIGHT. HE DIED SOON AFTERWARDS. THAT WAS DURING OUR FOURTH YEAR IN THE JUNGLE. AND THAT MONTH, OUR SUPPLY PLANE DIDN'T SHOW UP.

IS...IS *EVERYONE* BACK HOME DEAD? AM I THE *ONLY ONE LEFT ALIVE? WHY?* WHY HAVEN'T *I...? OH, GOD... I REMEMBER!* THE *LEAD MINE! I* WAS *SHIELDED* FROM THE *RADIATION!*

I WAITED AROUND ANOTHER MONTH BUT THE SUPPLY PLANE NEVER CAME, SO I DECIDED TO TRY AND MAKE IT TO CIVILIZATION THROUGH THE JUNGLE...

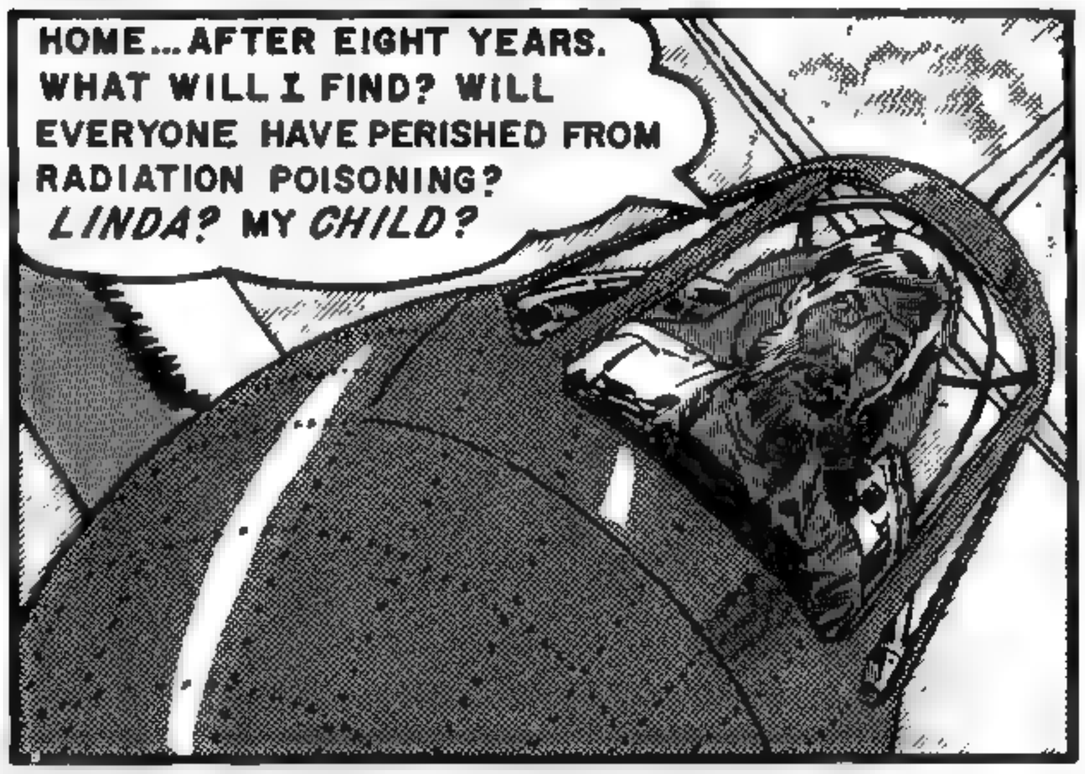
I'VE GOT TO GO BACK! I'VE GOT TO *SEE!*

IT TOOK ME THREE YEARS TO HACK MY WAY OUT OF THAT NIGHTMARISH PLACE. IT SEEMS INCREDIBLE THAT I ONLY TRAVELED SEVEN HUNDRED MILES IN ALL THAT TIME...

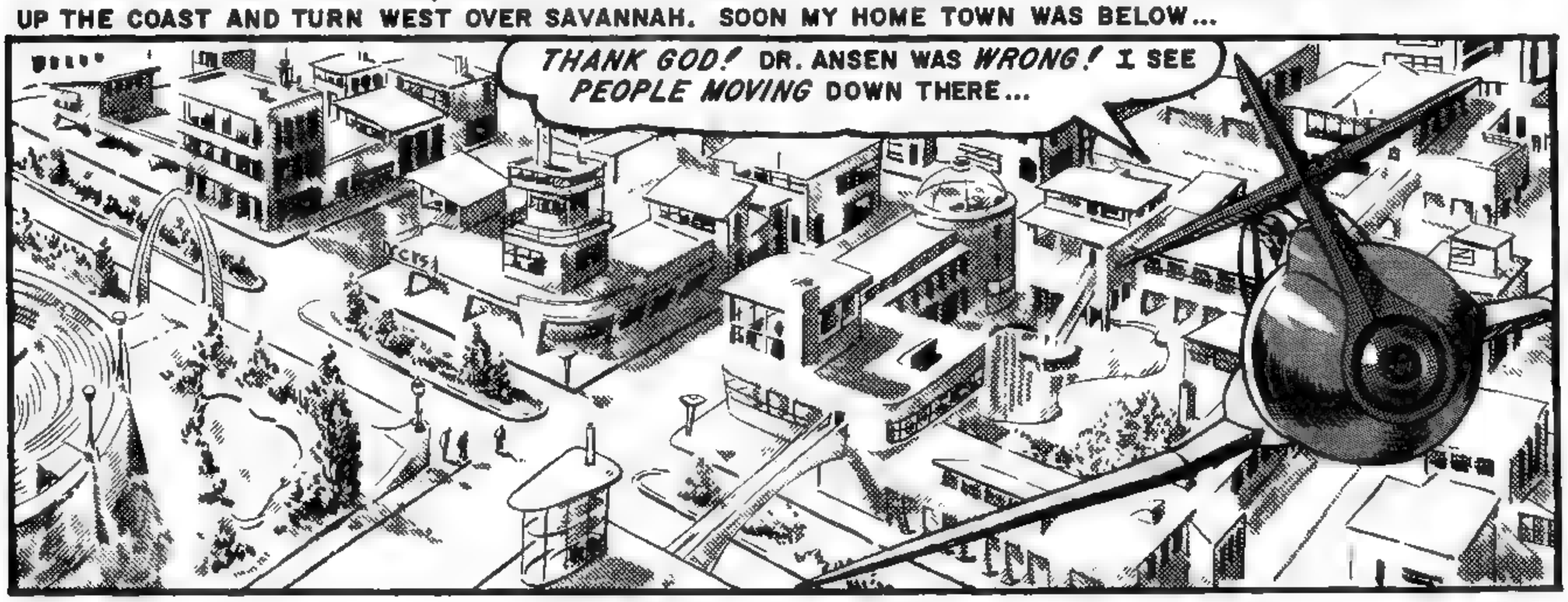
AN *AIRFIELD! A PLANE!*

THE AIRFIELD WAS SILENT WITH DEATH. WHITENED BONES PICKED CLEAN BY THE CRAWLERS OF THE JUNGLE, LAY ABOUT...

THE PLANE WAS PRETTY WELL BEATEN UP BY THE JUNGLE ELEMENTS, BUT HER ENGINE TURNED OVER WHEN I TRIED IT. I FOUND SOME DRUMS OF GASOLINE, FILLED HER TANKS AND...



I'M NOT MUCH ON NAVIGATION, BUT ONCE I HIT CUBA AND THE FLORIDA KEYS, I WAS ABLE TO WORK MY WAY UP THE COAST AND TURN WEST OVER SAVANNAH. SOON MY HOME TOWN WAS BELOW...

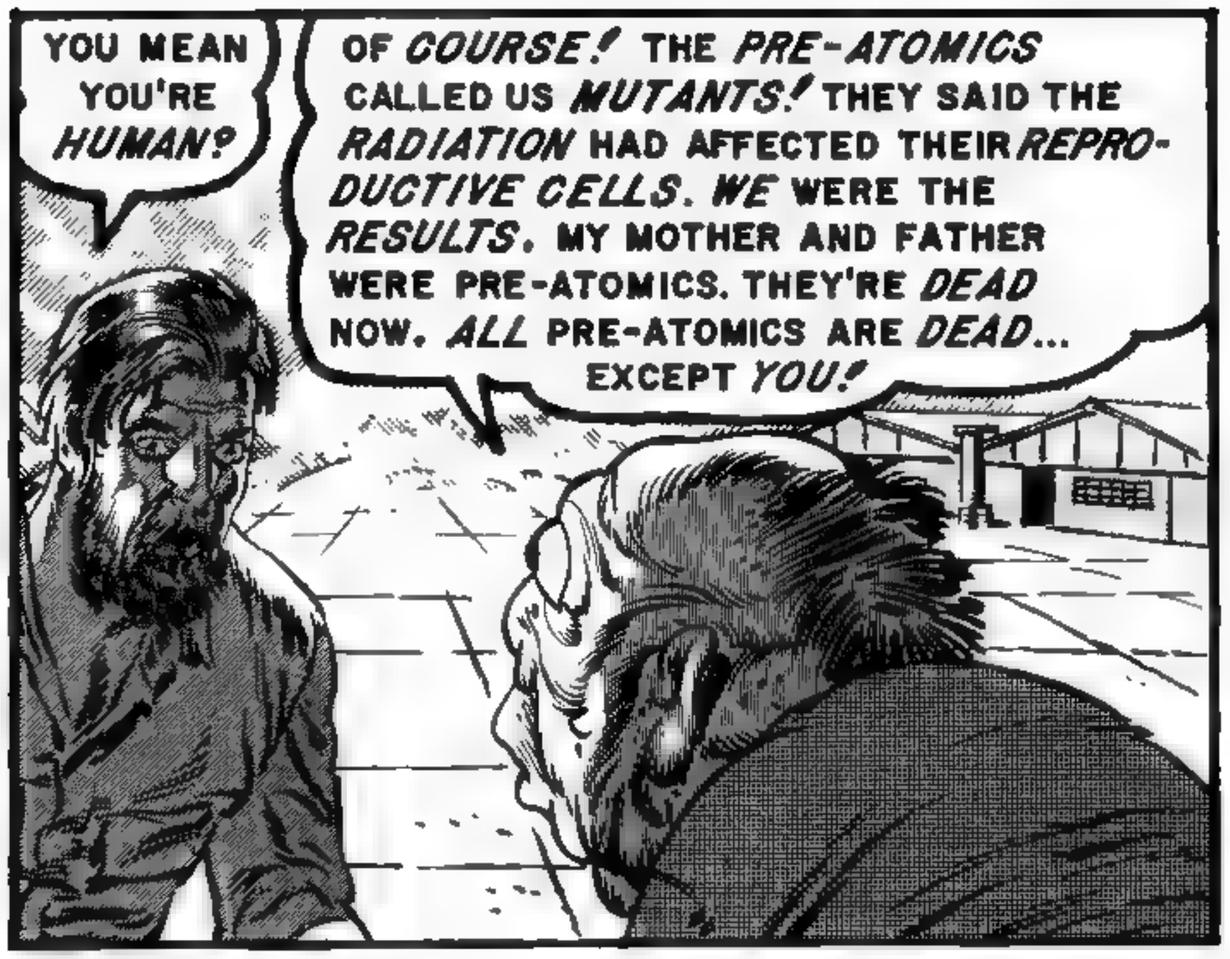


I LANDED AT THE LOCAL AIRPORT. IT WAS DESERTED. THE PEOPLE I'D SEEN FROM THE AIR WERE NOWHERE ABOUT...

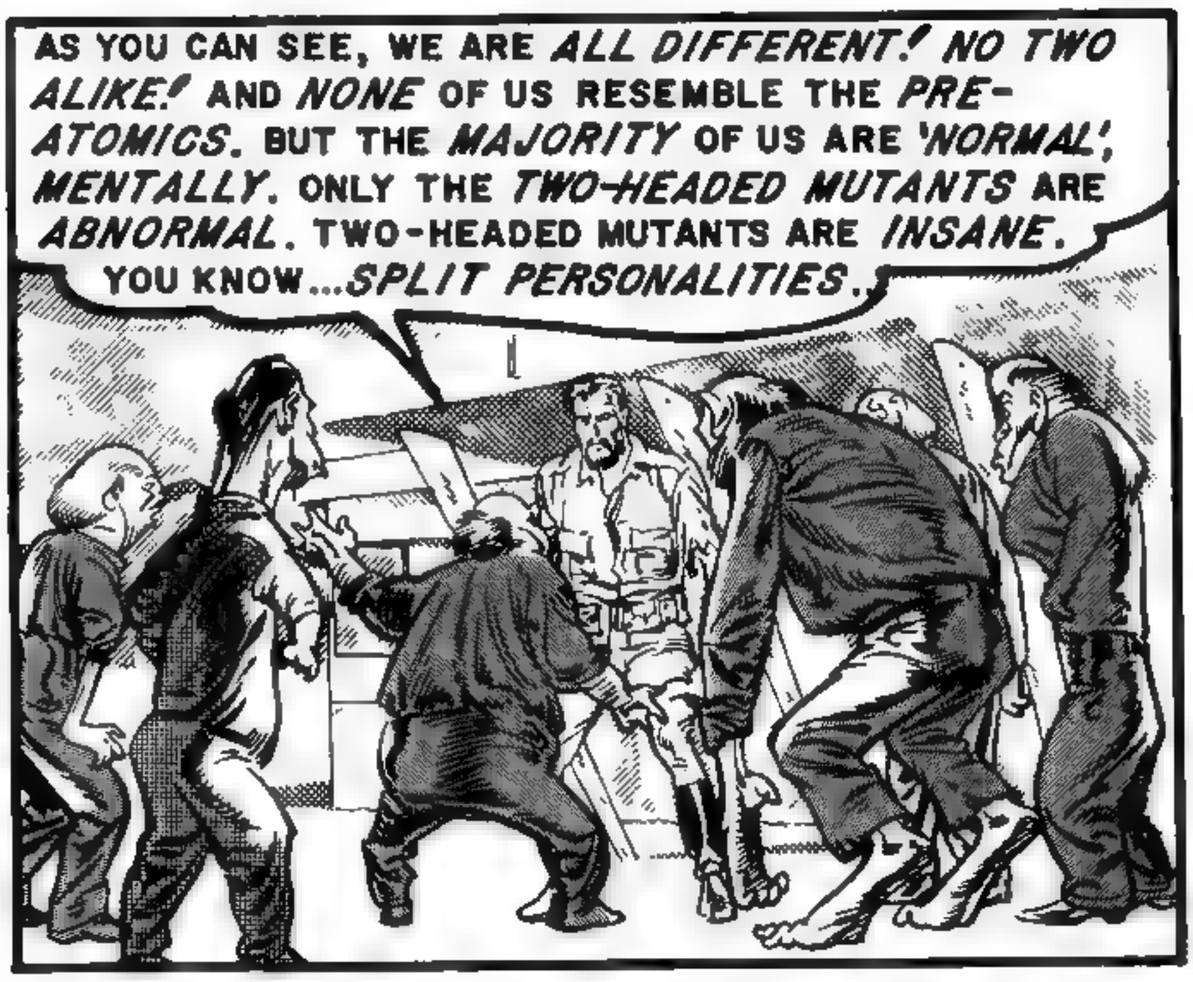
AND THEN, AS I NEARED THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, MY BLOOD FROZE...

I CANNOT DESCRIBE THE HORROR THAT SWEPT OVER ME... THE REVULSION I FELT AS HE CAME CLOSER...

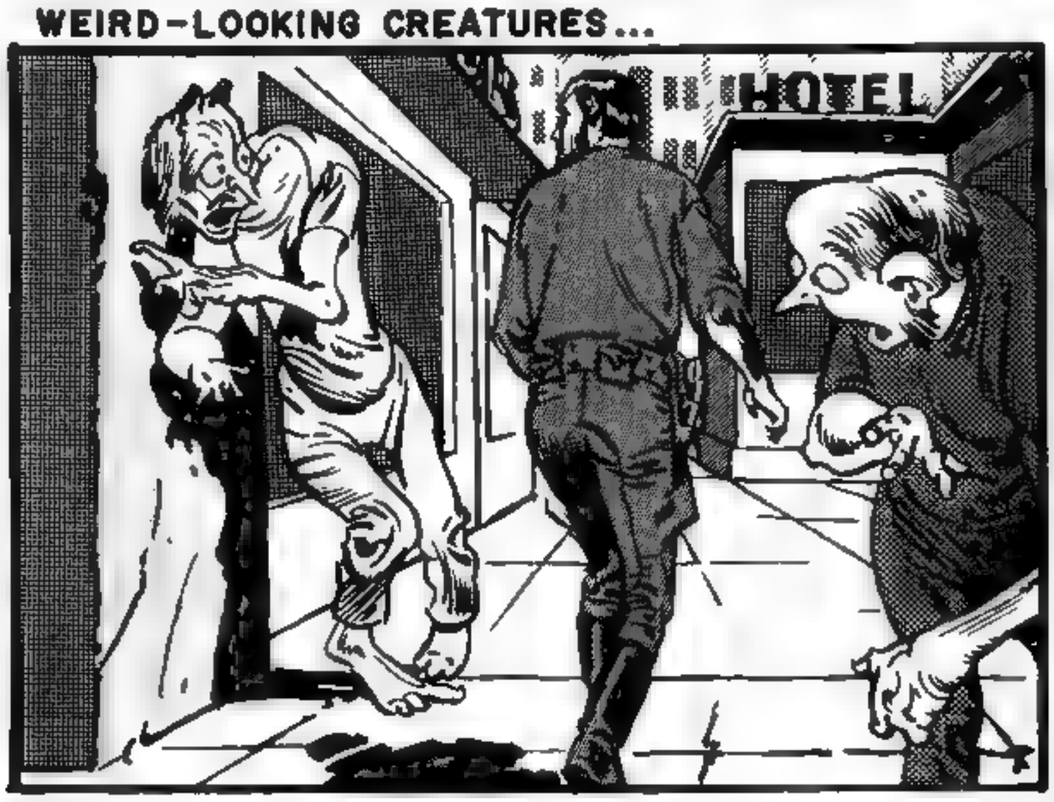
WHO... WHO ARE YOU? WHERE DO YOU COME FROM?
COME FROM? WHY I WAS BORN RIGHT HERE! BUT YOU! YOU'RE PRE-ATOMIC! ARE YOU NOT RADIATED... LIKE OUR PARENTS?


YOU MEAN YOU'RE HUMAN?
OF COURSE! THE PRE-ATOMICS CALLED US MUTANTS! THEY SAID THE RADIATION HAD AFFECTED THEIR REPRODUCTIVE CELLS. WE WERE THE RESULTS. MY MOTHER AND FATHER WERE PRE-ATOMICS. THEY'RE DEAD NOW. ALL PRE-ATOMICS ARE DEAD... EXCEPT YOU!

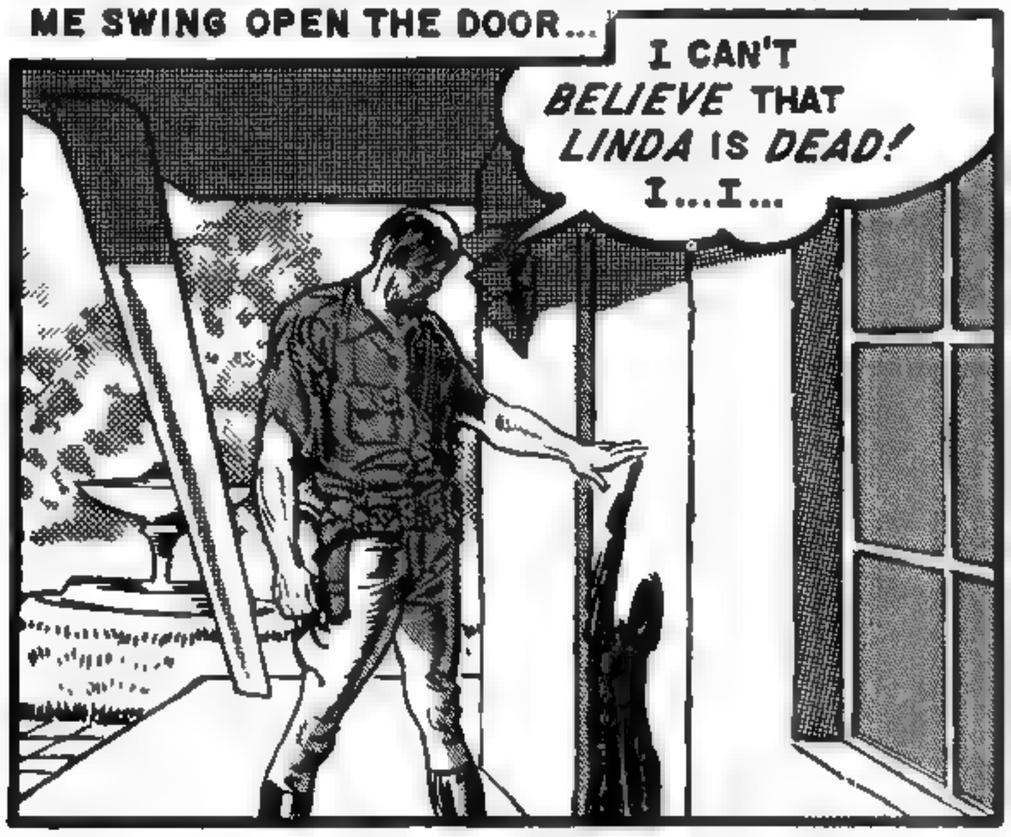
AS WE TALKED, OTHER MUTANTS APPEARED...


AS YOU CAN SEE, WE ARE ALL DIFFERENT! NO TWO ALIKE! AND NONE OF US RESEMBLE THE PRE-ATOMICS. BUT THE MAJORITY OF US ARE 'NORMAL', MENTALLY. ONLY THE TWO-HEADED MUTANTS ARE ABNORMAL. TWO-HEADED MUTANTS ARE INSANE.
YOU KNOW... SPLIT PERSONALITIES.

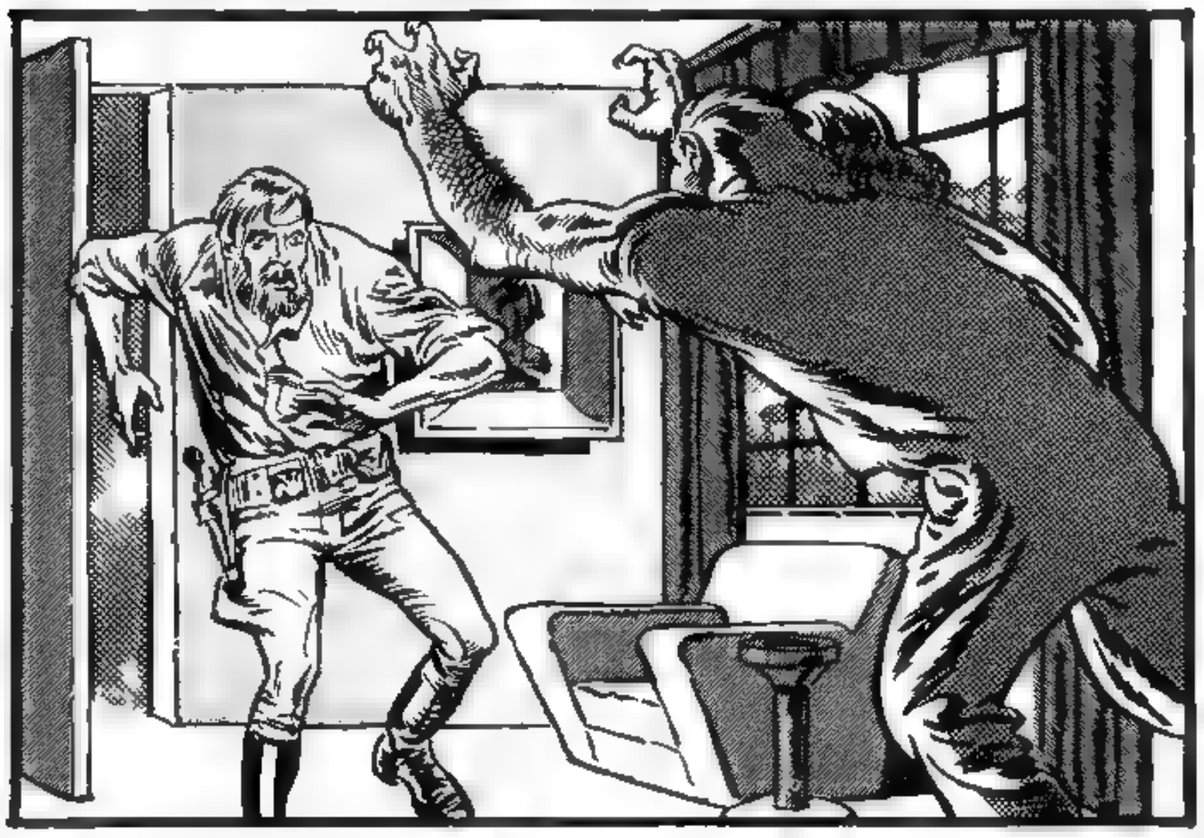
THE FRIENDLY MUTANT'S WARNING RANG IN MY MIND AS I MADE MY WAY TOWARD MY OLD HOUSE. ALONG THE STREETS I SAW MANY MORE OF THE WEIRD-LOOKING CREATURES...



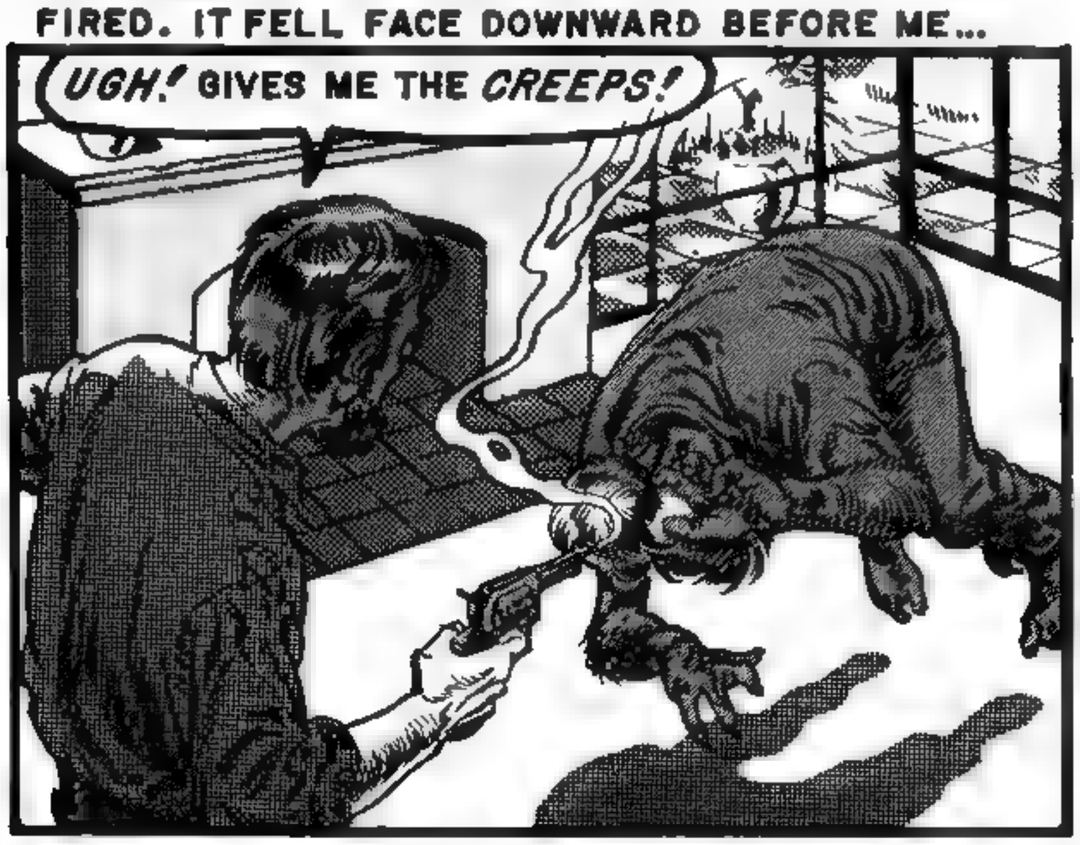
A MORBID CURIOSITY PUSHED ME ON, DROVE ME UP THE FRONT STEPS OF MY OLD HOME, MADE ME SWING OPEN THE DOOR...



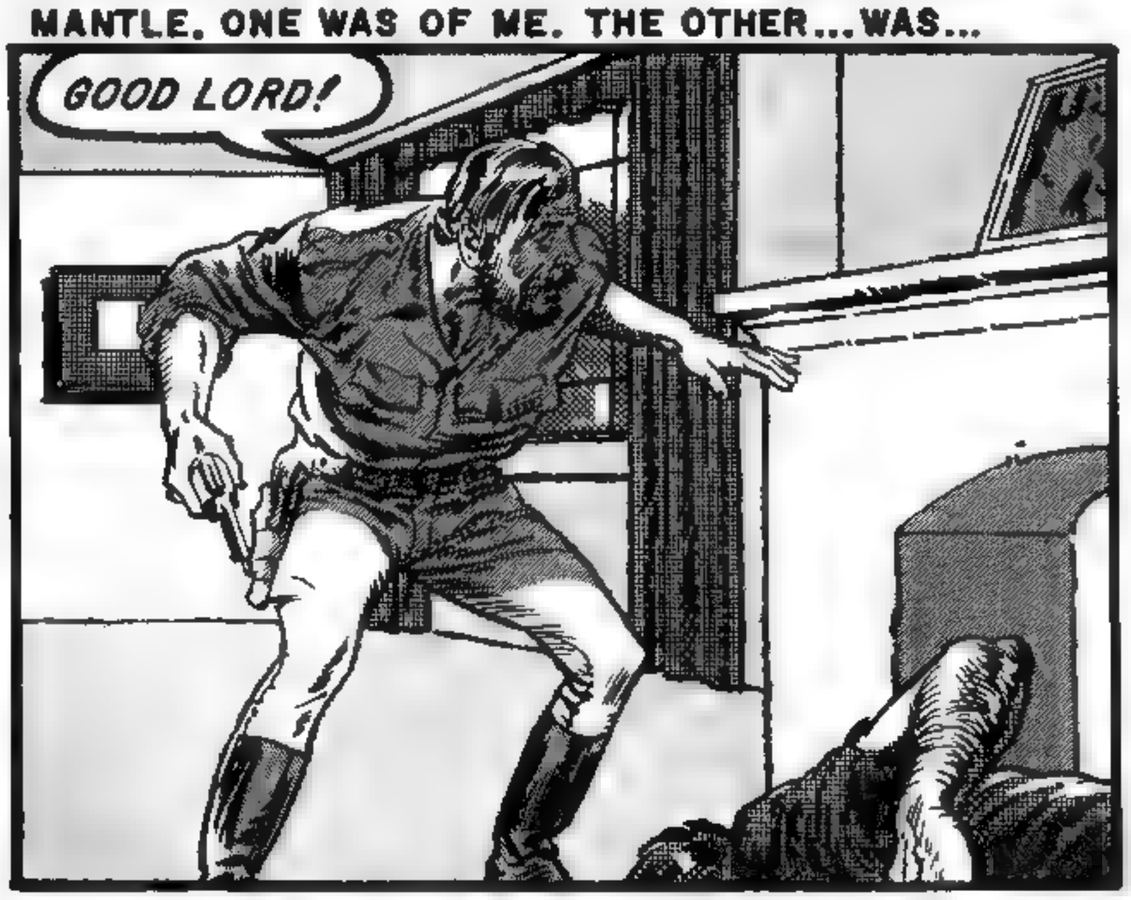
IT CAME AT ME FROM OUT OF THE SHADOWS, SNARLING, SCREAMING. IT HAD *TWO HEADS*...



I REMEMBERED THE FRIENDLY MUTANT'S WARNING! I PULLED MY REVOLVER FROM ITS HOLSTER AND FIRED. IT FELL FACE DOWNWARD BEFORE ME...



AND THEN I SAW THEM! THE PICTURES ON THE MANTLE. ONE WAS OF ME. THE OTHER...WAS...



LINDA...WITH A *TWO-HEADED BABY* ON HER LAP... INSCRIBED, '*JUNIORS*...*AGE*...*SIX MONTHS!*' I TURNED.

I TURNED IT OVER. THE TWO HEADS STARED UP AT ME WITH BLIND GLAZED EYES. THE STARTLING *RESEMBLANCES* WERE *INCREDIBLE*...

INTERVIEW: JOHNNY CRAIG

It was about three o''clock in the afternoon when I arrived at the airport in Harrisburg. I was a little worried about the fact that I might not be able to recognize Mr. Craig who had offered to meet me at the terminal and pick me up. After all, it had been 17 years since his biography picture for E.C. had been taken, and that picture was all I had to go by. I had called John a week earlier and had told him he could easily recognize me by my Navy whites I was wearing. I was stopping off to meet and interview John while traveling to my new duty station in New London, Connecticut.

As luck would have it, I was the only sailor on the plane. John had no trouble spotting me, and other than the glasses he now wears, he looked the same as in the picture. I had no difficulty in recognizing him. In a few minutes, we had greeted one another, loaded up my baggage in his car, and were heading out of Harrisburg across the Susquehanna River, and into a small suburb by the name of Camp Hill. Mr. Craig has resided here ever since he left New York ten years ago.

Finally, we arrived at John's home and I was overwhelmed by the greeting his family gave me. John, his wife, Toni, and their two sons - John, 21, and Steve, 18 - certainly made me feel at home. Toni is a fantastic cook, and I had arrived just in time to sit down to a fabulous Italian supper which she had prepared. While eating, we all had a long conversation about the good old days of E.C. After supper, John, his two sons and I retired to the living room for another deep and informative discussion of E.C.

Not having been connected with fandom, or for that matter not even knowing that a fandom existed, John and his family were all surprised when I told them the prices E.C.'s were selling for today. Being the modest fellow he is, John couldn't believe he had so many fans around today.

Talking with his sons, I learned that Steve is attending La Salle College in Philadelphia this year as a freshman, majoring in English. John, a senior at Catholic University in Washington, D.C. this year, is majoring in music. Both were very witty and a lot of fun to be around and we had a swell time.

Around 7 p.m., John and I went down to his art studio which is located in his basement. I don't think I can describe my feelings when I walked in and saw stacks of mint, pristine E.C.'s lying on a table. His own personal collection is really something to behold.

Then came the originals from every direction. Quite a few oil paintings covered the walls - all mostly bust portraits. John said he had done them while attending night school with Joe Orlando in New York City back in the early 50's. Going through a closet of originals, I noticed charcoal and preliminary pencil sketches of the Vault Keeper painting he did for Bill Gaines. I also ran across the original cover of Extra No. 5, which is the only original John has that he did for E.C.

While I kept myself busy looking over originals and E.C.'s, John was trying to finish up the inking on a Submariner story for the Marvel Comics group. Finally, after conducting the following interview, looking through John's photo album filled with pictures of his family and the whole E.C. gang, I decided to call it a day. John, having to meet a deadline of the Submariner story, stayed up working on it the rest of the night.

The next morning came very quickly and before I knew it, it was time to leave. The end of a very memorable occasion - one I shall always remember. My thanks goes to John and his family for having me, and for making this interview possible.

Roger Hill

INTERVIEW WITH JOHNNY CRAIG

AUGUST 21, 1969

Q. First, we'd like to know what was your first professional work that you ever did which you actually sold and for which you received payment?

A. Well, the first professional work I ever received payment for was actually a part-time job. I used to go around the corner from my house to a little candy store where the owner's son was a commercial art student. He, in turn, had a friend in the neighborhood named Harry Lampert who was looking for an assistant. The assistant was to keep the files in order, rule pages, do lettering and make himself generally useful. At his request, I brought him some samples of my lettering which he liked well enough to give me the job...for one dollar a week.

Q. Now, was this man a cartoonist?

A. Yes, he was an artist for the downtown office of National Publications, better known as D.C. At that time, D.C. had two offices, one, mid-town on Lexington Avenue; and a downtown office at 225 Lafayette Street. Bill's father, M.C. Gaines, was

in charge of that office. They put out THE FLASH, GREEN LANTERN and WONDER WOMAN, among others, and when I met Harry Lampert, he was doing THE KING, a crime fighter in a tuxedo.

Q. Oh, yes, I know what you mean. John, do you have any idea what year this was?

A. I think that was in 1938.

Q. Can you tell us, John, what you did right after that for the comic book industry?

A. Let's see, I worked for Harry Lampert for a year and a half at least, until he entered the Army in 1939 or '40. His editor and friend, Sheldon Mayer at D.C. down on Lafayette Street, took me under his wing and for a while I free-lanced doing the lettering on his strip called SCRIBBLY. That was during the school months. During the following summer, he asked me to come down to the office and work full time as one of the staff artists, pasting up, making corrections, doing lettering and things like that. I want to say that I owe a tremendous debt of gratitude to both Sheldon Mayer and Harry Lampert. As a rather wild young kid, I know I gave them both plenty of headaches and problems, but they were patient and understanding and seemed to have more knowledge and faith in my own future than I did.

Q. How did you come to get a job with the Entertaining Comics Group?

A. After I returned from service in World War Two and became married in 1946, I again went to work for M.C. Gaines in the art department. During the previous war years, he had sold his interests in D.C. Publications and was engrossed in publishing a line of educational titles under the banner, Educational Comics. I don't recall precisely when the name was changed from Educational Comics to Entertaining Comics, but whenever it happened, I was already there. Since the educational line was not overly successful, other titles were introduced such as MOON GIRL and INTERNATIONAL, for example. Possibly the firm's name was changed then, although I don't think they ever relinquished the Educational name but only reserved it for their educational line of magazines. It was about this time that I started doing covers and art work for this new line, and only shortly after this that M.C. Gaines passed away. That was when Bill Gaines came in to take over. Even though the lawyers, accountants and bank people had advised Bill's mother to sell the business, she wanted it to continue and asked Bill to come down and take over the helm, and he did. That's when the real changes were to begin.

Q. After you really got in the groove with E.C. and you were actually working on the New Trend comics, were you still doing any kind of free-lancing at all?

A. About the only thing I can recall having done on a free-lance basis while I was with E.C. was in the very early stages. I think I did a job for an outfit known as Fox Publications. I forget just what the job was, but I think it was a seven or eight page western. I waited ages to get paid but finally received more than I was supposed to. Perhaps they paid interest, but whatever, I think I'm the only artist who ever came out ahead of the game.

Q. What were your feelings when E.C. decided to drop their titles and start the New Trend of science-fiction and horror...and did you have anything to do with this decision?

A. Naturally, I seem to recall being quite pleased with the idea of coming out with a new line of material that we felt would sell very well, that would be interesting to both write and draw. I was pleased but I don't think I had much to do with the actual decision. It was mostly Feldstein's idea, I believe, but there were three-way conferences in and around that office all the time between Bill and I, since Al and I worked together in the same room, at almost the same desk, practically. But I give credit to Al and Bill for getting the brainstorm.

Q. Did you actually create the Vault Keeper and is there any particular reason why you stuck with the VAULT OF HORROR during the entire New Trend?

A. Well, I created the visual...the picture of the Vault Keeper. The idea of the Vault Keeper was not necessarily mine - not necessarily anyone's that I remember. I believe it was simply the natural follow-up to the success we had with the Crypt stories. After we decided on the Vault Keeper I think I was doing one lead story in the VAULT OF HORROR, but because I was such a slow artist I couldn't always do the Vault Keeper's wind-up story in the CRYPT OF TERROR. Consequently, most of the stories that I did were for the lead in the VAULT OF HORROR, while some other artist had to fill in to do the wind-up stories in the CRYPT OF TERROR and, later, the HAUNT OF FEAR as well.

Q. How many stories were you required to turn out each month and did you find it difficult to meet this schedule?

A. I always found it difficult to meet the schedule. I still find it difficult to meet schedules but then, as now, it's usually because I am rarely satisfied with my first attempt to draw anything. Since I had never been fortunate enough to have any extensive formal art schooling, I was forced at a very early age to learn drawing by continually searching for flaws in my own work and then drawing it again and again to try to correct those flaws. I am not always successful in these attempts and the work shows it, I am certain; but I look upon each drawing as something to learn from and I work slowly so that I may search for knowledge as well as mistakes. I have never earned as much money as many other artists who turn out a larger volume of work, but then many artists draw the same way today as they did ten or twelve years ago without visible improvement at all. I know I am a more knowledgeable artist today than I was yesterday, but if my present work doesn't show it, I think it's due to the fact that I'm not doing very much actual drawing now, but practically all inking, and one gets stale very quickly. To finally answer your question, I was supposed to do at least three stories a month. I was lucky if I did one.

Q. Did you have control of the visual and editorial format of the VAULT OF HORROR?

A. Only in the last few issues did I have a major control of what was to go into the book. The contents of the books were always the result of long and detailed story conferences in which we worked out the types and plots of stories, as well as the artists who were going to do them.

Q. Who was usually in these conferences with you?

A. There was always Bill Gaines, of course, but mostly they were three-way talks, with Al Feldstein sitting in, too.

Q. Did you do most of the color schemes for the VAULT OF HORROR covers?

A. Yes, I think I did most of the early ones, at least up until perhaps issue number 30. After that, I think Marie Severin started doing the coloring until the last few issues - number 37 or 39, or something like that. I may have had one or two in between.

Q. Voodoo stories seem many times to be illustrated by you. Were the editors partial in their assignments of this type of story, or was it your own preference?

A. I'll have to say it was my own preference. I always preferred the voodoo type of story or the haunted house type or a story with a mystical theme rather than a tale that had its impact relying on blood and gore and similar shock values. I think if you were to go back through any of the issues I did, you'll find that most of my stories are on a quieter vein of horror than either the HAUNT OF FEAR or the CRYPT OF TERROR.

Q. On the average, how much time did you spend working on your art at the E.C. offices, and did you feel more at ease working there or at home?

A. That's not as easy to answer as it may seem. I know I spent a great deal of time down at those offices, both day shift and night shift, trying to find a schedule and an atmosphere that would help me turn out more work than I did. I would prefer to work alone and at home, if I can, provided the conditions there are equally quiet, peaceful and conducive to work.

Q. Can you recall which cover you did for VAULT OF HORROR that you liked best - and why did you think it was your best?

A. Specifically, I don't know if I have any great favorite. Any selection I made would have to be one of the later issues, just before we stopped publishing it. I can't put my finger on any particular one, although for some vague reason I liked number 40, which was the last issue. But, no, there were one or two others that I liked as well, only I can't remember their issue numbers. Perhaps it was 36 and 37.

Q. What do you consider your most successful story, and why?

A. One of the stories I liked best plot-wise was in issue 36, called, WHICH WITCH IS WHICH? I liked it because the final twist was something I think up to that time had never been done before, at least not in comics, that I knew of. As for the actual writing and wordage, I'm fond of the story, PIPE DREAM, also in issue 36, because it's more delicate, flowery, almost poetic, and there were some passages I liked in an earlier tale, EASEL KILL YA.

Q. Were the VAULT OF HORROR stories your first professional attempt at writing, or had you done previous efforts?

A. I don't remember doing any writing before the VAULT OF HORROR, but I probably did, and it was probably for E.C.

Q. When you finally had control of the VAULT OF HORROR beginning with the cover of number 36, you seemed to be experimenting more and more with each succeeding cover; the man taut at the end of a rope (#37); the eerie lighting of the cover of number 38; the dramatic effect of the number 40 cover. Why were these so different from the straight illustrative covers that came before?

A. They appear to be different because I tried to give them a different interpretation. Since I had become the new editor, I wanted the book to have a different outlook, a different appearance to represent that fact. I do think I had a slightly different approach to the feeling of horror and now that I had full control, I wanted to see if I could interpret that feeling and still make it successful and effective.

Q. What made you add in the female counterpart, Drusilla, in the last few issues of the VAULT OF HORROR?

A. I don't remember exactly. I'm not sure there was a reason. Anytime there's a chance to draw a pretty girl, I'm not sure I have to have a reason. It was probably to begin or to offer something new within the Vault itself, other than the same old character saying the same old things. Eventually, if she had become popular enough, Drusilla may have taken charge of the book, or possibly may have been given a book of her own. Who knows?

Q. Did you think that the E.C. stories and art which you and your fellow artists were producing near the end were really guilty of going overboard on sex and violence?

A. In retrospect, most of the stories seem rather tame in comparison to some of the things that are in view today; but at the time I do think many of the stories were too gory, too ugly, simply too gruesome for my particular taste in horror tales. But then, they were horror tales, not ghost stories; and horror can be many things to many people. In contrast, blood and gore weren't necessarily "horror" to any number of readers. I think it might well have been kept to a minimum pictorially at least, which, to my taste, would have lent a higher quality to the books. The problem was, I think, that the reader became accustomed to the stories and gradually felt a lessening in their impact. They clamored for more and our competitors, trying to copy and outdo us, gave it to them. We, in turn, had to compete with that. It just became a vicious circle. I don't think our mags were overly sexy, and am sure we didn't offend people in that regard.

Q. Did you enjoy working on the New Direction titles, and which were your favorite ones?

A. Of the New Direction titles, I greatly enjoyed EXTRA. At the time, it was the most fascinating kind of story I could have wanted to do, precisely what I loved to do. I liked it because it was a clean type of story, a clean type of book, and it had many advantages for me as editor. It had an engaging character with whom I could become acquainted, consider a friend and get to know - someone whom I could develop and build on. It gave me the chance to take him anywhere in the world and do any kind of story that I felt like writing. I could bring in characters, take them out, and, in general, had unlimited freedom. It was great.

Q. What different effect were you trying for with the story in EXTRA #3, titled, DATELINE: ALGIERS?

A. That story was one of my favorites...not only because it gave me the chance to use so many words, but because it gave me the opportunity to try to present the story in a more adult fashion -- in a more interesting, illustrative fashion, with more freedom as to the display of the pictures and more time or space to work with words, which I previously hadn't been able to do using the standard format.

Q. Since your hobby was - and still is - photography, was it you who conceived the idea of producing the photos of the three Ghoulunatics....and if so, how did you go about handling the project?

A. No, this project was under the direction of Paul Kast who was on the office staff and a close personal friend of Bill Gaines. It was his idea and he, Al Feldstein, Bill Gaines and I got together for the picture taking session, but from then on it was Paul's baby. He handled all the mailings, making the prints, all the correspondence and work that it involved. I remember that when he had filled something like ten thousand orders, he took the entire

E.C. staff and their wives to a stage show and treated us to a tremendous dinner at Mama Leoni's. We had a marvelous evening.

Q. How did you feel about working for the Picto-Fictions?

A. I enjoyed it very much. I think most of the artists did. It was a great challenge in that even though we were allowed a greater freedom in depicting the story, it required a greater ability to do the job right. All in all, it was a very fine experience and something which I think most of the artists welcomed because it made us feel we were advancing and doing a better grade of art work - a more illustrative type of art work. I'm sorry it didn't go over better than it did.

Q. To what type of work did you turn after leaving E.C.?

A. Oh, if I remember correctly, I free-lanced for awhile; but primarily I just left the industry itself and went into advertising. I began in an art studio where practically all of the work was related to television commercials for some of the biggest sponsors and ad agencies in the country. I left to become an agency Art Director and after a few more years, was offered the position as Vice President and Art Director with a large ad agency-motion picture firm here in Pennsylvania where I now live. I stayed with them for seven or eight years, then decided to free-lance again. I guess the agency life is just not for me.

Q. What was it that spurred you into returning to the comics field in 1964 to do a story for UNKNOWN WORLDS in an ACG comic, and then again later in 1966 to work for CREEPY and EERIE?

A. Well, offhand, I could say money...but that's not the entire story. Having worked for eight or ten years in the agency field, I did have the opportunity to do many illustrations but I've never been really satisfied with the results, not only because there is such extreme deadline pressure but because I had to contend with so many other activities and responsibilities as an art director and executive. Consequently, I do like to just sit down and draw something and be relaxed while doing it; and when someone phones and says they want to pay me for doing something so nice and pleasant, it's just hard to turn down.

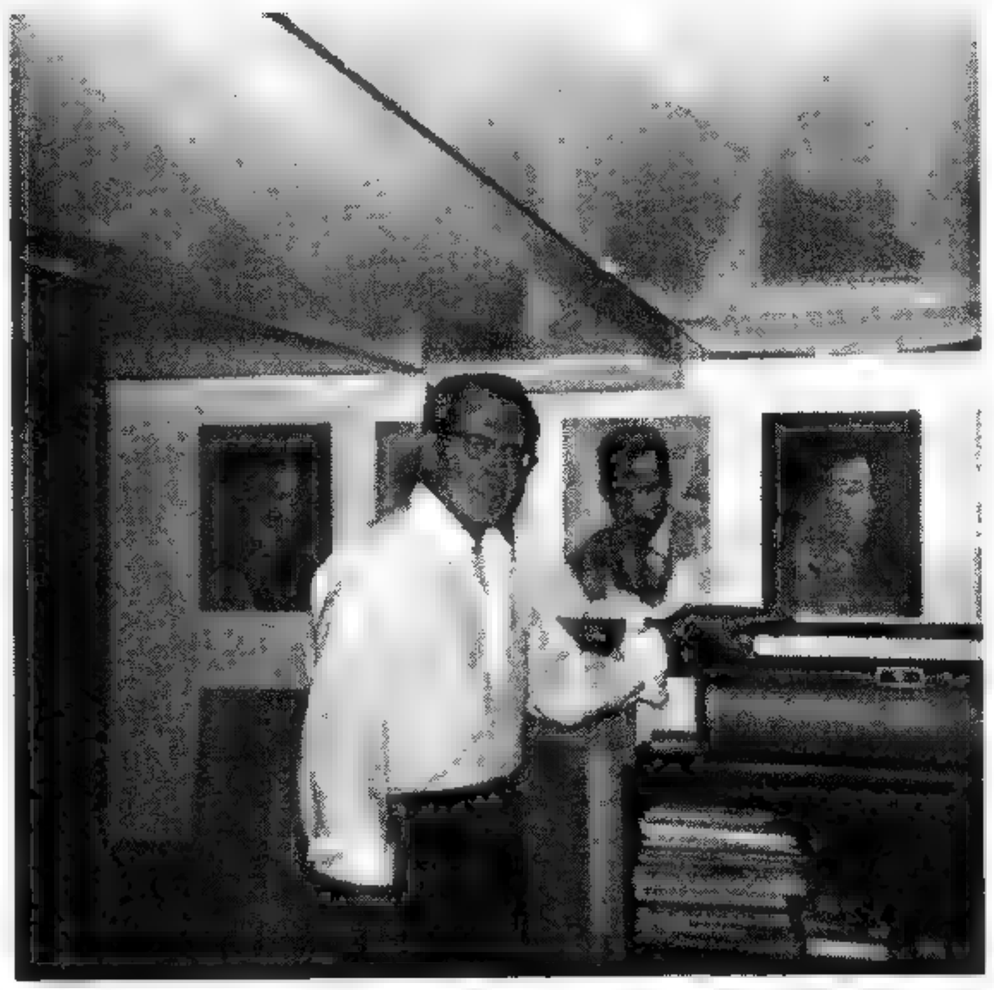
Q. Many fans have been puzzled over the pen name, Jay Taycee, which you used on some of your early work for CREEPY and EERIE. Is there any particular reason for using it?

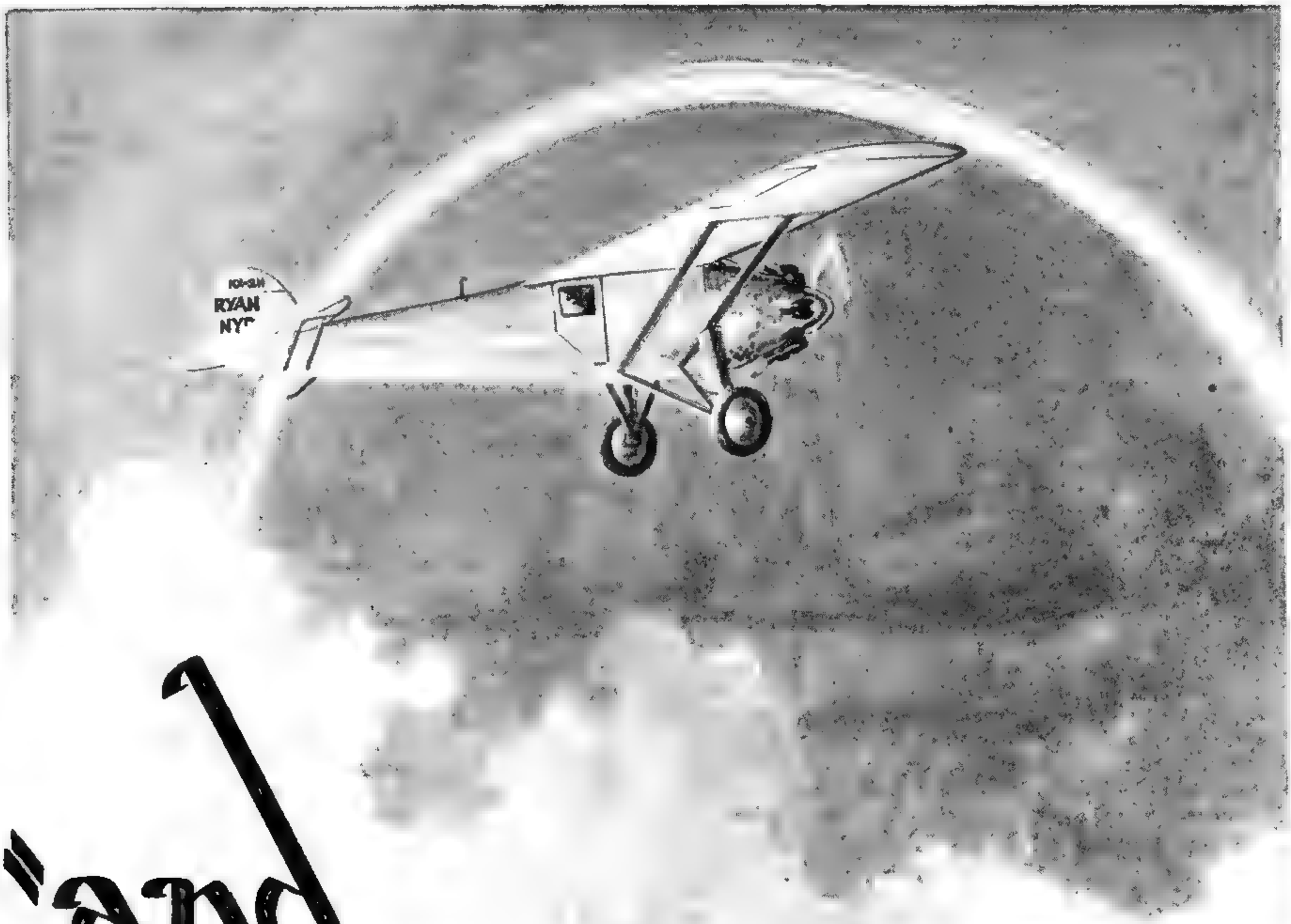
A. Oh, yes. At the time, the firm which employed me didn't want me to be doing illustrations for any of the other agencies and studios in the local area here in Pennsylvania and, though it didn't really apply to work done for firms in New York, I tried to honor their request anyway. I merely used the initials of my name, John Thomas Alexis Craig, and formed J.T.A.C., Jay Taycee.

Q. Do you expect to get more involved doing comic book illustrating in the future, or are you just going to limit yourself to doing pencils for IRON MAN each month. Also, why is it that you don't do your own inks too much anymore?

A. I think you're a bit confused. When I started doing IRON MAN, I always did the inking of my own pencils. However, they were never quite satisfied with the type of layout or pictorial presentation I would give, so I began doing only the inking on IRON MAN. Now and then they switch me over to inking other strips such as SUB-MARINER and I also do an occasional strip completely, pencils and inks, for their new mystery magazine, TOWER OF SHADOWS. As far as my future is concerned, I don't expect to stay in comics forever, though I enjoy the work and am truly grateful to the entire industry for all it has given and taught me. I am now slowly making arrangements to build a new studio and to become more directly involved with painting, illustration and portrait work.

- end -





"and Whatnot!"

by GEORGE EVANS

BEING A COLLECTION OF UNPUBLISHED ART. "THE AMAZING MERWIN" IS A SUNDAY STRIP— IT WAS NEVER COMPLETED.

PRESENTING —

THE Amazing MERWIN

MERWIN AMBROSE... A BRIGHT YOUNG MAN WHO WOULD PROBABLY BE A SUCCESS AT ALMOST ANYTHING HE TRIED — EXCEPT STAGE MAGIC, THE THING HE WANTS TO DO MOST IN THE WORLD, AND AT WHICH HE IS A COLOSSAL FLOP! ODDLY, HE IS GIFTED—OR CURSED—WITH THE ABILITY TO DO GRADE-A REAL MAGIC. BUT THIS TALENT IS CAPRICIOUS, APPEARING AT UNPREDICTABLE MOMENTS — GENERALLY EMBARRASSING ONES!

SYLVIE WARNER... MERV'S MANAGER... GREW UP WITH HIM... HAS SEEN SOMETHING OF HIS STRANGE TALENT, AND BELIEVES HE WILL SOMEDAY MASTER IT, IN SPITE OF HIS COMPLETE INEPTITUDE WITH THE SIMPLEST SLEIGHT-OF-HAND. LOVES MERV, BUT NOT FOR WORLDS WILL SHE ADMIT IT!

WALLY ALBERT... A SHARP, LOOK-OUT-FOR-NUMBER-ONE CHARACTER WHO WOULD DOUBLECROSS HIS OWN MOTHER FOR A DOLLAR OR A STEP UP THE LADDER. HAS AN EYE FOR PRETTY GIRLS, ESPECIALLY SYLVIE, AND FOR HER SAKE TOLERATES MERV.

NILA VANVLEET... RICH AND LOVELY DIVORCEE WHO IS TRYING TO CONVINCE INDIFFERENT MERV HE'S IN LOVE WITH HER.

LEO... TEMPERAMENTAL LION, PET OF TRIBUNE ALBERTUS. GREAT FAVORITE OF THE COLOSSEUM CROWD...

AND —

CAESAR (NOT JULIUS!) WHO CONDEMNS MERV TO DEATH IN THE ARENA, BUT HIS SCHEME BACKFIRES — AND HOW!!!

GEORGE EMY

OPENS TONITE

THE Amazing MERWIN

Magician Extraordinaire

SHOWS NIGHTLY 8:30 10:30

HMF!

AH, SYLVIE! KNEW I'D FIND YOU IN THIS DIVE WHEN I HEARD MERWIN WAS TO OPEN HERE. WHY DO YOU GO ON MANAGING THAT STUMBLEBUM?

BECAUSE, WALLY ALBERT, SOME DAY HE'S GOING TO BE A GREAT STAR!

HIM? MERWIN? HAHAHAHAHAAA! THAT STUPE DOESN'T KNOW WHICH WAY IS UP! HE COULDN'T GET A LAUGH AT THE HYENA CAGE! HE COULDN'T FOOL A BABY WITH HIS "MAGIC"! WHY, THAT MERWIN—

WAIT—TELL HIM! HERE HE COMES!

—WHY, THAT MERWIN'S THE GREATEST LI'L GUY IN THE WHOLE WORLD! I JUST HADDA COME DOWN TONIGHT TO CHEER HIM ON. I—

GEE, THANKS, WALLY! YOU'RE THE BEST FRIEND I HAVE!

!

YOU'RE ON NEXT, MERWIN. NOW YOU'RE SURE YOU HAVE YOUR ACT STRAIGHT THIS TIME?

AW, SYLVIE! YOU'VE WORKED ME ON IT TILL I CAN DO IT IN MY SLEEP!

LOTS O' LUCK, MERV...

... ALL OF IT BAD! HAW! HAW!

SYLVIE — DITCH THAT LITTLE CRUMB AND GIVE ME A TUMBLE! HE'S HOPELESS!

OH, NO! SO FAR HE'S BEEN A FLOP—BECAUSE HE GETS STAGE FRIGHT! BUT HE **CAN** DO MAGIC!

MAGIC? THE ONLY THING HE CAN GET OUT OF A HAT IS THE LINING! YOU MAKE HIM SOUND LIKE THE SEVENTH SON OF A SEVENTH SON!

WHY—HE **IS**! MAYBE THAT'S IT! HE HAS **SOME** KIND OF POWER...

BAH! SYLVIE, YOU'RE GONE ON THE GUY!

YOU'RE **CRAZY**! BUT THERE'S A GAL WHO IS! NILA VAN VLEET—

THE RICH SOCIETY DISH? SHE'S HAD FIVE HUSBANDS ALREADY—ALL BETTER MEN THAN OL' MERV!

WELL—SHE PLANS TO MAKE HIM NUMBER SIX, POOR BOY! SSSH— THERE'S HIS CUE...

NOW, LET'S SEE... AS THE CURTAIN RISES, I TOSS THE POWDER, FLICK IGNITER—AND COME ON OUT OF A PUFF OF SMOKE AND FLAME! HEH! HEH!

...AND THIS TIME **NOTHING** CAN GO WRONG!

GEORGE EVANS

THE Amazing MERWIN

...BRACADABRA... PRESTO... CHANGE! AND.. MAGNUS DEUS QUID HOC SIBI VULT! YIIIIIII!

QUID HOC SIBI VULT! YIII

YIIIII! WHA... WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE AM I?

MERVINUS! YOU SHOULDN'T BE HERE! AND THAT IDIOTIC DISGUISE! IF THE GUARDS CATCH YOU, THEY'LL...THEY'LL **KILL** YOU!

BUT... BUT... BUT... BUT...

SSSSH! SOMEONE'S COMING! PROBABLY TRIBUNE ALBERTUS! HERE! GET BEHIND THE DRAPES! QUICKLY!

BUT I... BUT YOU... HE... IT... WHO... I...I...

AI, AI, AI!!

NOK! NOK!

I HEARD A **MAN'S** VOICE, ALURA! WHERE IS HE? I'LL **KILL** HIM!

OH, ALBERTUS! THERE'S NO MAN HERE! IT WAS... AH... I... AH... HUMMING...

YOU? A BARITONE?!

BUT DEAR—I'VE GOT A COLD. THESE DRAFTY OLD VILLAS, YOU KNOW! DON'T YOU **TRUST** ME?

TRUST YOU? WHY, I TRUST YOU AS COMPLETELY AS I'D TRUST A...

... **SERPENT**!

ALBERTUS! NO! **NO**!

WH-WHY— HE LOOKS JUST LIKE MY PAL, WALLY ALBERT! UH—

HA!

GEORGE EVANS

THE GREAT AIR RACE

STORY AND PICTURES

BY

the EC family

As most fans know, collecting in this day and age has become a very expensive hobby. This is especially true in the case of book collectors where books can date back to when the English alphabet was first introduced. This can run into thousands of dollars.

But to be more practical, let's take as an example Edgar Rice Burroughs books which date back to first publication in 1912. Along with almost every successful hardbound, magazine, or comic book, there are going to be editions printed in foreign countries with, of course, the text being in the language of that country. Since there have been numerous foreign edition Burroughs books printed throughout the world, a completist Burroughs collector could easily blow his mind and his wallet locating and purchasing them. Foreign editions are nice to have, though, and sometimes quite attractive in appearance. For most fans, it is curiosity that spurs them on to buying these foreign editions...a desire to see the different artwork or text changes which might have been made. With other fans, it might be the desire to have at least one example of each foreign edition - not caring too much about how diverse they are, but just so he can say he owns at least one copy from each foreign country that printed them. Lastly, you have the completist who already has every English edition and tries to get every foreign edition printed because it's the only thing he has left to shoot for.

Whatever the reason, foreign editions are interesting, nevertheless. E.C. comics were no exception. First foreign editions issued of E.C. comics were printed by Superior Publishers Limited of Canada in 1950. Gaines could have just shipped American E.C. comics up to Canada, but Canadian import taxes being as high as they were wouldn't have made it a profitable transaction. Since it cost too much to ship metal plates, Gaines decided to have rubber plates made up for easy shipment. These plates were sold to Superior for $200 per plate, and believe it or not, this was all the royalties Gaines realized from the Canadians.

Since the Canadian editions were printed from rubber plates, reproduction was usually very poor. As far as is known, they reprinted every different title E.C. published. On early reprints, the E.C. seal was left on the cover in its appropriate place, but later editions were printed with the Superior seal. Reprints were exactly like the E.C.'s except they always dropped the "letters" column, and replaced it with more ads.

One major change that Superior made was to create a new title for Crime Suspenstories. They redesigned the title logo, dropping the word "Crime" - replacing it with "Weird" - creating Weird Suspenstories. It would be nice if a Canadian E.C. checklist could be presented here, but my knowledge of them is rather limited.

Near the demise of E.C., all the metal plates from the E.C. New Trend comics were sold to Mexico for the firm sum of $2,000. Mexican reprints began to appear about 1957. Here again, we find reproduction below par. The covers featured mediocre copies of individual panels lifted from one of the E.C. stories inside the book. These comics had the sloppiest color work imaginable. They were published by Una Revista Publications in Mesones, Mexico and all reprints were retitled under some elaborate mass of words indicating horror.

One interesting title under which E.C.'s were reprinted was "Cuentos De Abuelito" which has rather an odd translation -- "Stories of My Grandfather." How does this title convey horror? After talking with Mr. Manuel Avila, Squa Tront's correspondent and advisor from Mexico, it was learned that the title "Stories of My Grandfather" relates back many years ago. It seems that Mexican grandfathers have been telling their grandchildren ghostly and macabre horror stories for decades. It has actually

developed into a tradition. Mr. Avila also pointed out that the grandfathers weren't really nasty old men just trying to scare their children, but were merely helping to keep the little ones off the streets and out of trouble. The neighborhood children would gather around the storyteller and entire evenings were spent listening to these frightening tales. When the session was ended, the young people would hurry to the safety of their homes, not daring to roam the streets after dark and thus delinquency was almost an unheard of problem.

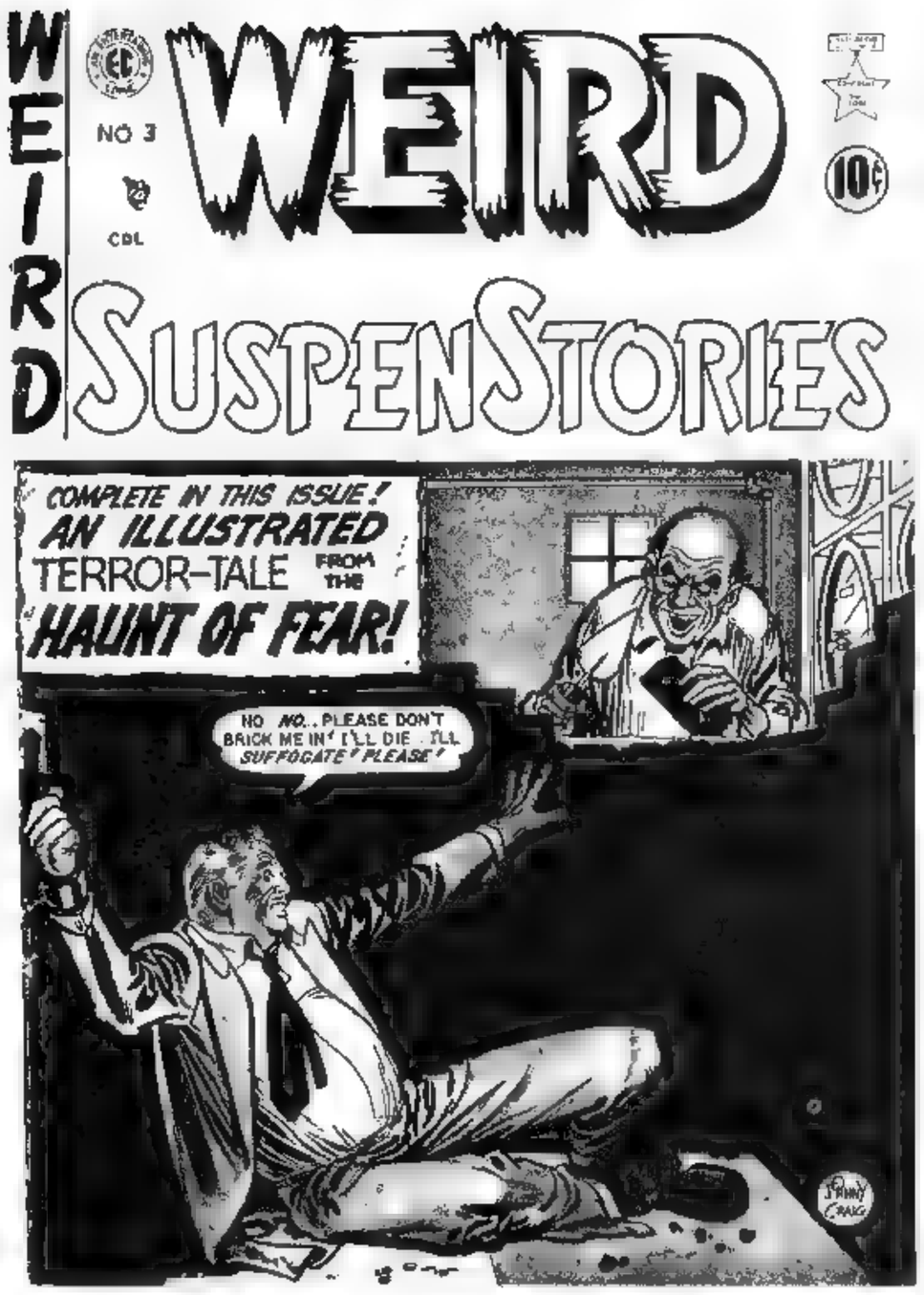
Not only were the titles changed, but also the headings over each of the three ghoulunatics stories were relettered in Spanish, which brought about some interesting changes. Example: The Witch's Cauldron became "El Caldero de la Bruja" - Vault of Horror became "La Caverna Del Horror" - and Crypt of Terror became "La Cripta Del Terror." Of course, the entire text was also in Spanish. For some reason, many of the artists' signatures were blotted out or just completely removed from their stories. Why? ..... Who knows?

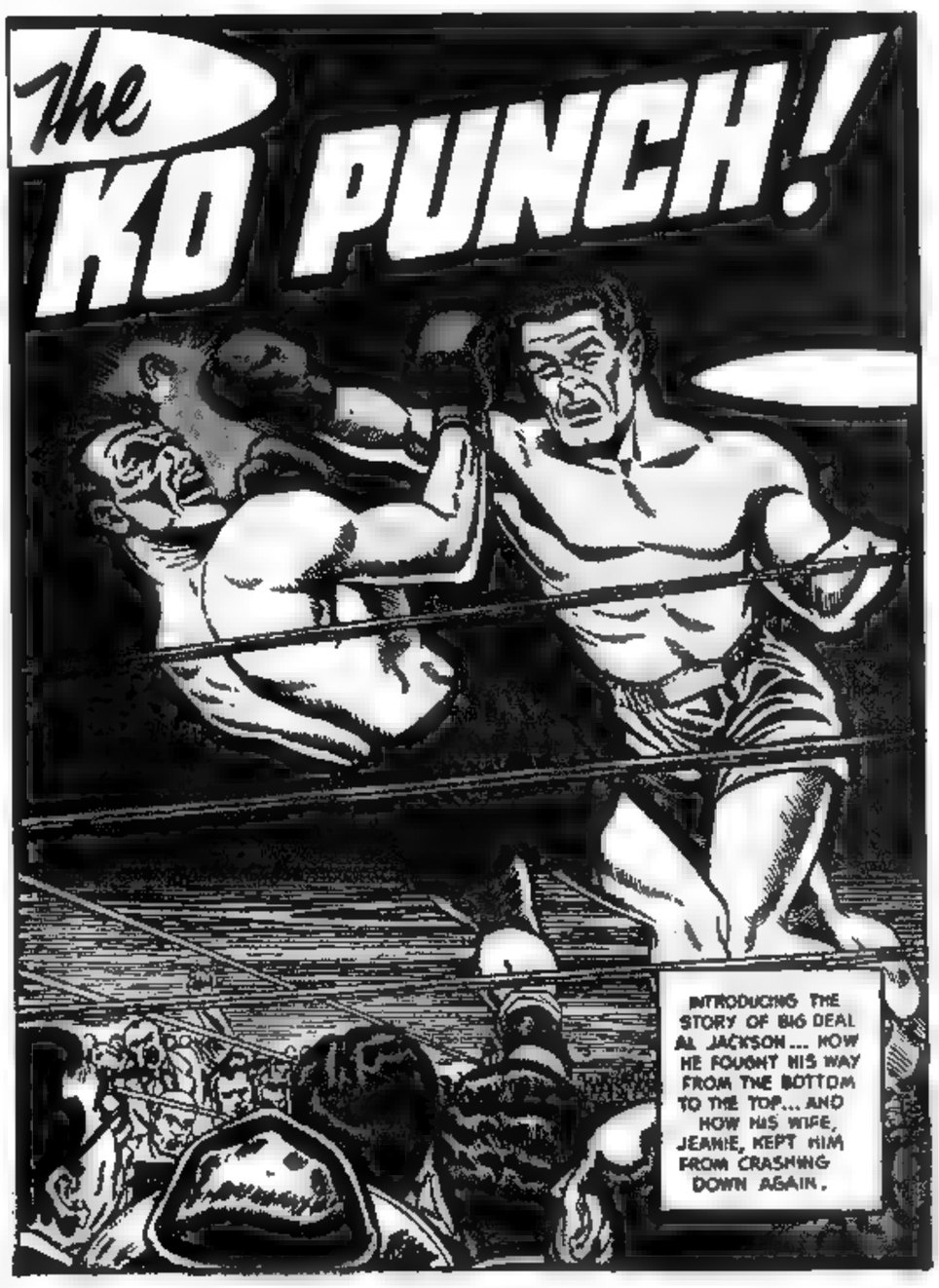
Each Mexican E. C. reprint bore the seal of approval by the Comics Magazine Association. It was the exact same code that U. S. comics went by, because these comics did see a limited amount of circulation in the U. S. But this would leave a question to ponder...how could pre-1955 E. C. Horror comics be approved by the code? I wouldn't doubt that these titles are still being released; but I'm sure they aren't reprinting E. C.'s anymore. The ones reproduced here are dated 1961 and I'm sure that in the last nine years, they've completely relinquished their supply of E. C.'s. Also, according to Bill Gaines, the only thing in connection with E. C. being reprinted in foreign editions now is MAD Magazines and pocketbooks.

Sometime before the New Trend folded, Gaines also gave permission to the L. Miller and Co. of England to reprint some of the E. C.'s. Once again, it would have been impossible to send them the plates, so he sent proof sheets. These English editions came out in 68-page giants under such titles as "Black Magic," "Zombie," "Mystic" and various other names. Most of these publications had spotty reproductions and were not in color.

There is just one other reprint comic which should be mentioned here and it isn't a foreign publication at all. I am referring to Incredible Science Fiction #30 reprinted by the I. W. Publishing Company around 1962. Reproduction on this job was outstanding, and the original "letters" column was also reprinted. Instead of using the original cover by Davis, they reprinted the cover of an old Avon comic book - Strange Planets #3 - and renumbered it No. 1. Aaah....I know what a lot of you might be thinking. Perhaps someone has cleverly inserted an actual Incredible #30 contents into this Strange Planets cover, thinking to make a good little profit for himself. I too had this in mind; but after comparing ads with the real Incredible #30, I found they were in complete disagreement with each other.

This concludes it as far as the foreign editions go. Another interesting project E. C. ventured into was a series of educational pamphlets illustrated in the comic-book form for the Communication Materials Center at Columbia University. These small comic booklets dealt with the problems which face young people upon growing up - either in single or married life. Almost all were illustrated by pre-trend E. C. artists. One in particular, titled "The Knock Out Punch" (concerning veneral disease) was illustrated by Al Fieldstein, Fred Peters, Shelly Modalf, and Jack Kamen, in a collaboration. Since no date was printed on these pamphlets, there's no way to pinpoint the year they were printed. Judging from the artists and their art styles, I would say they came out around 1948-1949.




the KO PUNCH!
INTRODUCING THE STORY OF BIG DEAL AL JACKSON... HOW HE FOUGHT HIS WAY FROM THE BOTTOM TO THE TOP... AND HOW HIS WIFE, JEANIE, KEPT HIM FROM CRASHING DOWN AGAIN.

AN INTIMATE AND INFORMAL VIEW OF THE ENTERTAINING COMIC GROUP HARD AT WORK

THANK YOU FOR YOUR NOTE! IT'LL HELP US IN CHOOSING THE KIND OF STORIES YOU WANT US TO PUBLISH!

EC

OH! ISN'T THIS THRILLING! A REAL PORTRAIT OF ME!

AFTER ALL THE JOKES I'VE TOLD THESE GUYS, LOOK AT THE MODEL THEY GAVE ME!

JOE, QUICK! HE-L-LP! THERE'S SOMETHING HORRIBLE ON THE END OF MY LINE!!

HEY, AL! WHAT'LL I DO WITH THIS LAST BATCH OF LETTUCE?

W. Gaines

N Kurtzman

PAUL KAST

JOHNNY CRAIG

JACK KAMEN

G. Ingels

Joe Orlando

ZZZZZZZZ HMPH! ZZZ!

HE'S ALLUS IMAGININ' SUMTHIN'.... I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE GETS THESE WEIRD IDEAS!

THIS IS A CALM DAY! YOU OUGHT TO SEE THEM WHEN THEY REALLY GET STARTED!

BUSINESS MGR.

MR. LEE

DUH!... HELLO, MR. WOODY!... I SURE HAVE... DUH!... WANTED TO MEET YOU DUH!... YOU EVER DRAW ME... DUH!..... DRAW ME... DUH! DUH!... NICE!

YES, SUH, WE MEAN YA TAWKIN'! YES SUH! WE ALL IS AWN TH' BAWL, SUH!

WOOD

NOW I WANT YOU GUYS TO GET OUT THERE AND MAKE THEM STORIES REAL! REAL YA HEAR!

WHY, IF THAT KNOT-HEAD WASN'T WEARIN' A HELMET I'D KNOCK HIM ONE ON TO SIDE OF THAT BIG SHELL HE'S USING FOR A BRAIN-CASE!

SEVERIN

ELDER

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO, PAUL! THROW IT OUT! THERE ISN'T ANY MORE ROOM IN HERE!

ELDERSTEIN

EEEK! OH! THAT FALL ELDER IS ENOUGH TO FRIGHTEN ANYONE!

The National
E.C. Fan-Addict Club
BULLETIN
Nov. 1953 Number 1

Dear Fan-Addict,

Well, here the silly thing finally is! Our first bulletin! Took a long time coming, eh? We're truly sorry. Actually, we've been so busy with so many new projects that we honestly haven't had the time to sit down and get this off before today. But new projects mean news...and that's one of the things this bulletin is for. And since you're a Fan-Addict, you're entitled to the scoops.

3-D: At this writing, there are two E.C. 3-D mags kicking around. As usual, we've tried to outdo the field. We have included in each mag, two 3-D viewers, with four earpieces. No other 3-D mag can make that statement! And are these viewers versatile! Adjustable ear-pieces for egg-heads; adaptable for four-eyed egg-heads; and, once assembled, able to be folded and placed in pocket or mag for safekeeping...without bending earpieces! Only "molten-dyed" optically clear acetate color filters were used...far superior to the type made by printing the color upon clear acetate, which results in fogging and mottling.

THREE DIMENSIONAL EC CLASSICS (3-D No. 1) contains four of E.C.'s best yarns in the fields of humor, science-fiction, war, and suspence...completely rewritten and redrawn especially for 3-D...by Wood, Krigstein, Evans, and Ghastly Graham Ingels. Four truly gorgeous pieces of work! Cover masterpieced by Kurtzman.

THREE DIMENSIONAL TALES FROM THE CRYPT OF TERROR (3-D No. 2) features four of E.C.'s top horror stories...lovingly turned out by Davis, Elder, Craig, and Orlando. Four more gems of 3-D art! Cover dreamed up by Feldstein.

The 3-D process used was invented by an old gentleman by the name of Freeman H. Owens, and patented seventeen years ago. Most 3-D comics appear to have utilized this process, and Mr. Owens is in the process of instituting patent infringement proceedings against the various publishers of same. E.C. was the only publishing company to obtain a license from Mr. Owens.

Printed with 3-D inks especially manufactured for E.C. by the Superior Ink Co. of N.Y., on extra-heavy 45 pound bleached stock, these mags contain only one page of inside advertising...and that's in 3-D. The price? Two bits!

Read all 3-D mags under good strong light. Reading 3-D mags sharpens up your stereo vision...if eye-strain results, it's probable that your eye muscles need a little working with. So don't be discouraged...take it slowly, and read a little every day till you get used to it. But remember...strong light!

Gossip: George Evans is the proud papa of a new baby daughter, his second. Name's Janice Ruth. Feldstein's leading the pack...just had his third gal, Jamie Lynn. The Craigs' third addition is a Scotch terrier, name of "Scruff." The Jack Kamens are expecting their third...they already have two sons. Jack and Deena Davis...as well as Johnny and Mickey Severin...are expecting their first! The Wally Woods moved into a new apartment, migrating into mid-town Manhattan from the wilds of Queens. Al Williamson just broke his eleventh engagement...he's so fickle!

Our business manager, Frank Lee, has retired...At present, cruising around the Caribbean. Our new business mgr. is Lyle Stuart. Our beloved Ruby Kast is no longer with us...she's expecting shortly. Added two gals to the mail-order, subscription, and fan-mail department: Jackie Abrams and Shirley Norris. But boss-gal Nancy Siegel still swamped.

Weird Science-Fantasy: Now being engraved, E.C.'s combined 15¢ science-fiction quarterly will blossom forth with a radically new and different cover design. The stories are some of the very best we've done to date in s-f. Wood does the cover, and then leads off with a shocker about outer-space colonization. Williamson follows with an alien civilization yarn. Krigstein takes care of third spot with an adaptation of Ray Bradbury's "The Flying Machine," the original of which appears in Ray's new book, "The Golden Apples of the Sun." Joe Orlando winds up with a "twist-ending" tale that'll tickle your fancy. We think this is one swell issue...and we've got our fingers crossed that the extra nickle tariff won't scare away our regular readership... 'cause we'd like to continue publishing s-f.

New Mag: Also being engraved, the first issue of E.C.'s new humor mag... PANIC. The cover (this issue,drawn by Feldstein) follows the same format as its companion mag, MAD! (MAD, incidently, is selling like wildfire all over the country...and the imitations are springing up, as always, like weeds!) Davis, Orlando, Kamen, and Elder will chuckle your ribs in that order with their latest lampooning efforts. See it...buy it...create a PANIC!

Back Issue Trading Post: Seems just about all of you Fan-Addicts want back-issues. To print a list of all of you that want them would virtually mean to reproduce the entire membership roll of the club...which, incidently, numbers at this writing close to 9000...and we obviously haven't the room. So this is how it'll work. We're gonna attack the problem from the other end! If you've got back issues you want to get rid of...either by selling or trading...fill out the coupon below and mail it in. We'll print as many names as possible in the second issue of this bulletin.

E.C. Fan-Addict Club
Room 706; Trading Post Dept.
225 Lafayette Street
N.Y. 12, N.Y.

I got back issues I wanna sell or trade.

☐ I got MAD
☐ I got s-f
☐ I got horror
☐ I got war
☐ I got SuspenStories
☐ I got measles

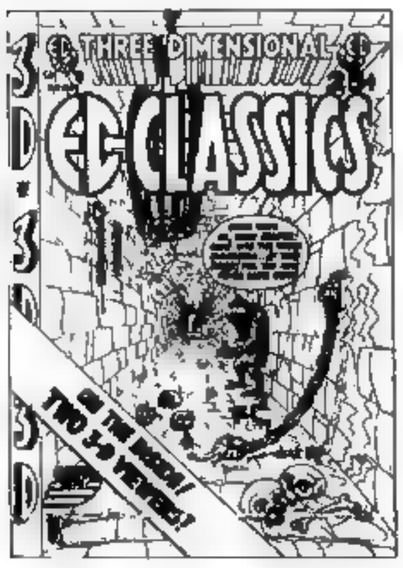
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone ___ State _____

Plug: One of our old fans...Bobby Stewart, Route 4, Kirbyville Texas...beat us to the punch and got out two issues of "The EC Fan Bulletin" before we got around to writing our first. He sells 'em for a dime apiece. Seems to have hotter news than we do...revealed the title PANIC at a time we thought only three people knew it! Still haven't figured out how he knew!

Bulletin price: Eventually we'll be forced to charge a pittance or so for a subscription to this rag. Membership is growing so fast that the postage will soon become a sizable item, to say nothing of printing. But this issue is on the house!



Covers: The above will give you a rough idea what the mags mentioned will look like. More news next issue. Till then...

E-C-ing you! - Your Grateful Editors

The E.C. Fan-Addict Club Bulletin
Room 706
225 Lafayette Street
New York City 12, N.Y.

Third Class Mail

March 1954

The National E.C. Fan-Addict Club BULLETIN

Number 2

Dear Fan-Addict,

Well, here it is! The second issue of our Bulletin. So without further ado, let's get right into it!

NEWS: To replace the now dead Frontline Combat and Weird Fantasy, we at E.C. are contemplating two new titles. A meeting of all our writer-editors and artists was held recently in order to discuss the problem of just what to put out. The following are under consideration: (1) a fourth horror mag starring the three GhouLunatics, called the Crypt of Terror; (2) some sort of private-eye mag; (3) a magazine of sea stories; (4) a mag of airplane stories; (5) a few highly intriguing new-type ideas that we'd rather not mention, as some rival editors might be members of this fan-club! We'd like to hear from you fan-addicts re what YOU'D like to see us do. Who knows... what evil ideas lurk in the hearts of you fan-addicts?!

GOSSIP: The Jack KAMENS, who were expecting their third little fan-addict, forged ahead of the pack with a pair of twins...a boy and a girl...Mitch and Terry. Congratulations, congratulations. Johnny and Mickey SEVERIN are now the proud parents of a baby girl...Mary Frances. Deena DAVIS presented hubby Jack with a new son and heir, Jack Jr. The Bill ELDERS just moved into their own ivy-covered Jersey cottage. Joe ORLANDO present gorgeous wife Gloria with a new fluttering 30 inch T.V. set! The Harvey KURTZMANS are expecting their second. Al WILLIAMSON just broke his twelfth engagement... still fickle!

BACK ISSUE TRADING POST: Coupons from the last issue have been pouring in from fan-addicts eager to sell or trade back issues of E.C. mags with you other slap-happy creeps. (Incidently, at this writing, the club membership stands at approximately 17,700. So the following ought to receive plenty of inquiries.) If you're interested in back issues, these fan-addicts claim to have them:

David Decherd	5902 Anita	Dallas 6, Tex.	*M SF H W SS
Carl Shapiro	3495 Boulevard	Jersey City, N.J.	M SF H W SS
Richard Dzenis	317 North East	Indianapolis, Ind.	M SF H W SS
Dick Tabb	5069 Courbille	Detroit, Mich.	SF H SS
Letha Joe Evans	Box 258	Jonesville, N.C.	M SF H SS
Edward Schaller	401 W. Fern St.	Philadelphia, Pa.	M SF H SS
Edward Wigelius	3557 Valencia Rd.	Jacksonville 4, Fla.	M SF H W SS
Betty Maino	198 Idaho Rd.	Youngstown 9, Ohio	M SF H SS
Richard Lederer	6116 18th Ave.	Brooklyn 4, N.Y.	M SF H W SS
George Ormisten	1417 N.W. 21	Oklahoma City, Okla.	SF H W SS
Ted Watkins	626 E. Lyndon	Flint 5, Mich.	M SF H W SS
Robert Ridolphi	948 S. Lawrence	Montgomery 6, Ala.	M SF H SS
Joe Wagner, Jr.	51 Jersey St.	Trenton 10, N.J.	M SF H W SS
Wayne Fenner	226 Thurbers Ave.	Providence, R.I.	M SF H W SS
Roberta Cook	96 Norwar[illegible] St.	Newark 6, N.J.	M SF H
Juliet Nagel	242 Rosedale Ave.	Bronx, N.Y.	M SF H SS
John Giglio	31-37 43rd Street	Long Island City, NY	M SF H W SS
Bert DuPont	2955 Dexter St.	Denver, Colo.	SF H W SS
Ivan Goldman	2972 E. 78 St.	Chicago 49, Ill.	M SF H W SS
Jim Kropp	8317 Monroe	St. Louis 14, Mo.	M SF H W SS
James Wills	2011 Edgeland Ave.	Louisville 4, KY.	SF H W SS
Sonny Myers	4407 Colonial Dr.	Columbia 3, S.C.	M SF H W SS
J.L. Richman	1064 Caroll Place	Bronx 56, N.Y.	M SF H W SS
Steve Francis	2150 34th Ave.	Oakland, Calif.	M SF H
Henry E. Johnson	2519 Pierce Ave.	Houston 3, Texas	M SF H W SS
William S. Cobun	2731 Harrison Ave.	Cincinati, Ohio	M SF H W SS
Abe Hoffman	1023½ Sentinal Ave.	Los Angeles, Calif.	M SF H W SS
Joe Caldwell	587 S. Crest Rd.	Chattanooga, Tenn.	SF H W SS
Stanford Grossman	22508 Kane (South)	Detroit, Mich.	M SF H SS
Paul Ayan	80 Alleghany St.	Boston 20, Mass.	SF H W
Pauline Bobbett	3627 Southward Dr.	Gulfport, Miss.	M H SS
Michael Bogost	5317 Uhiuhi St.	Honolulu 16, Hawaii	M
James Brown	661 Ave. A	Reading, Pa.	H W SS

John Berman	15 Overlook Road	White Plains, N.Y.	M SF H SS
Jimmy Tuten	612 Lee Ave.	Waycross, Ga.	M SF H W SS
John Fugler	2001 Cherokee Ave.	Baton Rouge, La.	SF
Jerry Drescher	65 Lillian Ave.	Freeport, N.Y.	M W
Mickey Cawthon	2218 Pickett St.	Greenville, Tex.	M SF H W SS
Edwin Lilveholm	12 Sutherland Rd.	Brookline, Mass.	H
Allan Katz	7730 Main St.	Flushing, L.I., N.Y.	W SS
Charles Callahan	131 Chestnut St.	Marlboro, Mass.	M H SS
Joseph Langlois	568-82 St.	Brooklyn 9, N.Y.	M SF H W SS
Carl McGregor	679 Cottage St.	New Bedford, Mass.	H W SS
Allan Burke	4405 W. Jackson Blvd.	Chicago 24, Ill.	M SF
Sheldon Hack	4259 Clements	Detroit, Mich.	M SF H W
Jerry Gibbons	212 E. Goodall	Marion, Ill.	H W
Danny Kemper	4017 Karlisle Ave.	Baltimore, Md.	SF H SS
Billy Meyers	102 Sequoia Dr.	Chattanooga, Tenn.	W
Jeffrey Allen	16202 Delrey	Cleveland, Ohio	H W
Ron Wheeler	20456 Keating	Detroit, Mich.	SF H W
Ronald Johnson	5 E. Ozburn St.	Pinckneyville, Ill.	M SF H W SS

* M - Mad; SF - Weird Science, Weird Fantasy; H - Haunt of Fear, Tales from the Crypt, Vault of Horror; W - Two-Fisted Tales, Frontline Combat; SS - Crime SuspenStories, Shock SuspenStories.

CLUB MEMBERSHIP PRICE AND BULLETIN: Good news for all you fan-addicts! We have decided not to charge a subscription price for this Bulletin. But you can imagine what the cost is for printing and mailing 17,700 (and rising fast) copies of this Bulletin. So rather than charge extra for it, we will in part defray the costs by raising the membership price FOR NEW MEMBERS to 50¢. All you charter members get in under the wire! The date for the switch-over will be June 1st, 1954. No 25¢ memberships will be accepted if the letter is post-marked after that date. So if you want to get your friends in cheap, get 'em in now!

FAVOR: How would you like to be a road-man for E.C.? How would you like to have a hand in increasing our sales, and insuring our continued success? We feel we can sell our mags if they're displayed properly. You can, with very little effort, help us get better display...if you care to! Everytime you pass your newsstand, fish out the E.C.'s from the bottom of the piles or racks and put 'em up on top or front...BUT PLEASE, YOU MONSTERS, DO IT NEATLY! And if your newsdealer does not carry all the E.C. titles, ask him to order them from his wholesaler...BUT PLEASE, YOU MONSTERS, DO IT POLITELY! With good distribution and prominent display, your chances of continuing to be entertained by us will be that much greater.

More trading-post names next issue...and perhaps addresses of local chapters for those of you who may wish to join. Till then...

E-C-ing you! - Your Grateful Editors

The E.C. Fan-Addict Club Bulletin
Room 706
225 Lafayette Street
New York City 12, N.Y.

Third Class Mail

The National
E. C. Fan-Addict Club
BULLETIN

June 1954 Number 3

Dear Fan-Addict,

THIS IS AN EMERGENCY BULLETIN!

This is an appeal for action!

THE PROBLEM: Comics are under fire...horror and crime comics in particular. Due to the efforts of various "do-gooders" and "do-gooder" groups, a large segment of the public is being led to believe that certain comic magazines cause juvenile delinquency, warp the minds of America's youth, and affect the development of the personalities of those who read them! Among these "do-gooders" are: a psychiatrist who has made a lucrative career of attacking comic magazines, certain publishing companies who do not publish comics and who would benefit by their demise, many groups of adults who would like to blame their lack of ability as responsible parents on comic mags instead of on themselves, and various assorted headline hunters. These people are militant. They complain to local police officials, to local magazine retailers, to local wholesalers, and to their congressmen. They complain and complain and threaten and threaten. Eventually, everyone gets frightened. The newsdealer gets frightened. He removes the books from display. The wholesaler gets frightened. He refuses shipments. The congressmen get frightened...November is coming! They start an investigation. This wave of hysteria has seriously threatened the very existence of the whole comic magazine industry.

WE BELIEVE: Your editors sincerely believe that the claim of these crusaders...that comics are bad for children...is nonsense. If we, in the slightest way, thought that horror comics, crime comics, or any other kind of comics were harmful to our readers, we would cease publishing them and direct our efforts toward something else!

And we're not alone in our belief. For example: Dr. David Abrahamsen, eminent criminologist, in his book, "Who Are The Guilty?" says, "Comic books do not lead to crime, although they have been widely blamed for it...In my experience as a psychiatrist, I cannot remember having seen one boy or girl who has committed a crime, or who became neurotic or psychotic...because he or she read comic books." A group led by Dr. Freda Kehm, Mental Health Chairman of the Ill. Congress of the P. T. A., decided that living room violence has "a decided beneficial effect on young minds". Dr. Robert H. Felix, director of the National Institute of Mental Health, said that horror comic books do not originate criminal behavior in children...in a way, the horror comics may do some good...children may use fantasy, as stimulated by the "comics" as a means of working out natural feelings of aggressiveness.

We also believe that a large portion of our total readership of horror and crime comics is made up of adults. We believe that those who oppose comics are a small minority. Yet this minority is causing the hysteria. The voice of the majority...you who buy comics, read them, enjoy them, and are not harmed by them...has not been heard!

WHAT YOU MUST DO: Unless you act now, the pressure from this minority may force comics from the American scene. It is members of this minority who threaten the local retailers, who threaten the local wholesalers, who have sent letters to the Senate Subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency (now investigating the comic industry).

IT IS TIME THAT THE MAJORITY'S VOICE BE HEARD!

It is time that the Senate Subcommittee hears from YOU...each and every one of you!

If you agree that comics are harmless entertainment, write a letter or a postcard
TODAY...to: The Senate Subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency
United States Senate
Washington 25, D. C.
and in your own words, tell them so. Make it a nice, polite letter! In the case of you younger readers, it would be more effective if you could get your parents to write for you, or perhaps add a P.S. to your letter, as the Senate Subcommittee may not have much respect for the opinions of minors.

Of course, if you or your parents disagree with us, and believe that comics ARE bad, let your sentiments be known on that too! The important thing is that the Subcommittee hear from actual comic book readers and/or their parents, rather than from people who never read a comic magazine in their lives, but simply want to destroy them.

It is also important that your local newsdealer be encouraged to continue carrying, displaying, and selling all kinds of comics. Speak to him. Have him speak to his wholesaler.

Wherever you can, let your voice and the voices of your parents be raised in protest over the campaign against comics.

But first...right now...please write that letter to the Senate Subcommittee.

Sincerely,

Your grateful editors
(for the whole E. C. Gang)

The E. C. Fan-Addict Club Bulletin
Room 706
225 Lafayette Street
New York City 12, N. Y.

Third Class Mail

GO MAD!
join the
E.C.
FAN-ADDICT CLUB

September 1954

The National E. C. Fan-Addict Club BULLETIN

Number 4

Dear Fan-Addict,

With school about to start, and you miserable, we thought we'd cheer you up with another bulletin!

NEWS: Now that you're cheered up, this'll make you miserable again...we're certainly miserable about it! As will shortly be announced in our Horror and SuspenStory mags on sale in October, we at E.C. are giving up! WE'VE HAD IT! As a result of what we believe to be hysterical, injudicious, and unfounded charges leveled at crime and horror comics, many retailers and wholesalers throughout the country have been intimidated into refusing to handle this type of magazine. Magazines that do not reach the newsstands cannot sell. Economically our situation is acute. So we are forced to capitulate. We are dropping Tales from the Crypt, The Vault of Horror, The Haunt of Fear, Crime SuspenStories, and Shock SuspenStories.

However, along with this obituary notice comes a birth announcement. E.C. IS PLANNING A NEW NEW TREND! In January of 1955, we hit! In fact, we hit with five (5) sensational new titles. They won't be horror magazines and they won't be crime magazines...they'll be utterly new and different - but in the old reliable E.C. tradition! Naturally, we can't tell you what they'll be YET...some of our competitors may be Fan-Addict Club members...but when the new titles are ready to go, you'll be the first to know, via the next bulletin.

GOSSIP: The Harvey Kurtzman's new arrival arrived...a furshlugginer boy...Peter John (pronounced Potrzebie). Beloved Ruby Kast is back part-time, helping Nancy Siegel in the subscription department. Gloria Orlando, Joe's beautiful wife, is also pitching in part-time in the sub dept. Dick Polenberg, executive vice-president in charge of the stock room, enters college this fall. How we'll get along without this kid, we don't know! Business manager Lyle Stuart has a new assistant, who doubles as circulation manager...Bob Salomon. Dick Smith is another new addition to the editorial staff...research assistant to Kurtzman and Feldstein. Dick, and wife Barbara, are expecting their second. Al Williamson just broke his thirteenth engagement... perpetually fickle!

PLUGS: Quite a few privately printed E.C. Fan Magazines have sprung up around the country. We're amazed at the info some of these sheets contain. Even our own mothers don't know the things these guys dig up. You might be interested in subscribing to a few. We are not connected in any way with any of them:

POTRZEBIE	c/o Ted E. White	1014 N. Tuckahoe St.	Falls Church, Va.
E.C. FAN JOURNAL	c/o Mike May	9428 Hobart St.	Dallas, Texas
E.C. SLIME SHEET	c/o Ernie Crites	6000 S. Wood St.	Chicago, Ill.
E.C. SCOOP	c/o Barry Cronin	955 Walton Ave.	N.Y.C.

Any publishers of E.C. Fanzines not mentioned above who would like a plug in the next F.A.C. Bulletin, send in a copy!

GRATEFUL THANKS: We would like to thank, most sincerely, all of you FAN-ADDICTS who volunteered to be road-men for E.C. Good distribution and prominent display is always reflected in better sales. Our sales during the recent and continuing comic slump have not been good, but compared to the catastrophic sales being experienced by the rest of the industry, they are high! It is probable that your efforts have been the deciding factor in keeping E.C. alive. So please continue to make sure that E.C. mags are getting better display by fishing them out from the bottoms of the piles or racks and putting them up on top or front. And if your newsdealer does not carry all of the E.C. titles, continue to ask him to order them from his wholesaler.

BACK ISSUE TRADING POST: If you're interested in back issues, these Fan-Addicts claim to have them:

Leo Valdes, Jr.	3814 Porter Ave.	El Paso, Texas	*M	SF	H	W	SS
Gayle Henson	8401 S. Tacoma Way	Tacoma 9, Wash.	M				
Myles Callum	25 Webb Ave.	Stamford, Conn.	M		H		SS
Hugh Redmon	1020 N. W. 81 St.	Oklahoma City 14, Okla.	M	SF	H	W	SS
Charles Varcie	17591 Riopelle	Detroit 3, Mich.	M	SF	H		SS
Billy Hoover	Route 2	Manchester 3, Tenn.			H	W	
George Venetis	2812 N. Sacramento	Chicago 18, Ill.	M	SF	H		SS
William Stover	215 S. Russell	Monterey Park, Calif.		SF	H	W	SS
Dan Damaschk	3347 Thomas Blvd.	Port Arthur, TExas				W	SS
Eddie Silveira	164 Hillcrest St.	Waltham 54, Mass.	M	SF	H	W	SS
Billy Zounes	636 E. Street	Chula Vista, Calif.	M	SF	H	W	SS
Kenneth White	A. P. O. 696	c/o P. M., N. Y., N. Y.	M	SF			SS
Roger Branson	RFD #1	Greenwich, Ohio		SF			
Steven Harris	441 Ocean Pkway.	Brooklyn 18, N. Y.	M	SF	H	W	SS
Leslie Smith	Box 233	Paris, Ky.			H		
Paul Chavannes	1825 N. Mozart St.	Chicago 47, Ill.	M	SF	H	W	SS
Imre Horvath	2071 Vyse Ave.	Bronx, N. Y.		SF	H	W	SS
Norman Benedict	1913 Rosemary	Columbia, Mo.	M	SF	H	W	SS
Michael Reynolds	122 E. Union St.	Somerset, Pa.	M	SF	H	W	SS
Frank Freeman	915 N. President St.	Wheaton, Ill.	M	SF		W	
Rudy Floh	2068 Vyse Ave.	Bronx, N. Y.		SF	H		SS
Bob Bollinger	726 Maple St.	Annville, Pa.		SF	H		SS
Alan Berkowitz	66 Ave. A	N. Y. C. 9		SF	H		
Paul Swanson	18 Rosehill Ave.	Smethport, Pa.		SF	H	W	
Richard Hallowell	133 Water St.	Hallowell, Maine	M		H		SS
Judith Weisbaum	1115 Intervale Ave.	N. Y. C. 59	M				
Richard Long	310 E. Vine St.	Reading 15, Ohio			H		
Ted Lavash	6 Overlook Rd.	Waltham, Mass.			H		
Calvin Seybold	203 Mulberry St.	Mt. Carmel, Ill.					SS
Martin Schneider	362 Linden Blvd.	Brooklyn 3, N. Y.	M				
James Ruggiero	2034 S. 17th St.	Philadelphia, Pa.			H		
J. D. Strattan	221 S. 41st St.	Louisville, Ky.				W	
Ted Kramer	55 Kassebaum Lane	Lemay, Mo.		SF	H	W	SS
Hayes Mizell	1102 Fretwell	Anderson, S. C.	M	SF	H		SS
Jim Reiss	RFD #2, Box 542	Westwood, N. J.	M	SF	H	W	SS
Eugene Needham	1625 Sunset Dr.	Logan, Utah		SF	H		SS
Bob Wikstrom	Blackpoint Rd.	Ticonderoga, N. Y.		SF	H		SS
Tommy Urban	207 N. 6th St.	Pottsville, Pa.	M		H	W	SS
Bob Goldsworthy	2207 W. 78th St.	Inglewood, Calif.		SF	H		SS
Mark Buchheim	67-64 150th St.	Flushing, L. I., N. Y.	M	SF	H	W	SS
Robert Bennett	603 S. Jefferson	Zilwaukee, Mich.	M	SF	H	W	
Tom Scherman	1038 Clay Ave.	Pelham Manor, N. Y.	M	SF	H	W	SS

*M-Mad; SF-Weird Science, Weird Fantasy; H-Haunt of Fear, Tales from the Crypt, Vault of Horror; W-Two-Fisted Tales, Frontline Combat; SS-Crime SuspenStories, Shock SuspenStories.

That's it for this issue.

E-C ing you! - Your Grateful Editors

The E. C. Fan-Addict Club Bulletin
Room 706
225 Lafayette Street
New York City 12, N. Y.

December 1954

The National E.C. Fan-Addict Club BULLETIN

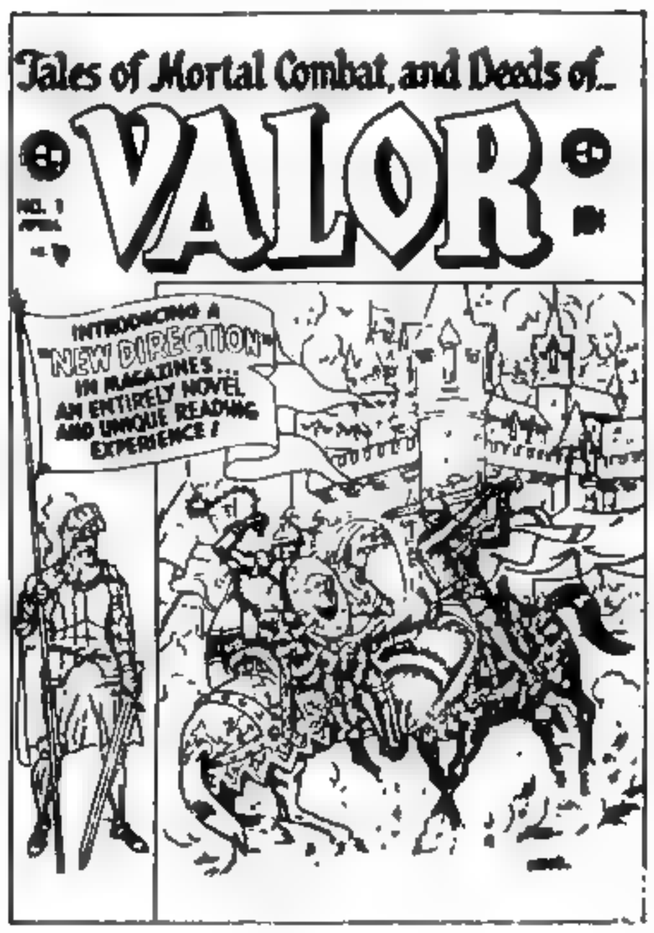
Number 5

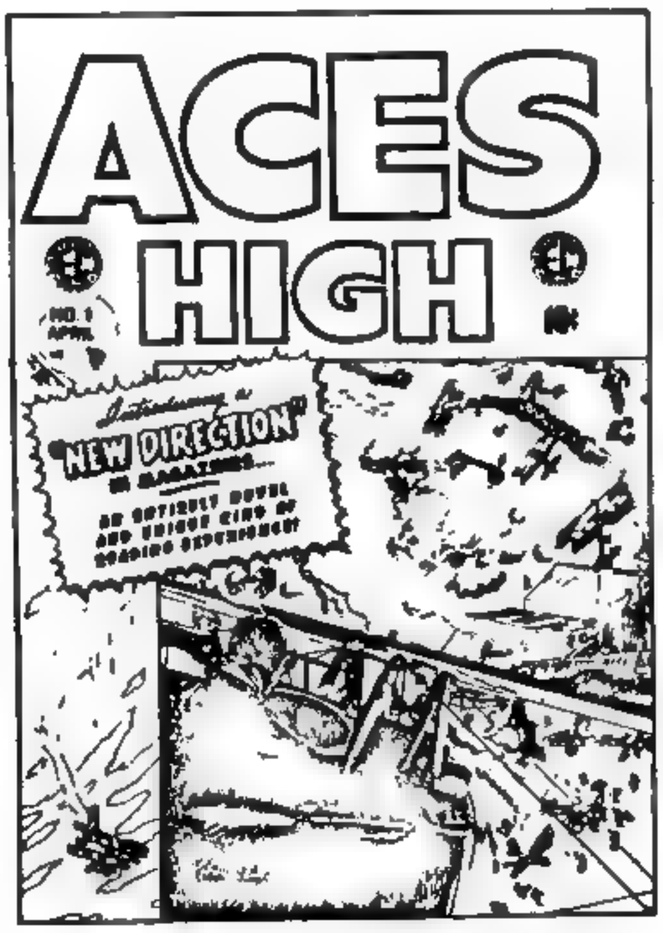
Dear Fan-Addict,

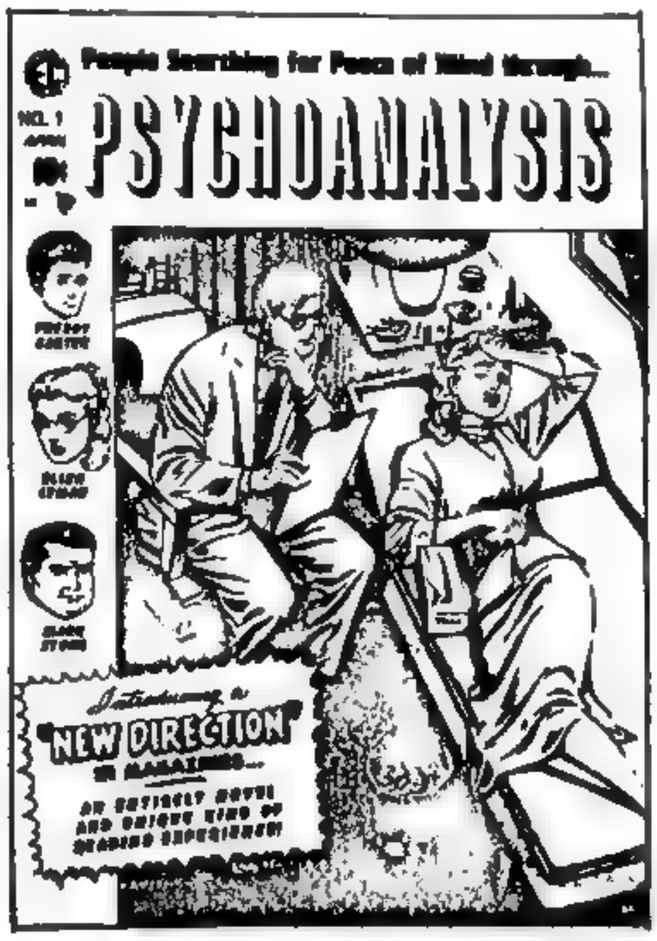
Well, here it is! As we promised in the last Bulletin, you would be the first to know the titles and subject matter of E.C.'s six sensational new magazines.

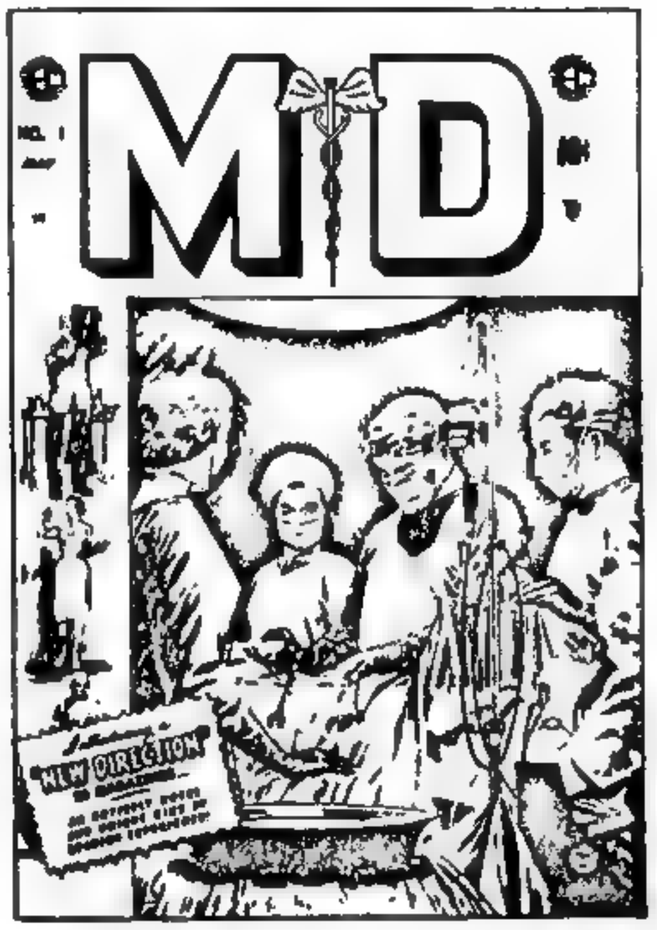
Five years ago, we at E.C. started our "New Trend" line. With it, we revitalized the entire comic magazine industry. Other publishers, in order to compete with us, had to raise the quality of their product. We feel that we can state, without fear of contradiction, that E.C. changed the entire complexion of the comic magazine industry!

We hope now to revitalize and change the complexion of the comic industry once again with our "NEW DIRECTION" magazines. And here they are:


Tales of Mortal Combat, and Deeds of...
VALOR
INTRODUCING A "NEW DIRECTION" IN MAGAZINES... AN ENTIRELY NOVEL AND UNIQUE READING EXPERIENCE!




People Searching for Peace of Mind through...
PSYCHOANALYSIS
"NEW DIRECTION" IN MAGAZINES
AN ENTIRELY NOVEL AND UNIQUE KIND OF READING EXPERIENCE!



IMPACT: Stories unlike anything you've ever read before! Yet designed to carry an emotional "impact" with E.C.'s traditional surprise endings.

VALOR: Tales in the E.C. tradition, painted against the historical background of ancient Egypt, Rome, medieval Europe, and other exciting eras.

EXTRA: The thrilling adventures of special correspondents covering all newsfronts for "World Press".

ACES HIGH: The gallant exploits of the men who flew the combat skies in fabric and wood planes during the fabulous era of World War I aviation.

PSYCHOANALYSIS: The most revolutionary idea ever presented in comics! Fictional case histories of people undergoing psychoanalysis.

M.D.: Stories of people seeking health and happiness through the grim but stirring world of real medicine.

SPECIAL OFFER: Because you're E.C. Fan-Addicts...and because we love you...we're making this special subscription offer. For a limited time only (your letter must be postmarked before December 15, 1954), you can receive, for the usual eight-issue subscription price, NINE issues of any E.C. New Direction magazine. Just fill out the coupon (or a copy) below, enclose $1.00 for each special Fan-Addict subscription, and mail to:

Entertaining Comics
Room 706, Dept. "Special"
225 Lafayette Street,
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

Please send me NINE of the magazine(s) I have checked. I enclose one dollar ($1.00) for each special subscription.

☐ IMPACT ☐ ACES HIGH

☐ VALOR ☐ PSYCHOANALYSIS

☐ EXTRA ☐ M.D.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE NO. _____

STATE _____

FAN-ADDICT NUMBER _____

Look for E.C.'s NEW DIRECTION magazines on your local newsstands. They'll be on sale throughout the month of January. Sometimes wholesalers and retailers are hesitant to handle new titles, so if your newsdealer fails to display them, ask him to order them from his wholesaler.

E-C-ing you! - Your Grateful Editors

The E.C. Fan-Addict Club Bulletin
Room 706
225 Lafayette Street
New York City 12, N.Y.

THE FRAZETTA COLLECTOR

VOL. 1, NO. 4, 1970

SINCE THIS WILL BE THE LAST ISSUE OF SQUA TRONT, WHICH MEANS THE END OF THE FRAZETTA COLLECTOR IN ITS PRESENT FORM, I WOULD LIKE TO TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO THANK THE TWO PEOPLE WHO HAVE MADE IT POSSIBLE TO PRESENT SO MUCH PREVIOUSLY UNPUBLISHED ART AND NOT HAVING TO RESORT TO REPRINTING OLD "COMIC" ART.

TO MY VERY GOOD FRIENDS, FRANK AND ELLIE FRAZETTA, FOR BEING SO PATIENT AND PUTTING UP WITH MY REQUESTS, A MOST HEARTFELT THANKS!

ROBERT R. BARRETT

"In his dark, scarred face there was a suggestion of moodiness; and without being marked by depravity, or definitely evil, there was more than a suggestion of the sinister about his features, set off by his smoldering blue eyes. A low broad forehead was topped by a square-cut tousled mane as black as a raven's wing." This is CONAN -- as described by Robert E. Howard and.... as visualized by Frank Frazetta!

There have been numerous remarks as to the portrayal of Conan by Frazetta; **L. SPRAGUE de CAMP** "The stories imply that Conan got a haircut somewhat oftener than (Frazetta's) pictures indicate. To me a "square-cut black mane" implies a coiffure more or less on the Prince Val order." **GLENN LORD** "Frankly, I like the Frazetta covers for the Conan books, with the exception of his depiction of Conan himself. He makes Conan look more like one of the Picts, and while I would hardly expect Conan to be a Hyborian Age Beau Brummel or Casanova, I can hardly see any of the numerous girls he wins in the course of his adventures to fall for anyone with a mug like that (unless they were desperate as hell)." **LIN CARTER** "I think (Frazetta) is a bloody genius. He's probably the greatest illustrator to hit the field since Hannes Bok came in, which was like 1940 or around then. I've never yet seen any artist capture my conception of Conan...I've seen a lot of good men try - Wally Wood, Emsh, Freas - and none of them could quite do it. Frazetta's Conan covers are gorgeous. As illustrations. But his vision of Conan seems to change from one cover to the next. The Conan of CONAN is not the Conan of CONAN THE ADVENTURER, the first one in the series. THE ADVENTURER made a splendid poster, but makes Conan look like a Neanderthal." **JOHN JAKES** "I can't say that I have thought deeply on how well Mr. Frazetta pictured Conan. That is, I think an artist should be allowed a certain latitude in how he depicts the character. So, unless REH scholars fault Frazetta for some technical howler in his depictions, I would say he did a fine job visualizing Conan."

Robert E. Howard, during his short life-time, was quite aware of the artists who illustrated his stories. I quote from two separate letters by REH: "Concerning the illustrations you mentioned, I am very sorry, but I am a sort of a fiend about Rankin's illustrations of my stories appearing in Weird Tales, and contemplate arranging them on a panel for display. As you say, Rankin's work is fine, though I consider that Doolin, who used to illustrate my stories in Oriental Stories and Magic Carpet - and occasionally in Weird Tales - is equally good." Following letter dated December 9, 1931, "Too bad Rankin had to be let go. As you say, he put more weirdness in his illustrations than any of the Weird Tales artists. Too bad the liquor threw him. It's a hard horse to ride. I like Doolin; especially like his ability to depict the muscular development of his subjects - a department of the game at which Senf is deplorably weak." Since REH was, himself, such a student of physical culture and admired artists who could "depict the muscular development of his subjects," there is little doubt that he would consider the paintings of Frank Frazetta....masterpieces!

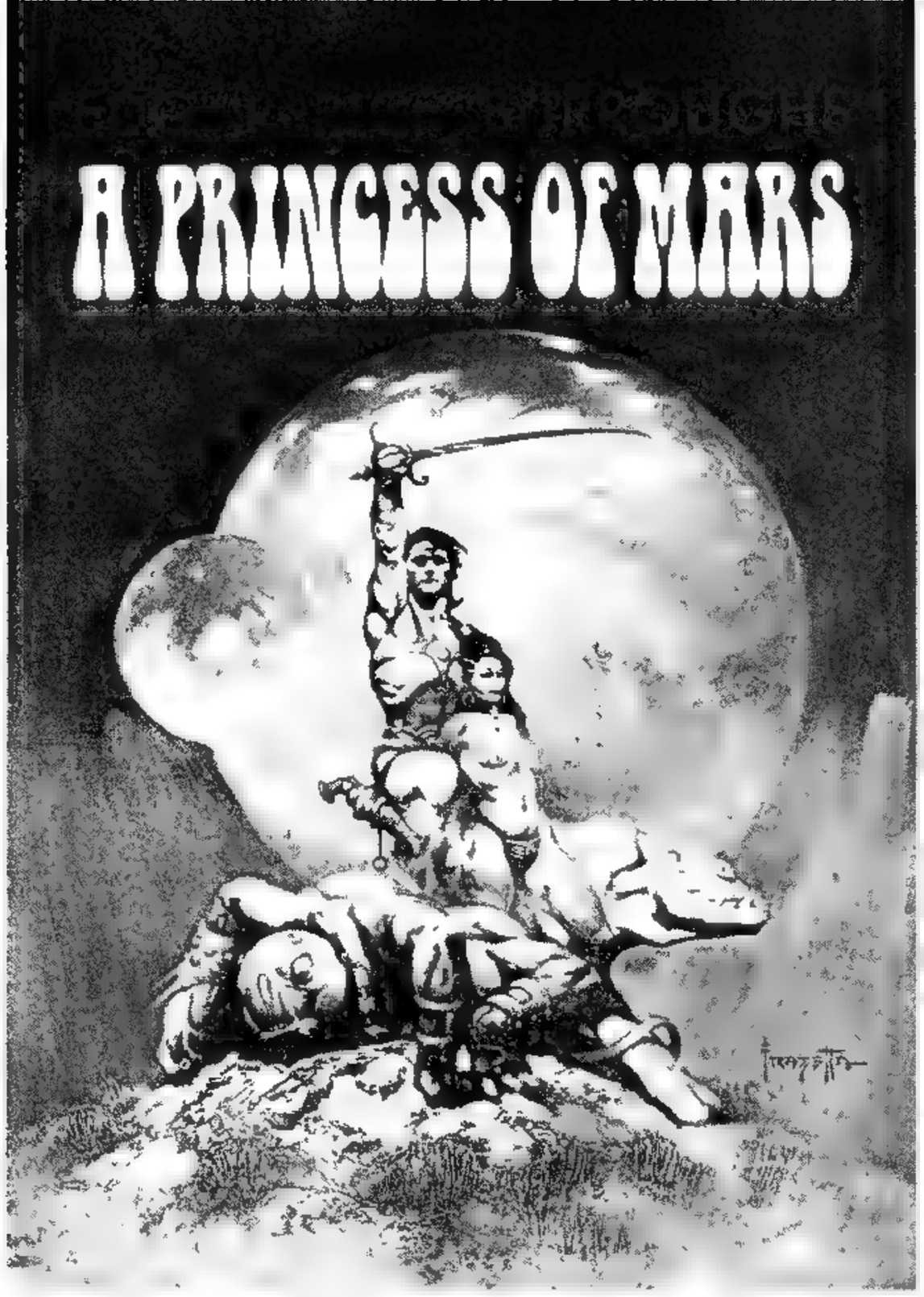
FRANK FRAZETTA: "Although I have enjoyed illustrating the works of Edgar Rice Burroughs, I find them a bit slow and Victorian -- and the fans are too prone to condemn the artist if he hasn't been faithful to the text. I much prefer illustrating the tales of Robert Howard. They are much stronger in mood and narration than those of Burroughs and allow a wider range of illustrative interpretation. As St. John is remembered for ERB and TARZAN, I would like to be remembered for REH and CONAN. I feel a certain sense of loss that Howard isn't alive today to appreciate what I've done with CONAN."

Lin Carter has remarked that "the Conan of CONAN is not the Conan of CONAN THE ADVENTURER, the first one in the series." It must be granted that CONAN THE ADVENTURER was the first published in the series, but in actuality CONAN is the first book of the series. In CONAN, the Cimmerian is yet a youth and not the scarred, battle-hardened warrior of CONAN THE ADVENTURER. If one studies the cover painting of CONAN, it is easily discernible that the character still retains the suppleness of youth, a lean wolfishness...not the lithe, tigerish bulk brought on by the many battles and campaigns of later years. The face is also one of youth though a little hard to distinguish because of the snarling grimace...but then, whose face wouldn't be distorted in similar circumstance! Try sitting in front of a mirror and making various faces -- say, anger, rage -- you won't look like your usual self either. CONAN THE ADVENTURER is the only cover in which Conan's face is in repose...all the others in which his face is visible are battle scenes. No wonder his face "seems to change from one cover to the next"!

Lancer Books was in too much of a hurry to get the Conan series out. As a result, the painting for CONAN THE ADVENTURER was unfinished when it was used. After getting the painting back, Frank applied the finishing touches. I am proud to present here, for the first time, the finished painting for CONAN THE ADVENTURER. Those who were disappointed with the printed cover for this book and remarked that Conan looked "more like one of the Picts" or "like a Neanderthal" must forever retract those statements. No artist has come closer to Howard's description of Conan than Frank Frazetta!

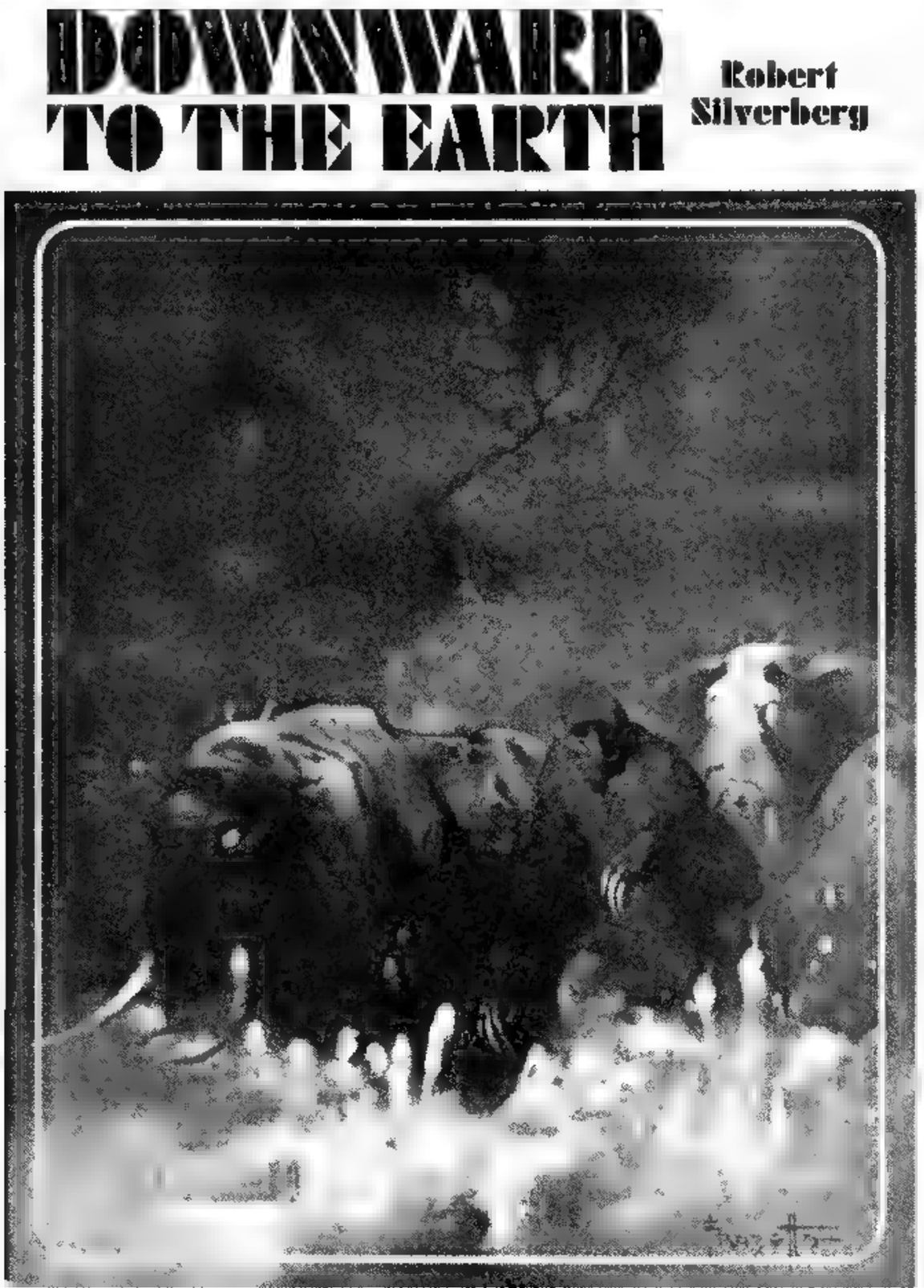
The quotes from letters by Robert E. Howard were furnished through the kindness of Glenn Lord, Literary Executor of the Howard Estate, and are printed with his consent.

Copyright © 1970 Frank Frazetta



The Science Fiction Book Club has published a special hardcover edition of Edgar Rice Burroughs' famous A PRINCESS OF MARS -- with both interior drawings and a full-color jacket by Frank Frazetta!

This is a unique edition of Burroughs' great classic, available only to members of the Science Fiction Book Club, and it could easily become a collector's item. If you are interested in joining the Science Fiction Book Club and receiving the Frazetta illustrated A PRINCESS OF MARS, write to the address below and express your interest in A PRINCESS OF MARS. You'll be sent a membership application and a circular which gives full details on how the club works. This will give you the opportunity to get A PRINCESS OF MARS and your choice of two other works of science fiction <u>for just 10¢</u> with membership in the Science Fiction Book Club.



In the near future, the Club will be offering its members Burroughs' THE GODS OF MARS and THE WARLORD OF MARS in one volume, and, again, illustrated by Frank Frazetta. Frazetta plans, at this time, to do a full wrap-around jacket plus three interior drawings for each novel. In coming months, members will also have the opportunity of obtaining Robert Silverberg's DOWNWARD TO THE EARTH, an otherworld adventure featuring a full-color jacket and frontis by Frank Frazetta.

Send no money, but write today for full details to:

The Science Fiction Book Club
Customer Relations Supervisor
Garden City, N.Y. 11530

Dust jacket and interior illustrations for A PRINCESS OF MARS and DOWNWARD TO THE EARTH used by special permission of Doubleday & Company, Copyright © 1970 Doubleday & Co.

HELP!
HELP!
HELP!

DUEL OF THE TITANS

BARRETT & CORBEN

HELP!
HELP!

KREEGAH!

BOP

CRAK

BUMP
BUMP

Artist: RICHARD CORBEN

Writer: ROBERT BARRETT

VAUGHN BODĒ

R. CRANDALL

FELLAS! I JUST GOT WORD THEY'RE ARRANGING AN ARMISTICE!

YEAH! YEAH! TELL JONESY, HERE ABOUT YOUR ARMISTICE! HE'LL BE GLAD!